MATRIMONY.

G. A Mabbott.

NOVEL.

CONTAINING A

SERIES

OF

Interesting Adventures.

——————*tædæ quoque jure coissent,*
Sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo. Ovid.

VOL. II.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Hodges, at the *Looking-Glass*, facing St. *Magnus-Church London-Bridge*; and B. Collins at *Salisbury*. MDCCLV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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CHAP. XLIII.

A very natural, and yet a very unlucky Conſequence. A Letter from Mr. Hearty. Eliza *arrives at Mr.* Thoroughgood's. *The true Uſe of Female Friendſhip.*

AT laſt the Moment came, which gave Tokens to *Fanny* that ſhe had conceived from this ſtolen Embrace. She told Mr. *Hearty* this in a Letter, which he anſwered; and which, of all thoſe he wrote her from *London*, one excepted, we intend giving to our Readers.

" *My deareſt* Fanny,

" I KNOW not whether the Pains I feel on " your Account exceed the Joy which I " perceive on my own. My Soul, keep " yourſelf ſuperior to the little Prejudices " of the World; and, believe me, the Mo- " ment that you think fit to let your Pa- " rents know in what Condition you are, " I will be preſent; and, claſping thee in " my Arms, declare thee my deareſt Wife. " From this no Father ſhall deter me. I " have it now in my Power to ſhew how " diſintereſtedly I love you, dearer to me " than before; I long to be preſent with " thee, to ſoothe thy melancholy Hours, " and prattle out whole Days of Tender- " neſs and Truth with thee, thou lovely " Partner of my Soul.

" THO' the Laws have denied all Power " of uniting our Hands, they cannot take " off that of our Hearts; I am thy Huſ- " band more firmly than ten thouſand " nuptial Ceremonies can make me, by " the trueſt, tendereſt, ſtrongeſt Tie, thy " adored Embrace.

" TELL me when I ſhall be preſent to " declare this to your Father, and I will be " inſtantly with you. But, my charming " *Fanny*, let me implore you by yourſelf,

" the

" the deareſt Thing on Earth, ſuffer no
" Dejection to take hold of your Mind, be
" as gay as poſſible, till the Hours bring
" me to thy Arms; the Arms of my dear-
" eſt Wife.

" *I am thine moſt affectionately,*

" *and for ever,*

" OLIVER HEARTY."

THIS Letter imparted to her Soul all the Tranquillity ſhe poſſibly could receive, yet ſhe was ſtill under great Dread how this fatal Secret ſhould be diſcloſed to her Father. At this time arrived the lovely *Eliza*, whom the Reader may remember we left on the Road to *Exeter*; to which Place being come, ſhe hired a double Horſe, and went to the Houſe of Mr. *Thoroughgood*. Nothing can expreſs the Amazement which her Preſence threw the Family into; each received her with Tokens of the greateſt Joy and Welcome; and yet there appeared to them ſomething inexplicable, in her Manner of Coming; and which, as the Reader knows it already, we ſhall only ſay that *Eliza* told it to the Family.

Mr. *Thoroughgood* ſaid, "He did not "diſapprove of her flying from marry- "ing the Man ſhe muſt deteſt: But, ſays "he, my dear *Eliza*, we muſt let your "Pappa know where you are, or it may "have an ill Appearance, that I keep you "here contrary to his Knowledge." To which ſhe anſwered, "Sir, I will do that "myſelf."

Eliza being much fatigued with her Journey, *Fanny* propoſed to her to retire to Reſt early that Evening: "My Dear, ſays "ſhe, you will ſleep with me." "With- "out doubt, ſays *Eliza*; whom ſhould I "ſleep with but the loveliеſt Friend I have "on Earth."

After many mutual Endearments on both Sides, Sleep ſeized on the Eyelids of *Eliza*, her Mind taſted a Repoſe which it had not known during the Journey; like a Bird of Paſſage tired with Flight, ſhe re- joiced in being arrived at a Place of Reſt. Whilſt *Fanny* lay ſleepleſs, debating whether ſhe ſhould declare her unhappy Situation to this tender Friend. The Morning came, and the pearly Tear ran down the Cheek of the unhappy Maid; ſhe wept in Silence; yet not ſo ſecretly, but that *Eliza* waking, diſcovered her deareſt Friend in Tears. "My Friend, my deareſt *Fanny*, tell me the "Cauſe of this Affliction: Tell me, ſays

"*Eliza*,

" *Eliza*, I muſt know." " What Affliction? anſwer'd *Fanny*, what is gotten into your Imagination?" " Deny it not, my lovely Friend, ſays ſhe; you have been ſecretly weeping, I have perceived it ſome time." In vain ſhe tried to eſcape from the Inquiſition of *Eliza*; ſhe urged her ſo ſtrenuouſly, mixed with ſo much Tenderneſs that ſhe could not refuſe. " Is there, ſays ſhe, a Thing on Earth that " *Fanny* can conceal from me? Is there a " Suffering which *Eliza* would not drive " from the Heart of *Fanny?* or Danger, " which I would not willingly engage in, " to ſerve my deareſt Friend;——It is inhuman in you; leſſen my Apprehenſions " of I know not what Evil which is befallen " you; make me acquainted with the " Truth, participate your Grief with me, " and render your own Sorrows leſs afflicting by dividing them."

URGED by theſe perſuaſive Words, ſhe, at length, diſcloſed the whole Secret from her Boſom, intermixed with Floods of Tears, and Sighs without Number. " Will *Eliza* " pardon her fallen Friend, ſhe cry'd? Will " ſhe have pity on her poor deluded *Fanny?* " And yet, my dear Maid, ſays ſhe, there " was no villainous Intent which urged " him to my Undoing; he loves me ſtill, " calls me his Wife, and vows eternal

" Truth. Yet, I am ruin'd; my Fame " is for ever gone; I muſt eternally hide " this guilty Head in Shades. Oh! fatal " Hour in which I ſuffered him to enter in- " to my Chamber. Was every Power that " waits on Virtue ſleeping? Oh! loſt— " loſt—undone—thy *Fanny* is undone."

" You are not undone, nor loſt, cries " *Eliza*; the Crime is nothing; it only " proves the prepoſterous Attempt of pre- " venting thoſe from being legally mar- " ried, whoſe Souls are too ſtrongly at- " tracted by each other to reſiſt the Powers " of Love; the Crime is theirs. Can Paſ- " ſion be reſtrained by Law, and human " Hearts be governed like Watches turned " to go faſter or ſlower, as the Bearer " pleaſes? Believe me, *Fanny*, Mankind " will pair like Turtles, if this Violence " continues; nor wait the Marriage Rite, " which is to unite them with what they " deteſt."

" I FEEL this Moment, ſays ſhe, that I " had been guilty of the ſame Offence, if " this can be named Guilt, had I been in " your Circumſtances: Let me intreat you " to chear your drooping Soul, and drive " this ill founded Sorrow from your " Heart."

THIS gave ſome Relief to the weeping Fair-one: She then cried, " But how ſhall

" I

" I diſcloſe this fatal Secret to my Parents?
" How will that beſt of Men ſuſtain the
" Diſcovery? Oh! *Eliza*, ſays ſhe, I trem-
" ble for his Life; and ſurely my poor
" Mamma will ſink beneath the Woe."

" LET me undertake this Taſk, ſays *E-*
" *liza*, ſome way ſhall be found out to
" convey it to him, ſo as the Pain ſhall be
" almoſt taken off. The Powers which
" guard the Virtuous, of which Number
" ſurely thou art one, (taking *Fanny* into
" her Arms) will aſſiſt me in this Under-
" taking. It ſhall be ſoon diſcloſed, that
" we may retire together, and prevent the
" Diſcovery. I will be thy Companion in
" thy Retirement, ſoothe every Care, ſoften
" every Pain; nay, Mr. *Hearty* himſelf
" ſhall be with us, and yield thee every
" Comfort: He cannot be falſe, who con-
" tinues to write you ſuch tender Letters,
" expreſſing ſo much Conſtancy."

THIS Converſation alleviated the Diſtreſs of *Fanny*; ſhe felt her Heart more light, the afflictive Weight was now ſupportable, and ſome little Gleam of Hope dawn'd in upon her Boſom; ſhe talked with Eaſe, and enquired into the Particulars of *Eliza*'s Journey. And here, as Matters ſeem a little mending, we cloſe this Chapter.

CHAP. XLIV.

Mr. William Worthy *leaves* London, *becomes a Baronet by the Death of his Brother. A ſmall Touch of the Author's Philoſophy in the old Way. A fainting Fit. A Marriage. A Diſcovery. A Duel. A Dream. And, a Miſcarriage. With ſeveral other Matters, all in one Chapter.*

THE Reader muſt remember that we left Mr. *William Worthy* in the deepeſt Melancholy, on account of his being utterly unable to find by what Way his loved *Eliza* had eſcaped; and really believing ſhe had put an End to her Days to fly the deteſted Arms of Sir *Roger Ramble*. This haunted his Mind with eternal Pain, which, as the corroding Acid of Nitre diſſolves the pureſt Silver, wore down his Soul.

HE therefore determined, ſince his Health hourly declined, to deſire Leave to retire to his native Air, in *Cornwall*; which he obtained in a Week after ſhe had left her Father's Houſe.

THE very Day before he departed, there came a Letter which brought him

News

News of Sir *Simon Worthy* his Brother's Death on his Travels in *Italy*. This gave him great Pain, and yet it was mixed with ſome Pleaſure; not becauſe his Eſtate was at preſent Two Thouſand a Year, but becauſe it inſpired him with Hopes, that if *Eliza* was yet alive, he might claim her with great Reaſon, and be happy in Poſſeſſion of all he loved.

This News he communicated to the Family, and deſiring Mr. *Barter* to diſcharge him from farther attending his Buſineſs, in ſuffering him to pay what he ſhould be pleaſed to aſk. He and his Servant ſet out by gentle Journies to re-viſit his native Soil.

Now there belongs another Part to our Philoſophy of Love; which is, that certain Emanations eſcaping from Souls, are received by others at ſome Diſtance, whoſe Fabric is compoſed of the ſame Quantity and Quality of Materials. This Power, like the Powers of Attraction, acts in ſome Ratio not yet diſcovered by Mathematicians, in proportion as thoſe Beings which contain it are more or leſs diſtant from each other. From thence, or from ſome other Cauſe it was, that this Gentleman, now Sir *William Worthy*, felt himſelf more and more influenced with a Belief that *Eliza* was ſtill alive. And when he arrived at *Exeter*, tho'

the Houſe of Mr. *Thoroughgood* was diſtant from the Road, he was determined to go thither, attracted by the Increaſe of that emanating Power, and by Approximation to his dear *Eliza*; for he had never ſeen Mr. *Thoroughgood* but two or three times at Mr. *Barter*'s Table, and yet he felt ſome inſenſible Power which would not ſuffer him to go on without viſiting him.

To this Houſe then he arrived, the Moment the Family was ſeated at Table; at which time a Domeſtic entering with a Meſſage that a Gentleman and his Servant was aſking for him, he bid the Servant aſk him in to dine: "Tell him, ſays he, (be "who he will) that we are at Table, and "ſhall be very glad of his Company."

The Door being opened, who ſhould *Eliza* behold but Sir *William Worthy*, and he her: He ſhrieked out, "*Eliza!* is my *E*-"*liza* living?" and then fell motionleſs on the Floor; whilſt ſhe fainted into the Arms of *Fanny*, who ſat next to her. This alarmed the Family, till both recovering, Sir *William* aſked ten thouſand Pardons of the Company, and approaching *Eliza* with a Look of inexpreſſible Tenderneſs, he took her Hand, longing to kiſs her Lips, "Are "you ſtill alive? Do I behold thee yet "living, after all the Pangs my Soul has "felt for thee?"

This

THIS *Eliza* heard with thrilling Joy, drooping her bluſhing Head in much Confuſion. "Hah, hah, ſays Mr. *Thorough-*"*good*, this is not the Gentleman ſurely "from which you fled to avoid Matrimo-"ny; this Part of your Story was con-"cealed, it ſeems?" He then deſired Sir *William Worthy* to ſit down, which he did; and he and *Eliza* dined as well as two Lovers can poſſibly do, whoſe Eyes have been long detained from feeding upon one another, and cannot find Time to ſatiate other Appetites of leſs Conſideration.

DINNER being finiſhed, he took an Opportunity of telling her he was now Sir *William Worthy*; "Which, ſays he, has "made no other Alteration in me, than "that of loving you ten thouſand Times "better than before: At leaſt, ſays he, I "can now prove it to be diſintereſted." After having tarried here ſeveral Days, and often laughed at *Eliza*'s Eſcape and his own Sufferings, he ſaid, "Now, my dear-"eſt *Eliza*, I ſuppoſe that your Parents "will give me their Conſent to wed you; "eſpecially, ſays he, as I ſhall deſire no For-"tune but thoſe three Linnen Gowns, which "you had made for your Eſcape: Will "you permit me to aſk it?" This Mr. *Thoroughgood* perſuaded her to grant; and accordingly Sir *William Worthy* wrote a Letter

to Mr. *Barter*, requeſting his Daughter in Marriage; which was eaſily granted, as he aſked no Fortune; however the old Man complimented him with Ten Thouſand Pounds, and Mr. *Thoroughgood* united them in Marriage, a ſincerely happy Couple.

To this Reſolution Lady *Worthy* was truly inclined from her own Senſations; notwithſtanding which, the Friendſhip ſhe had for *Fanny* made her haſten the Nuptial Day. "I ſhall now have, ſays ſhe, an Abode for "my lovely Friend, where to conceal her "Hour of Pain from the prying Eye and "babbling Tongue of Infamy."

ONE Day then as Sir *William* and his lovely *Eliza* were walking Arm in Arm in the little Wood, which we have deſcribed, ſhe diſcovered to him poor *Fanny*'s Condition, and took his Advice in what way to open it to her Father and Mother: "For, "ſays ſhe, if ſhe ſhould die in her Hour "of Peril, how ſhall we vindicate our-"ſelves from Cenſure?"

"POOR *Fanny!* ſays Sir *William*, how "do I pity her! lovely Girl! continued he, "we muſt, my dear *Eliza*, ſave her from "the Sarcaſm of an inſenſible World." They then conſulted on the beſt way of declaring it to her Parents; which *Eliza* did in the following manner.

ONE

ONE Day Sir *William*, Mr. *Thoroughgood* and ſhe, taking an Evening's Walk together in the little Wood, *Eliza* began in this way: "Sir *William*, ſuppoſe you were "a Parent, who had the loveliest Girl alive "for your Daughter, and ſhe was caught "in Love to Diſtraction with a Man that "was under Age, who loved her as well; "and let us imagine, that as being abſo-"lutely forbidden to marry by this late "Law, they tranſgreſſed the Bounds of the "moſt ſevere Virtue, and ſhe proved preg-"nant from his Company: Let us imagine "alſo, that after this Diſcovery he ſtill "loved her better than ever, and continued "the moſt faithful Man on Earth: How "would you behave in ſuch Circumſtances "towards this Daughter, who was guilty "of no Crime, but ſuch as you and I might "have committed, loving one another too "well."

"INDEED, my Dear, I can ſcarce anſwer "you." "What, ſays Mr. *Thoroughgood?* "Why indeed, he replied, I ſhou'd lament "mine and her Misfortune; yet I wou'd "not withdraw my parental Fondneſs from "her: There are many Crimes, in my "Opinion, attended with much worſe Cir-"cumſtances than this, and that Parents "behold it with too ſcrupulous an Eye, and "puniſh it with too much Severity."

ELIZA

ELIZA heard this with Joy, and the next Day ſhe diſcloſed to the good Man (he and ſhe only in the Wood, Sir *William* ſtaying with *Fanny*) the Circumſtance of his dear Daughter: He wept and ſmote his Breaſt, and cried, "Am I fallen into this Affliction "in my elder Days? Oh! *Fanny*, *Fanny*, "poor deluded Creature! I did imagine "ſomething hung heavy on thy Heart by "thy pale dejected Look; yet whatever my "Sufferings may be, thine muſt be ſtill "greater: I will not add to thy Afflictions "by my Behaviour towards thee: I will "prepare thy Mother for the Reception of "this fatal Affliction."

LADY *Worthy* then told him her Deſign of taking *Fanny* into *Cornwall* with her, no one can ſuſpect the Cauſe, it is ſo natural for young Ladies to go to the Habitations of their new-married Friends, there ſhe ſhall lie-in in private; and I make no doubt of Mr. *Hearty*'s marrying her with Raptures, when he is of Age.

THINGS being ſettled in this manner, Mr. *Thoroughgood* kiſſed his dear Child at returning home, only letting fall a few Tears and uttering ſome deep Sighs without ever mentioning that which he knew wou'd give her the utmoſt Pain; and in the ſame manner the Mother behaved to her dear afflicted Daughter.

A

A few Days after this Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, with *Fanny*, departed for his Seat, full of Gratitude for their Reception at this good Man's; Sir *William* embracing him and preſenting him with a Bank-bill of an Hundred Guineas, accompanied with theſe Words: "My more than Father, ſays "he, who have given me the moſt perfect "Creature upon Earth, my dear *Eliza*." This he ſaid, with Tears of Approbation; and then they all three mounted into the Coach for *Cornwall*.

Tho' this beſt of Men and Women had held their Lips from uttering one ſingle Word which might give *Fanny* Pain, yet it hung heavy on their Hearts; he had ſeveral Times an Inclination to diſcover this Affair to Sir *Oliver Hearty*, but then he was afraid of his divulging the Secret. He therefore wrote an Account of it to his Son in *Oxford*, and forgetting to explain the Fidelity which Mr. *Hearty* proteſted in his Letters to his Daughter, he added, that the Author of this Affliction was in *London*.

This Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s Son conſtrued into an infamous Deſertion of his Siſter; and, without farther Pauſe, rode Poſt to *London*. He knew him when he ſtudied in the Univerſity, and therefore did not doubt ſoon to find him. Within a few Days after his Arrival he diſcovered his Lodgings, and

the

the next Morning he waited upon him, and found him at home; when he entered the Apartment, young *Hearty* ſaw ſomething in his Face full of Emotion; He was riſing to receive him, when Mr. *Thoroughgood* ſaid, "You know my Errand, Sir, I ſuppoſe?" "Not I, indeed, Sir;" ſays Mr. *Hearty*. "Villain, ſays *Thoroughgood*, do you think "to go unpuniſhed for having ſeduced the "lovelieſt Woman that ever breathed; you "have ruined my Siſter's Fame for ever: "I am determined to have Satisfaction."

"Sir, ſays the young Gentleman, the "Moment I am of Age, I will wed her. "Believe me, my Soul ſuffers more than "her's, on this Occaſion; no Return ſhall "be wanting on my Side to atone for this "Indiſcretion, and to make her happy."

"Indiscretion! Villain, ſays he; this "is the Cant of all ſuch perjured Raſcals: "Your Baſeneſs firſt prompts you to ſwear "and to deceive, and your Cowardice to "extenuate the Crime, and to keep from "Danger: You ſhall give me Satisfaction "for this heinous Injuſtice."

"Sir, ſays the young Gentleman, no "other Man on Earth durſt ſay this to me, "but I own you are the Brother of my "lovely *Fanny*. It may appear to you that "I have injured her, I can ſee ſome appa-"rent Reaſon for your Reſentment; but,

"believe

" believe me, Sir, void of all Baſeneſs or " Timidity, ſhe ſhall be my Wife without " one Moment's Delay when I am of Age; " which will be in nine Months Time."

" NINE Months— her Reputation will " be undone before that Hour; Sir, I ſee " your Artifice: You think to eſcape my " Vengeance by this pretended Love for " her; therefore, Coward as you are, tell " me whether you will behave as a Man, " or as a treacherous falſe Seducer? Shall " I brand your Name with Infamy; with " that of Coward?"

" SIR, ſays young *Hearty*, I dare meet " any Man but you."

" ANY Man but him that oppoſes you, " you timid Wretch!" replies *Thoroughgood*.

" TO-MORROW Morning then, in the " Fields behind *Montague* Houſe, I will " meet you, ſays young *Hearty*, at Five " in the Morning." Not being able to bear ſuch Treatment.

" YOU ſhall find me there," ſays *Thoroughgood*, going away.

THE intervening Time young *Hearty* employed in doing ſeveral Things, preparing for the Uncertainty of a Duel.

AMONGST which he wrote a Letter to his lovely *Fanny*.

" *My*

" *My dearest Wife,*

" IT is impossible, my dearest *Fanny*, to " say how the coming Morning may " dispose of thy Husband's Life; then I am " to meet the only Man on Earth I should " wish to shun on such an Occasion, and " and give him Satisfaction for the Injury " which he supposes I have done thee; " Brother to Brother. I have endeavoured " to avoid this, till human Nature could " no longer sustain his Insults. He loves " thee to Distraction; yet not as I do: " What hard Fate! that the Love of the " same Person must prove the Death of one " of us, where there is no Rivalship! I have " bequeathed thee, my Soul, all I have in " my Power to bestow thee, Four Thou- " sand Pounds in Money, and my Picture " set in Diamonds, which I intended to " have sent you by some private Hand. If " it be my Fate to fall, I pardon from my " Soul the Man that is the Cause of it, " being persuaded it is only the Love of " thee, and the Vindication of thy Honour, " which urges him to this rash Deed. " Weep over my Resemblance some- " times, and believe me the sincerest " and tendereſt Lover, that ever lived or

" died

" died for Woman. Adieu, my deareſt
" Wife.

" *Thine eternally,*

" OLIVER HEARTY."

THE Morning being come, the two Combatants appeared at the Place appointed; when again young *Hearty* wou'd have expoſtulated, and diſengaged himſelf from this Duel, but in vain; Mr. *Thoroughgood* conceived it to be all Evaſion. And thus, after having made ſeveral Paſſes at each other, young *Hearty* was run through the Body, and fell on the Ground.

" Now, Sir, ſays the bleeding Youth, I
" imagine you will believe the laſt Words
" of him whom you gave no Credit to be-
" fore; I call that God to Witneſs, before
" whom I may inſtantly appear, that I love
" your Siſter, my lovely *Fanny*, my dear-
" eſt Wife, beyond all Power of expreſſing;
" and would have married her at the Mo-
" ment I was of Age. I have given her by
" my Will all that I have a Power of diſpo-
" ſing of, with my Picture ſet in Dia-
" monds; which I implore her to receive,
" and remember him that gave it." And then putting his Hand into his Boſom, he untied the Knot which held the Portrait of his

his lovely *Fanny* in Miniature, always hanging on his Breaſt: "Here, ſays he, almoſt "fainting, reſtore the Image of that lovely "Maid to thoſe chaſte Hands which gave "it me: Tell her, it has been my conſtant "Companion, and dwelt upon my beating "Heart, as her Image has on my Mind, "ſince the Hour ſhe diſtinguiſhed me with "this Preſent."

ALL this while *Thoroughgood* ſtood dumb with Attention, when taking the Picture of his Siſter ſprinkled with the Blood he had drawn, he burſt into Tears and cried out, "Have I then ſlain the Man I might call "Brother? Would you have married "my Siſter? Do you love her yet? Miſe-"rable Wretch that I am!" This he ſaid, "ſtooping to embrace him, "I will expire "by thy Side," ſhortening the Sword to "ſtab himſelf.

"STAY your raſh Hand, upbraid not "yourſelf; you believed me another Man "than I am: I forgive you: May you live, "and enjoy eternal Peace. Fly, or it may "be fatal to you: Death ſhall draw no "Diſcovery from my Lips," ſays Mr. *Hearty*. At theſe Words young *Thoroughgood* left him, and ran to a Surgeon whom he knew, and ſent him to the Place where young *Hearty* lay weltering in his Blood.

HIS-

His Wounds being dreſſed upon the Spot as well as poſſibly it could be done, he was carried home, and *Thoroughgood* fled directly for *Calais*, intending to await the News of Mr. *Hearty*'s Death or Recovery.

The Will, Papers, and Letter to *Fanny* which was never ſent, all which were left in young *Hearty*'s Room, were delivered to a particular Friend by his Order. Before *Thoroughgood* quitted *London*, he wrote his Father a Letter, giving him an Account of this dreadful Diſaſter. And Sir *Oliver Hearty* received one, giving him an Account of the Duel, and his Son's being wounded, the ſame Poſt. On the Receipt of which, he ſet out Poſt for *London*.

The Night which preceded the Duel was paſſed in infinite Anxietude by poor *Fanny*. She never cloſed her Eye, but ſome terrifying Idea relating to the Being ſhe loved the beſt on Earth, was preſented to her Imagination. She had received that very Day the tendereſt Letter which Love and Truth could dictate, informing her of his Health, wiſhing for nothing on Earth but to be near her; and ſincerely promiſing to be with her at the Hour of Danger whenever that ſhould arrive.

Notwithstanding this Letter, every Moment ſhe waked from her Slumber ſhe could not refrain from believing, that Mr.

Hearty was in Danger. And in the Morning at the very Hour of this fatal Duel and his being run thro' the Body, ſhe dreamt ſhe ſaw Mr. *Hearty* all pale and bloody, at her Bed-ſide, pronouncing *Fanny*, *Fanny*, *Fanny*.

THIS Dream made ſuch Impreſſion on her Spirits, that ſhe told it ſeveral Times in the Morning to Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*; with adding, that nothing cou'd convince her till ſhe received a Letter, but that her dear Mr. *Hearty* was in the utmoſt Danger.

THEY tried to laugh her out of this ſuperſtitious Weakneſs. She owned that it was indulging a ſilly Credulity, which might be altogether ill founded. "But, ſays ſhe, "I find my Heart ſo unuſually afflicted, "that nothing can perſuade me from giving "Credit to this Dream: Surely there is "ſome Evil happened to him, I know my "Soul ſympathizes with his, and nothing "can affect him which can paſs unnoticed "by me. When will a Letter bring me "Peace?"

THE Poſt came, and with it no Letter; This increaſed her Anguiſh, her Boſom was eternally heaving with Sighs, and her Eyes flowing with Tears. "I know he muſt be "ill, ſays ſhe, nothing on Earth cou'd "have prevented him from writing to me, "he knows that I live entirely on his Let-"ters; nothing cou'd have prevented the "moſt

" moſt faithful Man that ever loved from
" giving me the greateſt Pleaſure, next to
" being with him, that I can poſſeſs, but
" ſome Illneſs. Alas! he dies, and I am
" miſerable for ever."

No Conſolation was wanting, which good Senſe, good Nature and Friendſhip could adminiſter, on the Part of Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*. At length a Letter came from Mr. *Thoroughgood* to Sir *William*, giving an Account of the Affair, and deſiring him and his Lady to diſcloſe it to *Fanny* in the manner they thought beſt; at the ſame time acquainting them that Sir *Oliver Hearty* was gone to *London*, and that he would acquaint them every Poſt whether Mr. *Hearty* was like to recover or not. " Be
" tender, ſays he, in diſcloſing this fatal
" Accident to my dear *Fanny*; I fear ſhe
" will not ſurvive the Hearing it: Alas! I
" ſhall then be deprived of all my Children,
" all loſt to me, not one to yield me Com-
" fort in my helpleſs Years! But why do I
" caution you, who love her with ſuch ex-
" ceſſive Friendſhip?"

At the receiving this Letter they told *Fanny*, that Mr. *Hearty* was ill, and that Sir *Oliver* was gone to *London*; but that his Diſeaſe was not dangerous. " Is he not
" dead, ſays ſhe? Tell me, my deareſt
" Friend, burſting into Tears, tell me tru-

" ly." " Indeed he is not, my dear *Fan-*
" *ny*, ſaid Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, I
" conjure you be at Eaſe; he is not dead."
" Then he muſt die, ſays ſhe: Thank
" Heaven, I ſhall not long ſurvive."

AT theſe Words ſhe fainted away, and being carried to Bed fell immediately into Pains which ended in a Miſcarriage, that had like to have proved fatal to her: Nothing could exceed the Tenderneſs and Care of Lady *Worthy*, ſhe perſormed the Office of Mother, Friend, and Nurſe; and whenever *Fanny* aſked if Mr *Hearty* was dead, ſhe anſwered, No; that he really grew better. " Why do I not hear from him then, ſays
" ſhe? Has he deſerted his *Fanny?* Is Sir
" *Oliver* gone to ſee him wedded to an-
" other?"

" No, by all my Friendſhip for you,
" ſays Lady *Worthy*, he has not deſerted
" you; he is as truly your's as ever." This Aſſeveration, tho' it took off all Suſpicion of his being falſe to her, filled her Heart with a Million Alarms for his Safety; tho' it annihilated one Pain, it imparted another.

THE unhappy Father and Mother of this Son and Daughter, with Difficulty kept themſelves from yielding up to this Calamity. " My Wife, ſays he, what has this
" World in it, worthy a good or a wiſe
" Man's

"Man's Purſuit? Who was happier than "we were once, who are now more wretch-"ed? Come bliſsful Hour of our Departure, "come and hide our Sorrows and grey Hairs "in the Grave together! there only Peace "is ſecure to Man——How tranſient are "all ſublunary Joys! God of my Salvation, "hear thy imploring Servant, teach me to "bear with unrepining Heart the Sorrows "with which thou deigneſt to viſit us be-"low: My Son an exiled Aſſaſſin! my "Daughter deflowered! and he that could "alone reſtore her Fame, perhaps lies "murder'd by her Brother's Hands. Is "it not Murder? Is not this beyond all "human Bearing?"

In this manner he complained in broken unconnected Sentences, praying with his Wife, for the Hour of their Diſſolution. And now Sir *Oliver* being arrived at *London*, found his Son yet living, and ſome Hopes of his ſurviving his Wounds; this Intelligence he ſent his Daughters. At the ſame time Mr. *Thoroughgood* received a Letter that Mr. *Hearty* was like to recover, which reſtored his Peace of Mind greatly. Young *Thoroughgood* had deſired his Father in his Letter, not to ſay that Mr. *Hearty* fell by his Hands; ſo that no one knew by whom he was wounded.

And now Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* aſſured *Fanny* that Mr. *Hearty* was out of Danger, that he would ſoon write her a Letter; her Father alſo having ſent her an Epiſtle, declaring the ſame Thing, ſhe became more eaſy. Soon after Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* came to Sir *William Worthy*'s, to ſee their Daughter; where the Father aſſured her, that Mr. *Hearty* was quite recover'd, reading a Letter which he had received from *London* to that Purpoſe. This quieted her Mind, and ſhe recovered: No Perſon of the Family but an old Nurſe as ſecret as a Confeſſor, Sir *William*, and his Lady, having the leaſt Suſpicion of what was the Cauſe of *Fanny*'s Illneſs.

We muſt now deſert poor *Fanny*, leaving her in good Hands; and caſt our Eyes on what was paſſing in *London*. And thus conclude this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

Mr. Hearty's *Recovery. An Overture of his which anſwers the Deſign. Sir* Oliver's *Sentiments different from his Son's. Young* Thoroughgood's *Diſtreſs, and Reconciliation with Mr.* Hearty. *A joyful Meeting of all together.*

SIR *Oliver Hearty* finding his Son grew better every Day, the Surgeon giving him great Hopes of his Recovery, preſſed him to declare with whom and on what account the Duel was fought. "Sir, ſays the "Son, it was thro' my Fault; I was the "Cauſe of it; it would be cruel to put the "Life of the Man whom I incited to this "Action in riſque of being taken away, by "an ignominious Death." To which the old Baronet replied, "Ods-heart, ods-"heart; why, he ran thee thro' the Body, "did he not? Be ſure, I wou'd have "hang'd him for't, if thou had'ſt died." "Sir, ſays the Son, I imagined you would; "and for that Reaſon I muſt conceal his "Name, till I am thoroughly recovered." He then aſked after his Friends in the Country, particularly Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*. And not *Fanny*? "Ods-

" heart, not *Fanny?*" ſays the old Baronet, winking and ſmiling.

" Poor *Fanny!* ſays the young Man, " ſighing ſoftly; how is ſhe?" " Pretty " well, I believe; ſhe is gone to Sir *William Worthy*'s, anſwer'd the Father; " what you have not forgot your old Love " yet, I find?" " No, Sir, ſays he; nor " ever ſhall. You muſt pardon me; you " will; but no Time can efface her Image " from my Heart. 'Tis in vain I recover " from this Wound, unleſs I am permitted " to be happy in her Arms. Life will be " only a Chain, that like a Gally-ſlave, " I muſt drag along; the conſtant Clink- " ing of which will for ever remind me of " my wretched Condition. Sir, will you " permit me to make her my Wife? There " are, beſides my Love for her, ten thou- " ſand Reaſons why I ought to marry her " alone."

" Ods-Heart, ods-heart; what, marry " a Parſon's Daughter! Sir *Oliver Hearty*'s " Son marry a Parſon's Daughter! can't " be, can't be; what will the World ſay?" ſays the old Gentleman.

" Believe me, Sir, replied the Son; I " cannot live on other Terms: Theſe " Wounds may cloſe, perhaps, but there " are others thro' which Life muſt flow " out, unleſs I am indulged in this reaſon-

" able

" able Deſire. What can oppoſe uniting
" all that is virtuous, all that is beautiful,
" all that is good to your Family? Can
" Riches communicate this heart-felt Joy
" to a Mind truly formed for Happineſs?
" Let me implore you, Sir, yield to this
" Requeſt: For believe me, he added, the
" Hour I am of Age, if I can live ſo long,
" makes me her Huſband: There are Rea-
" ſons why I ſhould break all Duty to you
" the beſt of Fathers, to wed this loveliеſt
" of Women."

Sir *Oliver* knew not what to reply: He was unwilling to oppoſe his Son's Requeſt, leſt by diſturbing his Mind he might again throw him into a Fever, and riſque his Life; nor was he willing to grant it him: " To-morrow, To-morrow, we'll diſcourſe
" of this again To-morrow."

" Sir, ſays the young Gentleman, with
" flowing Tears, let me implore you to
" grant me my Requeſt; it is impoſſible
" you ſhould conceive what Happineſs this
" will impart to your Son, and one who is
" dearer to him than he is to himſelf."

The Baronet cried, Well, well, ods-
" heart, ods-heart, if it muſt be ſo, it muſt
" be ſo; th' haſt a caught me at an un-
" lucky Time, I can't deny thee any thing
" now."

No Joy ever equalled that which this Anſwer communicated to the Heart of Sir *Oliver*'s Son; forgetting his Wound, and every other Pain, he ſtarted up in his Bed, and demanded Pen, Ink and Paper, to write to his lovely *Fanny*, "Now ſhe will be "completely bleſt," he cried. But this Action had like to have coſt him dear; the Anguiſh of his Wound was made ſo great by it, he could not continue a Moment without lying down again, and therefore deſired his Father to ſignify his Conſent by a Letter to Mr. *Thoroughgood*; which Sir *Oliver* did, in the following Terms:

"*Parſon* Thoroughgood,

"AT my Boy's Deſire I muſt tell you "that I have given my Conſent, that "he ſhall marry your Daughter. I could "not refuſe him any thing in his Condi-"tion; tho' thank Heaven he mends every "Day, ſo you may tell Miſs *Fanny* of it, "as ſoon as you will.

"HE hath not yet told me with whom "he fought; when he doth, I will let you "know. My Service to your Wife and "Daughter.

"*Your humble Servant*,

"OLIVER HEARTY."

THIS

THIS Letter gave inexpreſſible Joy to the Heart of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*; the good Man ſent it immediately expreſs to Sir *William Worthy*'s, where it gave them as much Joy. And now it was, that *Fanny* firſt knew the true Cauſe of Mr. *Hearty*'s Silence, poor Creature ſhe wept and kiſſed the Letter a million times, and was with much Difficulty perſuaded to keep herſelf from going to *London*. She ſaid, "ſhe was "ſure a Poſt-Chaiſe was a very ſafe Vehi- "cle; that ſhe could be of more uſe to him "than all the People in the World in his "preſent Condition; that it was Cruelty "to be abſent from the Man, who loved "her to ſuch Exceſs."

HOWEVER a Letter from his own Hand, by the next Poſt, conſiſting of three Lines only, prevailed upon her to tarry in the Country. "In this, he ſaid, that a few "Days would reſtore him well enough to "begin his Journey, which would bring "him to her Arms, the Abode which his "Soul only loved and deſired to dwell "in."

SIR *Oliver* now inſiſted on knowing with whom he fought: On which account his Son firſt demanded a Pardon for him, be who he would: "Aye, aye, ſays Sir *Oli-* "*ver*, ods-heart, I may pardon 'en now "he hath not killed thee; but I would

" have hanged 'en if th' haſt died, if there " had been any Law in *Chriſtendom*."

THE young Gentleman then explained to his Father the Cauſe of their Quarrel, and who it was. " Ods-heart, ods-heart, " ſays the Baronet, what kill one who lov- " ed his Siſter ſo well, why th' toldeſt 'en " that th' loveſt her, did'ſt not? a bloody- " minded Fellow! hope I ſhall ne'er ſet " ſight o'en: Ods-heart, ods-heart, a de- " ſperate Fellow!"

" SIR, you miſtake the Affair, ſays the " Son; he imagined me the Deceiver, not " the Lover of his Siſter: It was to vindi- " cate her Honour that this was done, he " could not ſuffer the Idea of his Siſter's " Pollution to enter into his Head unre- " venged; I ought to love him the more " for this Inſtance of loving her ſo well. " Young Ladies are ſo frequently deluded " by diſhonourable Villains, that it is no " Wonder he imagined me the Ruiner of " his Siſter. There muſt be infinite Quar- " rels of this Kind if the *Britiſh* Spirit has " not entirely left the Nation, or Brothers " and Relations can tamely behold their " Siſters and Couſins ruin'd and betray'd, " without being warmed to demand Juſtice " for the Injuries which muſt fall upon " them. You ſee, Sir, it was in Juſtice " to the Character of her I love, that he

pro-

" proceeded to this Quarrel; don't you " imagine, that I ought to eſteem him ten " times more on this Account? Is not he " ſomething more than Brother?" " Ods- " heart, ods-heart, can't ſee that for the " Life o'me, a Man that would murder one, " more than a Brother; a bloody-minded " Fellow; hope I ſhall ne'er ſet fight o'en; " cruel bloody-minded Fellow. Well, " well, the Danger is over now."

Sir *Oliver*, however, could never reconcile how young *Thoroughgood* could be eſteemed by his Son, who had attempted to kill him in a Duel; he never penetrated to the Principle of this Action; he was aſtoniſhed, who was cool from all Senſe of Injury being offered to him, why he would not take his Son's Word, when he promiſed to marry his Siſter; and could not diveſt himſelf from thinking, that he was a cruel bloody-minded Fellow.

At this Time the young Baronet being at Eaſe, his Wounds healed apace; having learnt alſo from the Surgeon where young *Thoroughgood* was fled for Safety, he wrote him a Letter, acquainting him with what had paſſed between his Father and himſelf with reſpect to his having obtained Conſent to marry his Siſter; and aſſuring him, that he thought him more worthy of the Alli-

ance with his Family now, than before he had taken a Reſolution to riſque his Life in vindicating his Siſter's Honour. He requeſted him to haſten to *London*, and accompany him and his Father into the Country, to meet his venerable Parents and amiable Siſter, and be preſent at the nuptial Rite.

AT the Reception of this Epiſtle young *Thoroughgood* felt a Senſe of Joy ſpread over nis Heart, which diſſipated that eternal Gloomineſs which had hung upon him ſince the Duel; not one Moment's Tranquillity had dwelt in his Body ſince his Eſcape; the Thought of having killed a Fellow-Creature in Heat of Paſſion was a Sentiment which he would have given the World to have fled from; and that, added to the other of having ſlain a Man who dying pronounced himſelf his Brother, imbittered the former Reflection to ſuch a degree, that Life was a Load he could not find Powers to ſupport: There were Moments in which he had reſolved to finiſh his Horrors by the ſame Sword which had proved fatal to young *Hearty*.—— "Good Heavens! he "often exclaimed, what is the feeble Rea- "ſon of Man! and what its boaſted Philo- "ſophy! the Globe does not now con- "tain a ſingle Spot on which to place my "Foot in Security and internal Peace; all

"flies

" flies before me, all is Deceit, Reaſon a " fallacious viſionary Dream!—— Come " God of my Salvation, deign to aſſiſt a " deſpairing Sinner, pour on my wounded " Soul the Balm of thy all-righteous Dic- " tates: Had I purſued thy Command- " ments, I had been bleſſed." This Letter then diſpelling all this duſky Horror of the Soul, his Mind returned to a Pleaſure, ſomething reſembling that which Wretches condemned to Dungeon Darkneſs conceive at their emerging into Day-light and Warmth of the genial Sun-beam: A Senſe of Joy, which tho' exquiſite beyond all Power of Speech to declare, we ſincerely wiſh that no human Creature may ever tread the darkſome terrific Path which leads to it —— Yet much we fear the Conſequence of this New Law; it may bring numerous Scenes of this Nature into Light, unleſs it ſhall be timely repealed, and where no Conſolation can follow the irrevocable Deed.

The firſt Veſſel young *Thoroughgood* embarked from *Calais*, and landing at *Dover* with a proſperous Gale and ſwift Paſſage, the Winds being willing to waft him to his Brother's Arms, as he now conceived him, he immediately took Poſt and arrived at the Lodgings of Sir *Oliver Hearty*.

The

THE Servant bringing up his Name, the young Baronet bid him ſhew him up; at which Expreſſion the old Gentleman cried out, "Ods-heart, ods-heart, let me be gone, "I can't bear the Sight of 'en; let me be "gone, let me be gone." However, before he could withdraw into the adjoining Chamber, young *Thoroughgood* had entered the Apartment; at which Inſtant the two young Men ran into each other's Arms, young *Thoroughgood* crying out, "Do I "graſp thee in thoſe Arms in Health? Is "that Bliſs granted me? Can my *Hearty* "pardon the Violence of Paſſion, the—the "—what I cannot mention."

"PARDON thee, my Brother, ſays the "young Baronet, I love you for the noble "Deed of vindicating my *Fanny*'s Honour, "Can a Man entertain Anger againſt him "who prefers the Fame of his Brother's "Wife to his own Exiſtence? Yes, my "*Thoroughgood*, I conceive you as my own "Twin-brother, Love and Friendſhip ſhall "be now the only Paſſions that ſhall poſ-"ſeſs our Souls."

DURING this Time Sir *Oliver* ſtood like *Atlas* King of *Mauritania*, turned into Stone by the petrifying Virtue of *Meduſa*'s Head; he was dumb, and could not find any Method of reconciling in himſelf, how two Men who had been endeavouring to kill

kill each other a few Days ſince, could now be running into each other's Arms in all the Raptures of Friendſhip.

At length young *Hearty* recovering a little from this Ecſtaſy, ſaid to young *Thoroughgood*, "Sir *Oliver Hearty*, Sir," preſenting him to his Father. At this Moment young *Thoroughgood* ſaid, "Sir, perhaps "you may behold with Amazement, the "Man who a few Days ſince thirſted to "kill your Son, at this Inſtant running "into his Arms with all the Fondneſs of "a Lover: Yet I call Heaven to witneſs, "that at this Moment I would with Rea-"dineſs riſque my Life to preſerve his."

"Ods-heart, ods-heart, it may be ſo, "it may be ſo; can't ſay the contrary."

"Indeed, Sir *Oliver*, it is true. To de-"fend my Siſter's Name from Infamy,"—At which Words young *Hearty*, ſuſpecting what was to follow, making ſome Tokens to young *Thoroughgood*, ſtopt him from proceeding, and dexterouſly turned the Converſation. The Son was not willing that the Father ſhould know that his *Fanny* was actually pregnant till they were married, nor did he know what had happen'd to her: He was under Apprehenſions that ſuch a Diſcovery might ſtagger the old Baronet's former Promiſe, and impart

impart ſome unfavourable Idea of his lovely *Fanny*.

THE Baronet, in a Day or two ſeeing his Son and young *Thoroughgood* ſo exceſſively friendly and inſeparable, began to be reconciled to *Thoroughgood*, and converſed with him freely enough, eſpecially as this young Gentleman uſed every Art and Politeneſs to win on the Reſentment which the Baronet had entertained againſt him.

THE Health of young *Hearty* being perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, they propoſed ſetting out for *Devonſhire*. However, before they left *London*, the Baronet's Son wrote his lovely *Fanny* a Letter, deſiring her to meet him at her Father's; where ſhe came attended by Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*.

AND now the Hearts of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* were returned to their former Tranquillity; that Anguiſh which had ſo long poſſeſſed them having been ſome time in wearing off, the Senſe of their Affliction continued after the Cauſe was removed; as the Waves of the Sea remain in Agitation after the Ceſſation of the tempeſtuous Winds, which firſt put them into Motion.

THE Day was arrived on Wings of Joy, which was to give him his whole Family; one of which he had conſidered as an Exile from his native Land, the other dead in Reputation, ſtained, contaminated, loſt:

His

His *Fanny* was already at his Houſe, when lo in the Evening the three Strangers arrived together.

THE young Baronet ran into his *Fanny*'s Arms, and ſhe into his, all Reſerve being loſt on this Occaſion; when ſhe cryd out, "Art thou yet alive, do I feel thee, and "claſp thee to my throbbing Boſom?" "I "am, I am, my deareſt *Fanny*; ſaid he "and for thee alone." At which Words the Exertion of their animal Faculties was ſo great, that it was with much Difficulty they were preſerved from Fainting, their very Souls ſeeming to eſcape from them for the ſake of a nearer Embrace. Young *Thoroughgood* then embraced his Father and Mother, whilſt the Tears ran down their venerable Cheeks; the old Gentleman crying out, "Enough, enough, good Heaven, "oh! take me hence, e'er I relapſe to feel "the Pangs of human Nature, it is too "exquiſite a Joy!"

SAYING this, he embraced the young Baronet; at which Inſtant Mr. *Hearty* kneel'd and begged him to give him his Daughter, which the old Gentleman granted, the Tears running apace from his Eyes. "May you "be bleſſed as you deſerve, ſays he. I fear "to live beyond this Hour; I feel myſelf "ſo happy, methinks I dread the Chance "of loſing it," Then *Fanny* and her Bro-

ther embraced each other; yet ſhe has ſince confeſſed that her Heart thrilled with Reluctance, the Thought of his having ſo nearly killed her Lover coming into her Mind at that Inſtant; ſo much ſhe loved young *Hearty* better than all the World.

All this while Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* ſtood in ſilent Admiration, the Tears of Joy ſtealing from their Eyes; Sir *Oliver* being ſenſibly touched at the Sight alſo, joining his Tears of Approbation, crying out at the End, "Ods-heart, ods-heart, I "could not have thought they loved one "another ſo well; if I had, they ſhould not "have been parted ſo long: Deſperate "Love, deſperate Love! God bleſs 'em, "God bleſs 'em."

The Company being all made known to one another, an univerſal Joy appeared on every Face; nothing was ever ſo happy before; they ſat down to an elegant and chearful Meal, and ſpent ſuch an Evening, that I verily believe, if a Man was to pick out all the Joys, Delights, Friendſhips, Amours, and clever Things of all the Routs in all the Town, and put them together amongſt an equal Number of the fineſt Company in *London*, in the moſt ſplendid Apartment of the Duke of ——— Houſe, they could not produce a thouſandth Part of the Soul-felt Felicity which this Company

Company knew this Evening at a Country Parſon's little Habitation. And thus having brought them well together, we follow the Landlord's Cuſtom of wiſhing their Honours a good Night, and conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. XLVI.

The two Miſſes Hearty *arrive at Mr.* Thoroughgood's. *The Ignorance of theſe young Ladies.* Bath *the fitteſt Univerſity for making an accompliſh'd Woman. Another Marriage. Joy on all Sides. Young* Thoroughgood's *Speech, and Sir* Oliver's *Approbation.*

THE next Morning the two Miſſes *Hearty* came to ſee their Brother: Theſe young Ladies loved him as their Life, they kiſſed him a thouſand times, and ſtrove who ſhould give him the longeſt and moſt frequent Expreſſion of their Love by their tender Embrace; they then ran to their Father and welcomed him home; then to *Fanny*, whom they loved as a Siſter, and in whoſe Favou r they had ſaid a million good natured Things to their Father.

So

So ſilly are theſe poor Country Girls, who have never ſeen *London* and taſted the Joys which it can produce, they really imagine that Virtue, good Nature, good Senſe and Beauty, confined to the Poſſeſſion and Praiſe of one Man, is true Happineſs. They wonder what Joy there can be in being mobb'd in the Park; gazed not out of Countenance at an Opera; envy'd at a Rout; talked Nonſenſe to by Prigs in Embroidery; in fine, Coaches, Equipages, and Entertainments, which divide them from the Man they love: Such Ignorance attends a Country Breeding. Wherefore I would adviſe every Country Gentleman who marries a young Lady, that has not been bleſſed with a Town Education, and is very pretty, to carry her to *Bath*, the School of the Univerſe, where a Woman of Beauty may the ſooneſt be compleated, two Seaſons generally finiſhing the Work, and be led into the faſhionable Accompliſhments of deſpiſing her Huſband, over-rating her Beauty, lamenting her being married to a Country Put, and in a very fair Way of figuring at all the modiſh Places of Reſort, acquiring the polite Airs and Behaviour of thoſe Dames who are bleſt with breathing the purer Air of *St. James*'s, and flying from the beſt of Huſbands with a Gallant to *Paris*, who will wiſh her to the Devil, and probably deſert her

her in ſix Weeks: this Aggregate makes the Character of a modern accompliſh'd Woman, and whom a Huſband need not be aſhamed to acknowledge for his Wife in the beſt Company.

THIS Morning Mr. *Thoroughgood* united in Marriage the Hands of thoſe two Lovers, whoſe Hearts had been long joined beyond all Power of Separation: Sir *Oliver* himſelf being well pleaſed to ſee and hear his Son at the End of the Ceremony turning to his *Fanny*, and in preſſing her to his Boſom, cry out in Raptures, "Behold the "happieſt Man on Earth! Sir, you have "made me now the happieſt Man on "Earth." to Mr. *Thoroughgood*. "And "you, Sir, ſays the good Man, have made "me the happieſt Parent." "My Father, "ſays he to Sir *Oliver*, how gratefully do "I acknowledge this parental Goodneſs, "in permitting me to wed this lovely "Creature." This he ſaid, and taking *Fanny* by the Hand, they both dropt on their Knees; when Sir *Oliver*, being much moved at this Expreſſion and Behaviour, weeping with Joy, cried out, "God bleſs "you, God bleſs you; I'll make you hap-"py, I'll give you all in my Power to "make you happy. Ods-heart, ods-heart, "how they love one another: It puts me "in Mind of being married to my Wife;

"we

" we loved one another juſt ſo." Then the Baronet ſtooped and lifting up *Fanny*, kiſſed her, ſaying, " God bleſs thee, " my dear Child; I think I ſhall love thee " as well as my Son does, Ods-heart, ods- " heart."

THIS being paſt, the two young Ladies ruſhed into *Fanny*'s Arms, kiſſed and embraced her, and welcomed her into the Family, calling her their dear Siſter. Then Lady *Worthy* preſſed her to her Boſom, in Friendſhip and Tears; as did Sir *William*. " Now, my deareſt Friend, ſaid Lady *Wor-* " *thy*, did not I tell you that you would " not paſs unregarded by that Power which " makes Virtue its peculiar Care!" " In- " deed, ſays *Fanny*, I now am happy; " happy in Huſband, Parents, Brother, " Siſters, Friends: Can human Felicity " receive any Addition, to that which my " Soul enjoys this Inſtant?"

THE Hours before Dinner were paſſed in walking and admiring the Taſte of Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s Garden, and little Wood; where every thing was elegant. " Yes, " ſays the good old Man, every Thing now " appears in that View; it is even a Para- " diſe at this Inſtant: Yet only Heaven " knows, and my own Heart can conceive, " how gloomy all appeared but a little " while paſt, and what trying Moments I " have

" have paſſed in this Retirement. God of " my Salvation, he emphatically pro- " nounced, it is owing to thy peculiar " Care and inſpiring Power that my Days " had not been ſome time ſince terminated " in that moſſy Cell, ſo great was my Di- " ſtreſs. Let me ever be mindful of thy " Mercies; and let Mortals learn from me " and my Story, never to entertain Diſpair, " nor ever to depend on perfect Happineſs " below. To this happy Revolution I will " erect a Temple of ever-during Flint, " ſacred to returning Peace; in which ſhall " be inſerted on a Marble Stone the Cauſe " of its being built; and this I hope will " prove a Leſſon of Inſtruction to Men, " who may poſſeſs this Living when I am " beyond the Reach of human Joys or " Miſery."

THE Dinner being ſerved, Sir *Oliver* was the gayeſt Man in the Company; the Bridegroom and Bride ſitting by the Side of each other; the old Gentleman obſerved, " Ods- " heart, ods-heart, what dine with the Bride " the firſt Day! a fine Bridegroom, a fine " Bridegroom! it was the Faſhion when I " was married, to ſtand behind the Bride's " Chair with a Napkin, and ſerve her: " Serve her To day, ſhe'll ſerve you al- " ways after;" ſays the Baronet winking, and ſtriking Sir *William* who ſat next him, with

with his Elbow. Pleaſed at theſe Words, his Son roſe and took a Napkin to wait on his lovely *Fanny*, Sir *Oliver* and the Company ſmiling; but ſhe could not permit it, and begg'd Sir *Oliver* to excuſe her Huſband, "Or, ſays ſhe, I cannot taſte a "Morſel with Delight. I will ſerve him "all my Life without this Ceremony; in-"deed, Sir *Oliver*, I will, with great Joy."

WHICH Requeſt being complied with, Sir *Oliver* cried out, "A ſly Baggage, a "ſly Baggage; ods-heart, a ſly Baggage." And then whiſper'd to Sir *William Worthy*, "I believe I ſhall love her as my own "Child; I fanſy ſhe loves my Son deſpe-"rately." The Truth of which Sir *William* aſſuring him of alſo, "Well, ſays he, ods-"heart, a Fortune in a Wife, is better "than a Fortune with a Wife; this new "Law had almoſt a-ſcat the whole Mat-"ter."

WHICH Word *a-ſcat*, as perhaps this Hiſtory may not have a Gloſſary printed at the End of it, we muſt acquaint our Readers, ſignifies fruſtrated, and is taken from the Image of an Egg broken by throwing it againſt a Wall, which is called *a-ſcat* in the Language of the *Damnonii*.

"SIR *Oliver*, ſays young Mr. *Thorough-*"*good*, I conſider a late Bill as the moſt per-"nicious that has ever paſſed in any Coun-

"try;

" try; and the moſt ſevere that ever was
" enacted againſt thoſe who are deſtined
" to the Office of Religion, held ſacred,
" thro' the World."

" SIR, continued he, the Immorality
" which may be the Conſequence of it is
" inconceivable, in a Nation where the
" young Ladies are educated in the man-
" ner in which they are in *England*; where
" the Youth of both Sexes are ſo often in
" Company together; ſhutting up the
" Way which leads to Matrimony, opens
" that which tends to Fornication. Will
" the fond Deſire, the heaving Boſom be
" controuled by Laws? Becauſe Youth
" is forbidden to marry, can it be imagi-
" ned that it can be prevented from lo-
" ving? Will glowing Hearts ſtay whole
" Years, to wait the Nuptial Ceremony?
" To imagine this, is to know nothing of
" human Nature: The Powers of Seduc-
" tion are ſtrengthened: Brothers, Friends
" and Relations will ruſh on each other's
" Sword, to take Vengeance on the De-
" ſtroyers of Female Honour; unleſs we
" ſhould become a daſtard Race of Slaves
" and Cowards. Thus this Bill may be-
" come the Parent of Duels, Death and
" ruined Virgins."

" ODS-HEART, ods-heart, and ſo it may,
" I did not ſee it in this Way; a bad

" Amend-

" Amendment may do more Harm than " Good."

" Nor does it terminate here, Sir *Oliver*, " Adultery muſt be the Conſequence, uni- " verſal Adultery." " Ods-heart, ods- " heart, Adultery too, how ſo? how ſo? " Can't ſee that for the Life of me," ſays Sir *Oliver*.

" I'll tell you, Sir, ſays he, in *France* " this Law has long taken Place; and here " we can argue from Experience, an Ar- " gument which brings the moſt convin- " cing Proof of Truth along with it that " can be found in the Affairs of Life. It " is not, I think, an abſurd Imagination " to fanſy, that human Nature is much " the ſame in that Nation and this.

" In *France* a Law to prevent clandeſtine " Marriage has long prevailed; let us ſee " what Conſequence it has had in that " Country, and we may thence infer what " it may probably produce in our own. " Young Ladies in that Nation are pre- " vented from diſpoſing of themſelves " till they are Twenty-five; and during " their growing up are educated in Con- " vents, ſecluded from the Company of " Men. This prevents their being ſedu- " ced in a great meaſure; but then they " ſcarce ever refuſe marrying the Man " which is propoſed to them, be he ugly

" or

" or old, deformed in Body or Mind. A " Husband is the Angel which opens their " Prison-gates, and sets them free. The " Consequence of which is, that it being " impossible for them to conceive any Pas- " sion for this Man, I mean tender Passion, " every young Lady falls in Love with " some one of equal Age and good Person, " which is agreeable to them in all Re- " spects; these two engage by Love, this " Man has her Heart, the other the cold " reluctant Hand.

" THUS there is almost an universal A- " dultery prevails in *France*. Indeed Hus- " bands themselves knowing on what " Terms they receive their Wives, scarce " oppose the Inclination of Gallantry in " them.

" WILL not the Effect be the same here, " when Daughters are compelled to marry " their Parents Choice, or which is the " same thing, permitted to marry no o- " thers, and prevented from their own.

" IT is said that the Giddiness of Youth " is apt to make them chuse extremely " wrong, and fly away with Men of low " Birth and inferior Condition. This may " sometimes happen, indeed; but then will " not the two ruling Passions of old Age, " Pride and Avarice, compel the Rich to " unite their Children with the Rich or

" Noble, void of all other Conſideration;
" what Happineſs can follow ſuch an Uni-
" on, the very Idea of being compelled to
" take any thing ever rendering it odious.
" Thus Thouſands will be united to what
" they deteſt; and by making a Law which
" prevents the pretended ill Effects of Raſh-
" neſs in young People with reſpect to
" Marriages, where the greateſt Happineſs
" often attends, you enact that which ties
" them to what muſt be for ever hateful,
" the Bane of nuptial Bliſs.

" THEN tell me what Woman, who is
" condemned to what ſhe loathes, will he-
" ſitate to violate the Marriage-bed; or
" what Man, that marries for Money, cares
" Three Farthings for the Perſon who
" comes along with it?

" WHAT Injury is done to this Conſti-
" tution, when People marry unequally?
" A Fortune on one Side is ſufficient for
" both; the Diviſion of Property renders
" us freer and ſafer in the Continuation of
" our Liberty. Knowledge, Learning,
" Perſon, Virtue, and other Qualifications
" which adorn Humanity, ought to weigh
" in the Scale of Love and Marriage,
" which Attributes, as Things are eſtimated
" at preſent in this Iſland, are of too little
" Conſideration; and will never be regard-
" ed as Objects of Value by old, avaritious,

" proud

" proud and mercenary Eyes; we need no
" Law to depreſs the Worth of theſe Qua-
" lifications in this Kingdom, but rather
" ſome one which might encourage their
" Propagation. However, it may be falſe-
" ly imagined to the contrary, Riches can-
" not conduct Mankind to Happineſs, nor
" oppoſe the Arms of our Enemies, with-
" out ſome Underſtandings of ſuperior
" Merit to give them its Direction.

" IT has been ſmartly ſaid, that Inequa-
" lity in the Perſons who marry is not a
" Proof of Love being the Motive: Of one
" Side it may not: If the Man marries a
" great Fortune, he may be induced by
" the Views of that alone; but the Wo-
" man in this Inſtance, muſt be ſaid to be
" influenced by that Paſſion; one Party
" loves, tho' the other may not. This is
" ſtill better, than where Parents diſpoſe
" of their Children, and every View is In-
" tereſt or Title; where Love is omitted
" from the Conſideration, that Paſſion on
" one Side is better than none in either
" Party, it may probably beget its Like-
" neſs; whereas Love can ſcarce ſpring
" from Indifference, that Beginning gene-
" rally terminates in Averſion.

" THUS then Adultery and Fornication
" are the probable Conſequences of ſuch
" Marriages; and this was plainly foreſeen

" by one noble Duke, who, like ſomething " more than human, as Men appear at " preſent, proteſted he would rather ſee his " Daughter married to a Man of the mean- " eſt Birth and Fortune, than a Law be " paſſed, to the Enſlaving the Youth of " *England*. This Name ought to be dear " to every *Britiſh* Virgin, the generous De- " fender of their free Choice, the Protector " of their Virtues, the Vindicator of their " Rights."

At which Words Sir *Oliver* cried out, " Ods-heart, ods-heart, who is he, who is " he?" " The noble Duke of *B*———," ſays young *Thoroughgood*. At which Word the Baronet filled a Bumper of Claret, and cried out, " To the Health of the noble " Duke of *B*———, ſlapping Sir *William* " on the Back with his other Hand; ods- " heart, to the noble Duke of *B*———." Which was pledged by Sir *William Worthy*, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and the Ladies, with the Style of, " The Protector of *Britiſh* Youth " and Beauty."

" One Biſhop too, ſays young *Thorough-* " *good*, united in the ſame generous Cauſe." " A Biſhop! ods-heart, a Biſhop! a good " Man, a good Man; tell me his Name, " tell me his Name." Which being an- ſwered the Biſhop of *W*———, the Baro-

net

net filled another Bumper, and ſaw himſelf well pledged to his Health alſo.

" BESIDES this, the firſt Commoner of " *England* ſpoke with great Power and " great Reaſoning, in Defence of Beauty, " Virtue, Innocence and Liberty. This " does Honour to every Cauſe; his Heart " can conceive nothing but Truth, and his " Lips can ſpeak nothing but that Lan- " guage: The firſt Commoner is firſt in " every Virtue." " Ods-heart, ods-heart, " a Bumper to him too, ſays Sir *Oliver*; " here's the *Sp——r* for ever."

" THEN, ſays *Thoroughgood*, the Cham- " pion of the Cauſe of Female Freedom, " the truly great Mr. *F*—— in the Houſe " of Commons, behaved in ſo diſtinguiſh- " ed a Manner, with ſuch becoming " Warmth, with ſuch Force of Reaſoning, " with ſuch Sincerity of Behaviour, and " genuine Elocution, for the Cauſe of Fe- " male Virtue, Beauty, Innocence and Li- " berty, that even that Action alone will " be ſufficient to render him dear to all " *Britiſh* Females and Lovers of their " Country."

" A BUMPER to him too; ods-heart, a " Bumper to him too, ſaid Sir *Oliver*; " here's *F*—— for ever, becauſe he de- " fends the Cauſe of the Girls: Ods-heart,

" he wa'n't forſake his Country's Liberty,
" who pleads the Cauſe of the Girls."

" THERE is another Gentleman, whoſe
" Fortune tho' immenſe is not by a Thou-
" ſand Degrees equal to his Love of his
" Country: he ſupported the ſame Cauſe
" with Spirit, the Kingdom can never be
" undone whilſt we have ſuch Defenders;
" and the City of *London*, the Support of
" *England*, has done Juſtice to itſelf and
" him, by their Choice of this Man, whom
" neither Titles nor Riches can ſeduce
" from the Protection of Liberty and his
" Country. Probity with Underſtanding,
" Truth with Zeal diſtinguiſh him, and
" muſt ſave the Nation."

" ODS-HEART, ods heart, a Bumper to
" him too; here's *B———d* for ever: I
" know his Character," ſays the Baronet.

" THE Pourtraits of theſe Men ſhould
" be ſtamped on every Female's Handker-
" chief, painted on every Fan, and en-
" graved on every Heart, ſays *Thorough-*
" *good*; and their Pictures hung by the
" Bed-ſides of all Virgins, as Catholicks
" do thoſe of their Patron Saints."

AT which Sir *William Worthy* obſerved, that Mr. *Thoroughgood* deſerved ſome Diſtinction from the Ladies, who had ſo generouſly ſpoken in the Favour of *Britiſh* Beauty; which the married Ladies agreed

to,

to, and one of the young Miſs *Heartys* approved with a Bluſh that ſpread upon her Cheeks, and ſpoke more emphatically than Words what ſhe thought. Sir *Oliver* crying out, "So he doth; ods-heart, how he talketh: "Canſt ſay no more upon the Subject? "Ods-heart, I could hear 'en talk all the "Day long. Do, *Thoroughgood*, diſcourſe "a little more upon the Subject: Ods- "heart, how he talketh; he is a cruel Fel- "low for Diſcourſe.".

"Sir *Oliver*, ſays he, it may probably "put an End to *Britiſh* Liberty, by uniting "hereafter the great Fortunes of the King- "dom, who ſeizing on the venal Diſpoſi- "tion of Electors in paultry Boroughs, will "purchaſe Seats in Parliament for them- "ſelves and Dependants, who will no longer "be Repreſentatives of their Country, but "your Maſters; the Regal Prerogative and "People's Rights may ſink together, and "Riches be the Ruling Power of the Land, "united with the Nobility.

"How far this was intended I cannot "pretend to diſcover; but certain it is, "that no two Underſtandings on Earth "are more different than a Judicial and "Legiſlative: Many Men enjoy the firſt, "who have not the leaſt Emanation of the "ſecond.

" When we conſider what Degree of
" Talents is neceſſary for deciding between
" two Things which can be compared to-
" gether, where all is urged in Favour of
" each Side, there requires no Superiority
" of Faculties to diſtinguiſh Truth from
" Falſhood; we decide of the Facts alone,
" and Right and Juſtice ſpring from the
" comparing the Evidence on one Side
" with that on the other.

" But when a Law is to be founded
" like the Marriage Law, which depends
" on the firſt Principles in human Nature,
" there Genius only can affectuate any Diſ-
" covery of Truth, no Compariſon aſſiſts
" us; the Mind muſt dart forward into
" Futurity, from the Principles which it
" knows in human Nature; it ſhould weigh
" the Force and Impetuoſity of the Paſ-
" ſions, the Powers of Imagination, Influ-
" ence of Belief and Habit, Controul of
" Reaſon, and Prevalency of the Senſes
" amongſt human Creatures; a Genius of
" quite a different Kind from that of di-
" ſtinguiſhing between Right and Wrong,
" the Juſt and Unjuſt, in any ſingle Caſe.

" The firſt only can form the Legiſla-
" tor, and plan Laws of Utility and pub-
" lick Good; the latter decide of the Con-
" ſequences of them, when they are made.
" One ſees the good and pernicious Effect

" which

" which will follow the inſtituting a new " Law, before it is enacted; the other has " no Object but that of preventing preſent " Evils, by a Law which brings greater " Miſchiefs along with it, tho' imperceptible to him. The one Capacity is the " moſt rare, moſt excellent and beneficial " Bleſſing the Gods can ſend to Man; " the other to be found in almoſt all " Mankind, or attainable by Habit; yet " uſeful when confined to its proper Sphere " of Action, and not permitted to rove " with the Imaginations of the ſuperior " Few amongſt the Regions of exalted " Genius.

" Yet ſuch is the State of ſuperlative " Underſtanding, it meets Oppoſition from " thoſe whoſe limited Capacities cannot " reach the Extent of its Conception. It " is the fatal Arrogance of Man to believe, " there is no other Perſon has the Power " of perceiving what he cannot ſee himſelf, " and to fix the Pillars of all human Intel- " lect on the Spot to which his bounded " Underſtanding can only travel, it con- " ceives no farther Space in Nature for " the Progreſs of intellectual Faculties.

" This Defect has cauſed that endleſs " Generation of uſeleſs, ill-conceived, or " pernicious Laws, ever to be mended;

" their deſtructive Tendency not being vi-
" ſible to thoſe who preferred them.

" But let us, ſays *Thoroughgood*, decline
" this Converſation, and talk of ſomething
" becoming the Occaſion."

" Ods-heart, ods heart, fine Words,
" fine Words, tho' I don't well underſtand
" the laſt Part, 'tis too high for me. Come,
" here's your Health, *Thoroughgood*, ſays
" the Baronet: Come, let's be merry:
" Canſt give us a Song?" To which anſwering in the Affirmative, he took a Glaſs to whet his Whiſtle. And we take occaſion to cloſe this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

The good old Cuſtom of throwing the Stocking over-ruled. Sir Oliver's *Kindneſs to his Son. His Son's Duty, and filial Affection. Sir* William *and Lady* Worthy *return to* Worthy-hall.

YOUNG *Thoroughgood*, at the Baronet's Entreaty, ſung a Song, which pleaſed the old Gentleman and the whole Company; the Ladies ſung in their Turns, and all was Mirth and good Nature: The Baronet, between every Song, continually toaſting the Duke, the Biſhop and the Commoners, in Bumpers for ever.

THE Evening being come, Sir *Oliver*, who now began to wax gay with Claret, propoſed throwing the Stocking; which was over-ruled by Mr. *Thoroughgood*, at the Deſire of *Fanny* and Sir *Oliver*'s Son. "Ods-heart, ods-heart, a good old Cuſtom "deſpiſed; I love old Cuſtoms: Well, "then, if you will n't ſuffer the Stocking "to be thrown; then here's the noble "Duke for ever, the Biſhop for ever, the "*Sp*—— for ever, and *F*—— and *B*—— "for ever, brave Hearts, *Old England* for "ever: Ods-heart, a half dozen ſuch Men

"in

" in each Houſe, would bring us good " Times again, and drive Corruption and " Bribery out of the Nation; ods-heart, " *Old England* for ever."

Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* withdrew, and the reſt of the Company; the Baronet ſtill continuing to toaſt the five Perſonages, whoſe Love for *Britiſh* Liberty and Protection of Beauty, will render them for ever dear to the Ladies of *Great Britain*.

The next Morning Sir *Oliver* being come into the Parlour in moſt exceſſive good Spirits, was inclining to be a little waggiſh in his way with his Son, upon the nuptial Night; but Mr. *Thoroughgood* prevented that, and ſaved the Cheeks of the Females from burning with ſome Confuſion. He then aſked his Son, how he intended to live? " For, ſays he, the' haſt " but Four Thouſand Pounds in the World, " and that we'n't bring thee a great In- " come, I believe:" At the ſame time winking upon Sir *William*, and the Company. " Sir, ſays the young Gentleman, " I will live on that ſmall Sum of Money, " and an infinite Quantity of Love, till " you are pleaſed to give me more; and " never repine, or wiſh for the Hour of " your Death."

" Ods-heart, ods-heart, hath over- " come me, I'll yield 'en up all, and only

" reſerve

" reſerve Four Hundred a Year hand-paid " me: Take all, take all." " No, Sir, " ſays the young Gentleman, your Good- " neſs in conſenting to my marrying this " lovely Woman, and this laſt more than " parental Affection, ſhall not make me " deprive you of One Shilling Income: " Your Eſtate ſhall remain in your own " Diſpoſal; you have lived Maſter of it, " and in that Capacity you ſhall die; tho' " may it be long and long before the Hour " arrives, which muſt deprive us of you."

" ODS-HEART, ods-heart, ſays the Baro- " net, this Goodneſs draws Tears from my " Eyes: Then we will have but one Purſe, " it ſhall be ſo."

" AS you pleaſe, in that Light, anſwer- " ed the Son; but I would chuſe to part " my Time between my *Fanny*'s Parents " and you, Sir; thus all three will be " pleaſed." " And will you give us none " of your Company?" ſays Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*. " Can my deareſt " Friends imagine that poſſible?" ſays Mrs. *Hearty*. " No, indeed, replied Lady *Worthy*, " I cannot."

THUS Things were ſettled in this man- ner, and a Fortnight paſſed between the Baronet's and Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s Houſes, when Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* return- ed to their Seat; leaving the whole Com-

pany with Regret, especially their lovely Friend; yet not unmixed with great Pleasure, that she was so happily united to all she loved. And here we take Leave for the present of this Part of the Story, and return to my Lord and Lady *Sapplin*, whom we had left at the Seat of the *Wormeatons*.

CHAP. XLVIII.

A Return to Nobility, and fashionable Life. The Difference in nuptial Nights. The Situation of Lady Sapplin's *Mind the next Morning. A philosophical Account of the Progress of Aversion in Money Matches. Lord* Sapplin's *Delicacy, in not waking his Lady the first Morning. A Revocation of an old Acquaintance. A Quarrel in one Place, and an Intrigue in another.*

LORD and Lady *Sapplin* being arrived at *Wormeaton* Castle, the Earl having talked extremely pompous of the Honour and Antiquity of his Family, the Hour drew near which Lady *Sapplin* wished was already at hand; and my Lord wished could be put off, with the Day of paying Debts and Death to all Eternity. By this means

means whatever Velocity the Lady's Wiſhes might add to the winged Minutes to increaſe their Speed, my Lord, by wiſhing in direct Oppoſition, retarded. And thus it happened, that the Hours moved juſt in the ſame Manner, as if one had not wiſhed for their Arrival, or the other againſt it.

HOWEVER the Time at laſt was come when the Lady retired to her Bridal Bed; where, being laid, my Lord mounted the Stair-caſe, as a Felon mounts the Ladder at a certain Edifice near *Paddington*, the ſame kind of Paſſion ſtrongly operating in his Breaſt.

WE may be here allowed to obſerve, that the true Stoic Principles are frequently moſt eminently exhibited by our young Men of Quality, on ſuch Occaſions as marrying a Wife for Money: And I verily believe, that not one of all the celebrated Sages of that ancient Sect ever went to Bed to a Wife with more real Apathy after ſeven Years Marriage, not *Epictetus* himſelf, than did this noble Lord the very nuptial Night, to the great Honour of our young Men of Quality.

THIS, I think, manifeſts a moſt ſhining Inſtance of the innate or acquired Philoſophy which governs their Actions, who, deſpiſing all Joys ariſing from Appetites in common with Humanity and Brutes, can abſtain

abſtain with ſo little Reluctance from gratifying thoſe Paſſions which prompt them to be ſated.

Being now on the Carpet ready prepared for getting into Bed, he look'd and look'd again, void of all Senſe of Joy, his Philoſophy ſtill prevailing; juſt as a Novice ſtands ſhivering on the Brink of a cold Bath, and dreads the Meeting of the chilling Water. At length he plunged into Bed, when the Curtains being immediately drawn, we make no Pretenſions to diſcover what paſſed; as Eye hath not ſeen, and tho' many Ears have certainly heard ſince that Time, we know our Duty too well to blab the little Stories of a Family, and expoſe the Secrets of the Marriage-Bed; only that we have Reaſon to believe, that the Stoic Principle prevailed with much Coldneſs and Reſerve all that Night on the Part of my Lord *Sapplin*. A happy Circumſtance for a Nation, where its Noble Youth are ſo truly Maſters of their own Paſſions, and purſue the Dictates of true Reaſon.

Tho' much may be ſaid in Praiſe of this Apathy and Coolneſs of our young Men of Rank, when they marry great Fortunes; yet we are ſorry that we cannot with equal Truth boaſt of this great Power of contemning vulgar Deſires in the Female Part.

Par-

PARTICULARLY in this Caſe, where Lady *Sapplin* having had the Misfortune of a City Education, had never received any Leſſons upon this Subject; and conſequently being actuated by Nature, and not Philoſophy, had no more of the Stoic in her than *Meſſalina*, or the *Epheſian* Matron; and was, in fact, formed on the Principles of the *decies repetita* of *Horace*.

THIS Kind of Character is the contrary of Lord *Sapplin's*, it is as glowing hot, as the other is freezing cold; and yet it is a Heat of a different Nature from the common, not eaſily imparted to the Body which is in Contact with it. By this Difference it came to paſs, that the Lady when ſhe waked the next Morning, reſembled *Nell*, in the *Devil to pay*; and was much put to it, to know whether ſhe was a Lady or not; for ſhe ſcarce found a Metamorphoſis in any Part, ſo little was ſhe altered.

And here, as Enquirers into the Phænomena of Nature, let us explain what we have often remarked to have happened between ſeveral Pairs, where the Match has been made for Money on one Side, and a Thing beginning with an *L*— on the other.

WHICH is, that notwithſtanding the Fire of one Party cou'd never be communicated to the other, yet the Coolneſs

of

of one Side has been imparted to the burning Perſon with the Help of ſome little Time and Diſappointment very effectually; and thus there has been ſettled ſome Medium of Warmth between the two, called Indifference, like Fire and Ice mixed together, ſettling in the Heat of the Atmoſphere, which after ſome Time ſunk into Averſion. And this, we imagine, may explain the Reaſon of that Behaviour which ſo generally follows ſuch Marriages; and which this new Law may increaſe, by preparing the Indifference on both Sides to their Hands, the Will of the Parents excluding all other Conſiderations in moſt Inſtances. By this Subtlety of Contrivance, Averſion will be the firſt Thing which take Place after Matrimony; and thus the whole Road thro' Indifference be ſaved.

In the Morning earlier than uſual Lord *Sapplin* roſe, and left his Lady's Bed with the leaſt poſſible Diſturbance; for tho' he was much of the Philoſopher, he was much of the polite Man alſo, a rare Union in one Perſon; he would by no means diſquiet his Lady's Reſt in the Morning, Hours which many People think the ſweeteſt, but ſtole off as quietly as the Beau in *Hogarth's* Harlot's Progreſs. And this Complaiſance of not diſturbing the Repoſe of their Conſorts, is a Politeneſs which very much

much prevails in this Nation at preſent; and which, amongſt innumerable good Cuſtoms, is one of the beſt we have adopted from the *French*. Indeed it bids fairer for being a ſtable Mode, than a Whim of Novelty; which like our modern Tragedies, or *Fanny M——y*'s Hats, have a nine Days Viſibility, and never enter into the Playhouſe Stock or the Wardrobe; a kind of Flower which Gardeners ſuffer to blow once to know its Qualities, and then root it out of their Collection, becauſe it wants all the Excellencies of the Species.

Lady *Sapplin* being habited in her Morning Apparel, deſcended to Breakfaſt with the Earl, who received her with much Pomp, and diſtant Politeneſs. My Lord *Sapplin* talking to her with as much Eaſe and Affability in Company, as if nothing had happened all the laſt Night; which Kind of Behaviour was by no means the Conſequence of the Education of Lady *Sapplin*, ſhe did not underſtand it. She was aſtoniſhed at his talking to her in ſuch a free Manner in the Morning, who had been ſo reſerved in the Night; and began to feel a kind of a ſomething like an Averſion for him.

Now, to ſtrengthen this growing Plant Averſion, which naturally thrives very well in all Soils without the Aſſiſtance of a hot Bed,

Bed, there was in the Houſe of Lord *Wormeaton* a Servant who was Valet de Chambre to Lord *Sapplin*; this Man when he was ſomething younger had ſerved in a Livery at Mr. *Barter*'s; he was of a comely Countenance, of a good Perſon, and much the Favourite of Lady *Sapplin*, when ſhe was Miſs *Barter*; inſomuch that on account of his being a little indulged by her with ſome innocent Freedoms, ſuch as kiſſing in private, and playing with her Boſom, he had been diſcharged from that Service by her Mamma, who did not reliſh that which her Daughter ſeemed much to delight in.

Being diſcharged therefore from the Service of Mr. *Barter*, he got into the Service of a ſingle Gentleman, who travelling to *Paris*, took this Servant along with him. In this City, the Univerſity of the Univerſe for curling of Hair, making Perukes, and cutting Cloaths, he applied himſelf ſo cloſely to his Studies, that few *Pariſians* could decorate or dreſs out a Head like Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*.

Happy would it be if all Travellers paſſed their Time ſo well; he knew what Kind of Friſſure became different Faces, from the ſhort Fiz of the Spectator to that of *Johnny F—ſon* at *Bath*, that is from ſix Inches to half an Ell; he knew how to adapt

adapt every Curl to the beſt Advantage, and gave the genteeleſt Air to the whole Countenance. Indeed he underſtood the Ladies Head-dreſſing, as well as the Gentlemens; added to this, he was deeply gone in the Knowledge of Gallantry; he wheedled with as much Art as many Miniſters of State, and was indeed an accompliſhed Gentleman; having ſeveral times at *Paris*, when he dreſſed with his Sword, been honoured with the Appellation of my Lord.

At his Return from his Travels as he was of an ambitious Mind, and capable of advancing himſelf, he looked out for the important Charge of a Valet de Chambre, and had the Honour of ſerving Lord *Sapplin*. In this Service he was when his Lordſhip married.

It ſeems Lady *Sapplin*'s Maid not being expert in the great Science of Dreſſing, this Right Honourable Perſonage was at much Loſs how to ſupply that Deficiency in the Country. For this Reaſon, my Lord very politely offered her his Servant for that Purpoſe, which ſhe accepted; and thus withdrawing to dreſs, ſhe for the firſt Time beheld Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* ſince his Diſcharge from her Father's Service.

Mr

Mr. *Samuel* was Mr. *Samuel* ſtill, though vaſtly improved in all the exterior and interior Man; being really a Perſon, which at a Diſtance great enough to hide the Colour of the ignoble Blood which ran in his Veins, might have been taken for a Baronet, if not for a Baron.

At the firſt Sight of this ancient Acquaintance, ſo unexpectedly, Lady *Sapplin* bluſhed a little; but, as Mr. *Samuel* had learnt Diſcretion as well as dreſſing Hair, he never gave the leaſt Hint that he had ever ſeen her Ladyſhip before, during the Time my Lady's Woman was in Preſence. However, the Moment ſhe withdrew, the Lady herſelf broke Silence, and aſked him, if he did not know her? To which Queſtion Mr. *Samuel* moſt politely reply'd, "That it was impoſſible for any Man who "had ever been honoured with ſeeing ſo "much Beauty to forget it."

This Stroke, being much beyond any thing which my Lord had ſaid, tickled the very Heart-ſtrings of Lady *Sapplin*. "And "do you really think me handſome, Mr. "*Samuel?*" ſays ſhe, taking up the Glaſs to ſee herſelf. "Your Ladyſhip is ex-"tremely ſo, reply'd he: I have not ſeen "any thing equal to your Ladyſhip in "*Paris*. There is ſuch a Delicacy in your

"Fea-

" Features, ſuch a Brilliancy in your Eyes, " ſuch a Gentility in your Shape, that, " your Ladyſhip will pardon me, the two " Ladies ſo much talked of would make " a miſerable Figure in your Company."

HER Ladyſhip's Woman returning at theſe Words, put an End to this Converſation, my Lady only deſiring that he would be always her Dreſſer; which Mr. *Samuel*, bowing *a-la-mode de Paris*, ſaid, " He " ſhould think the greateſt Honour of his " Life."

THE ſecond Night was ſo much like the firſt, and the third like the ſecond, that we ſhall not ſtop to give any more Deſcriptions of that kind; only we ſhall remark, that the Indifference grew ſtronger on the Side of Lord *Sapplin*, and ſomething took Poſſeſſion of his Lady which was almoſt a complete Averſion.

ONE Day after Dinner, talking of many Subjects with great Inclination to contradict each other, a Scene which ſometimes happens in Noble as well as Plebeian Families, the Converſation rolling upon Children, the Debate was ſtarted, whether it was beſt for Parents to wiſh for a fine Perſon or fine Underſtanding in the Child which might be born? My Lord was warmly for the Mind, and my Lady for the Body;

dy; one for good Senſe, and the other for Beauty. The Arguments were ſupported with more Warmth of Paſſion than Force of Reaſoning, till my Lady being no cloſe Reaſoner deviated, and dropt ſomething which ſavoured of his Lordſhip's Neglect for her; and he, in return, let fall ſome unpolite Expreſſion, leaning towards a Hint of her Ladyſhip's Diſpoſition. This being purſued, ended in high Words, and ſeparate Apartments that very Evening.

My Lord *Wormeaton* would have reconciled the Diſagreement, but he found it impracticable; neither ſhe, any more than Lord *Sapplin*, being willing to re-commence an Intimacy, which, from the Sample, ſhe had no Reaſon to like, or covet the Continuation of.

Thus then this noble Pair had not been in the holy Bands of Matrimony more than three Weeks till they were in the bleſſed State of never feeling for one another's Misfortunes; a Condition to be deſired by all People who would live happy in this World, conſidering how many Calamities Life is ſubject to, and all this effectuated by the ſimpleſt Contrivance in the World, that of changing one Paſſion for another, and placing Hate in the room of Love.

Mr.

Mr. *Samuel* continued to dreſs her Ladyſhip's Hair, to make Panegyrics on her Beauty, to ſigh amorouſly, and ſay the moſt civil Things that ever were breathed from the Lips of an accompliſhed Valet. He praiſed *Paris*, and the *French* Manner of Living; then wiſhed her Ladyſhip would think of viſiting that City. All theſe Things were very pleaſing to Lady *Sapplin*'s Ears, till at laſt, by inſenſible Degrees, he let her Ladyſhip into the Secret of the *French* Wives always entertaining a Gallant, with an Intimation of his old Love ſtill burning like a *feſtal* Lamp for her, and then dropping on his Knees, which ended in a Flight of Nonſenſe of his Determination to ſtab himſelf, unleſs ſhe had Commiſeration on the moſt faithful Swain that ever breathed, he cried, "Hide me, ye Groves! drown "me, ye Waters! Winds, Waves and Tem-"peſts waft me to ſome diſtant Shore, "where no Footſteps mark the beaten "Road! I cannot long ſurvive, if Pity "dwells not in your harden'd Breaſt: Alas! "my Heart, why wilt thou flutter thus, "and like a Squirrel friſk about the Cage? "Get out, and leap no more." This her Ladyſhip admiring as the moſt charming Accents which ſhe had ever heard, and being greatly diſappointed where ſhe thought

to have been well paid, ſhe graciouſly lifted Mr. *Samuel* from his Knees, who when he was gotten up kiſſed her, accompanied with a Hug that would have made an Impreſſion on a Marble Statue. It ſeems he knew his Woman, and like a brave General, attack'd and carried all before him, at the firſt Aſſault. No more however, paſſed, than Hugs and Kiſſes at this Interview; tho' a full Determination of more familiar Converſation was reſolved on by each Party, which was tranſacted as will be found in the next or ſome other Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

Lord Sapplin's *happy State. His Letter to* Lucy. *A Diſcourſe between the Earl and Lady* Sapplin. *Her Ladyſhip's Miſtakes. Set right on the Point of a very dreadful Diſcovery. Tit for Tat between my Lord and his Miſtreſs, and my Lady and her Man.*

LORD and Lady *Sapplin* being arrived ſo ſpeedily to that bleſſed State of not being in Pain about one another's Senſations, either of Joy or Sorrow; neither ſleeping or waking together, but as little as poſſible; ſhe delighting in Mr. *Samuel*'s polite Converſation, and his Lordſhip ſighing for his dear *Lucy*, were each impatient for the Hour of returning to Town, he to meet his old Companions and his Miſtreſs, ſhe to figure away as a Woman of Quality, enjoy Mr. *Samuel*, and take place of the City Ladies.

HOWEVER, the Impatience of Lord *Sapplin* being ſo violent to be in the Arms of his dear *Lucy*, he could not refrain from writing the following Epiſtle.

" *My dearest* Lucy,

" IF my *Lucy* knew what I have suffered " to make her happier than I could o- " therwise have possibly been capable of " making her, in thus marrying the most " disagreeable Creature that ever came " from the Hands of Nature, she would " adore me; whatever there is of aukward " in Person, stupid in Understanding, hate- " ful in Temper, she has deprived half the " World of; she has an exhaustless Mine of " these three excellent Qualities. Did you " behold her when she is hung with Dia- " monds, you would swear she was some " Country May-pole decked with Garlands " of Flowers, being as tall, as small, and " as wooden.

" BELIEVE me, my dearest Maid, when " I saw her in her Wedding Sheets, she " looked like the Monument overset from " the Foundation lying in one Piece, only " more loathsome, because she was alive, " and not quite so cold in her Constitution. " Thank Heaven, the Sacrifice is at an " End, we have quarrelled and parted Beds, " which no Consideration shall ever make " me participate with her again; yet this " Wise I do not repent to have taken, " since it renders me more capable of pour-

" ing

" ing Treaſure into the Lap of all I love,
" tho' I obtain it with all I hate.

" ONE Comfort I have, however, in this
" Union; which is, that if there ſhould
" not at any time remain to me One Shil-
" ling, yet whilſt ſhe lives I ſhall have it
" in my Power to maintain myſelf by mak-
" ing a Shew of her. She is better worth
" Six-pence the ſeeing, than the tall *Saxon*.

" COME then, my charming *Lucy*, to the
" Arms of him that adores thee; *Samuel*
" ſhall conduct thee hither; let me riot
" in thy Charms, after this Mortification
" which I have ſuffered; and let us laugh
" at this Thing, which is ſo ambitiouſly
" fond of being a Lady.

" BELIEVE me, I love thee as much as I
" deteſt her; which is as much as human
" Nature is capable of conceiving. I am,

" *Thine eternally,*

" SAPPLIN."

WITH this Letter Mr. *Samuel* had Orders to go directly to *London*, and bring *Lucy* to a Farmer's Houſe adjoining to *Wormeaton* Caſtle. In the mean while the Earl of *Wormeaton* took an occaſion to talk with Lady *Sapplin* in the following manner:

"LADY *Sapplin*, ſays the Earl, I am ſorry "to ſee that Lord *Sapplin* and your Lady-"ſhip have ſo ſoon parted Beds, I hoped it "would have held out a Month, at leaſt: "But, no Matter." "No great Matter, "indeed ſays the Lady; as Things were "like to go." "Madam, ſays the Earl, "as your Education has not been much "with People of Condition, permit me to "obſerve to you, that the Nobility when "they marry, eſpecially with thoſe not "deſcended from noble Blood, are by no "means tied to thoſe ridiculous Cuſtoms "which are thought neceſſary in the Mar-"riages of common People.

"IT is not to be conceived that we mar-"ry to pleaſe one another, but to render "each Perſon more capable of pleaſing it-"ſelf: For Example, Lord *Sapplin* can "now indulge himſelf in his Pleaſures by "means of your Fortune, and you by be-"ing exalted to the Rank of a Lady; you "are accountable to no Perſons upon Earth. "Theſe are the Privileges of us the No-"bility.

"IT is not to be imagined, that People "of Quality can renounce their former "Purſuits, to dangle after one another, be "ſhut up in the ſame Coach, confined to "one Appartment, or bound to any one "Thing; you have your ſeparate Delights,

"and

" and you have a right to purſue them;
" Variety is the Soul of Pleaſure; there-
" fore all that is neceſſary in the Behaviour
" of People of Faſhion, is, that in Com-
" pany with one another there appear an
" Eaſe of Converſation, a Shew of Polite-
" neſs and Regard, and at the Bottom as
" much Careleſſneſs as you pleaſe. This
" is all I require: This is all the World
" requires."

" If Careleſſneſs, ſays the Lady, make
" a Part of this neceſſary Politeneſs, I ſhall
" give him enough of that I believe; and
" as to the other, I ſhall do by him as he
" does by me: If he provokes my Patience,
" let him remember that Patience is a
" Pitcher, which goes often to the Well,
" and may crack at laſt; and then I don't
" know what may leak out."

The Earl begg'd it as a Favour, that all Things might be preſerved with good external Appearances. " And as to what
" paſſed within, he ſaid, he was not ſoli-
" citous, ſhe might do what ſhe pleaſed,
" provided ſhe preſerved Appearances.

This Day being paſſed like the former, Lady *Sapplin* roſe the next Morning and enquired for Mr. *Samuel* to dreſs her Hair; when, to her great Surprize, ſhe found that Mr. *Samuel* had been ſent to *London* on an Errand, which no one could tell what.

This put a Thought into her Head, that Lord *Sapplin* had come to ſome Intelligence of her Affair, and had diſcharged him; which did not a little diſcompoſe the Acids of her Ladyſhip's Diſpoſition.

COMING down then to dine in her Diſhabille, the Earl aſked her, if ſhe was ill? She anſwered, "No; that my Lord had "very ill-naturedly ſent Mr. *Samuel* from "his Service, which hindered her from "being dreſſed that Morning: I know the "Reaſon, ſays ſhe to her Lord, as well as "you do; but it ſhall be to no Purpoſe, "I can aſſure you; Things ſhall not go as "you imagine." At this the noble Lord began to fear he was diſcovered in his Amours with *Lucy*; and ſaid, "My Lady, "who has been babbling Nonſenſe in your "Ears to create theſe Jealouſies in your "Head?" "I jealous, ſays ſhe! 'tis you "that are jealous, becauſe you knew that "I liked his Manner of dreſſing my Hair, "you have been mean enough to diſcharge "him from your Service." Theſe laſt Words ſet all to Rights again: He aſſured her, that *Samuel* was only gone on a particular Occaſion to fetch him ſomething from *London*, that he would return again that Evening; and ſo far was he from endeavouring to deprive her Ladyſhip of his Service, ſhe might if ſhe pleaſed take him entirely

tirely to be about her Perſon, as a Valet de Chambre. Thus each Party eſcaped from the Brink of a Diſcovery, which would have been diſpleaſing to both.

It ſeems his Lordſhip ſuppoſed that this Valet would be a kind of a Spy upon her Conduct, ſo that if the Parents ſhould die he might be able to prove ſome Actions againſt her, which would create a Divorce; and was therefore extremely willing, that ſhe ſhould take him into her Service.

The Heart of Lady *Sapplin* was now more at Eaſe; ſhe began to think of finding in one Man what ſhe had miſſed in another, and thus paſs her Time tolerably well. She was a Lady by Marriage, and all other Things ſhe had learnt from the Earl ſhe might ſupply herſelf with.

Next Morning Mr. *Samuel* waited on her Ladyſhip, and told her, "He was now "honoured with her Service alone; which "Intelligence he had received from his "Maſter, and thought himſelf the happieſt "Man on Earth:" His Lady then expreſſing her Fears of his being diſmiſſed, aſked him on what account he had been at *London?* Which Mr. *Samuel* feigning great Difficulty to diſcover, whetted her Deſire to know; when, after much Solicitation, he at laſt revealed the Reaſon of his Journey. At the ſame Moment taking her in

his Arms, and ſwearing ſhe ſhould find in him what was loſt in my Lord; he thus imparted a Conſolation to her drooping Spirits, which would otherwiſe have been difficultly communicated.

He then told her, that *Lucy* was to be conducted to my Lord's Apartment as ſoon as it was dark, and that he would be with her Ladyſhip at a certain Hour; which Hour ſhe wiſhed heartily was arrived, leſt Lord *Sapplin* ſhould be beforehand with her, being moſt vehemently determined to give him as good as he brought, and treat him with ſtrict Juſtice.

If the Candles had not been extinguiſhed, we might now have preſented our Readers with a Scene which would make no ſmall Figure in an Author, and give them much Diverſion; but as that is impoſſible, we ſhall only ſay his Lordſhip lay in the Arms of his *Lucy* laughing at Lady *Sapplin*, and her Ladyſhip in thoſe of her Valet de Chambre laughing at my Lord. And now it was that her Ladyſhip firſt conceived the Truth, that Nobility is nothing in the Dark.

Things being in this Way, ſhe ſaw his Lordſhip with leſs Pain than before; ſhe had found in the Codicil what was omitted in the Will, and having ſpliced the Footman to the Lord, had poſſeſſed between the

two all that her Heart desired. She never wished to see his Lordship, but when she could not avoid it; and if they met at any Place, it was always the greatest Chance in the Universe; like that of two Lawyers meeting in Heaven.

CHAP. L.

The Advantages accruing to a Plebeian Lady marrying a Noble Lord. A true Definition of the Consummation of a Marriage, and the Reasons of its being done in the Country. A Scene of Altercation between the Earl and Lady Sapplin. *Hopes of an Heir to this ancient Family. The great Advantage of physical Irony.*

AND here, courteous Reader, we would willingly solace you with a small Observation of the great Advantages which attend a rich Plebeian's Daughter marrying a noble Lord's Son. First she is taken like Paper and Packthread which inclose some rich Treasure, and which are generally thrown away or destined to more ignoble Uses, after the Contents are taken out of 'em. Next of all she has Liberty to sleep with the Man,

if

if ſhe cannot with the Maſter. Thirdly, ſhe is poſtponed to ſome little dirty Bunter, who is kept at an exceſſive Expence, with the Money which ſhe brings for her Fortune. Fourthly, ſhe is deſpiſed in the Family, as a Machine made upon other Principles than thoſe of noble Blood; ſomething like a Wheelbarrow compared with an Orrery.

At preſent we imagine our Readers begin to ſmell the true Deſign, which is ſo generally in Practice amongſt the Great, of flying to the Country the Moment they are married, to conſummate, as it is generally called, their Marriage. Now this Conſummation of the Marriage is by no means to be underſtood in the vulgar Way of Bedding together, but a finiſhing, entirely every Thing relating to a Married Life, and ſettling into ſome uniform Behaviour to one another, againſt the Time of their appearing in Town. Wherefore, as this is not likely to be brought about without ſome ſmall Agitations, Happineſs like Wine being produced by Fermentation, the new-married Couple retire from the prying and ſarcaſtic Eye of *London* to the Shades of a Country-Houſe till the firſt Workings are over, and adjuſt the Syſtem of appearing in

in Town, without Danger of being discovered.

The general Obſervation of Genius is, that it can ſee more in one Moment than thoſe who have it not can in ſeven Years: And, in like manner, Lord and Lady *Sapplin* being Genius's in their way, had ſettled in three Weeks what Miniſters, Commiſſaries, or Chargés des Affaires would have taken twelve Months to adjuſt; ſuch is the Effect of ſuperior Underſtanding and good Will in what People chuſe to do. Thus this Lord and Lady were prepared to appear in the beſt Company, without expoſing themſelves by their ill-underſtood and aukward Fondneſs, in leſs than three Weeks.

Now the Darkneſs began to be more agreeable to Lord and Lady *Sapplin* than the brighteſt Sunſhine, becauſe their favourite Deeds were in the dark. He ſtole ſecretly, whenever there was the leaſt Opportunity, to riot in the Company of his lovely *Lucy*; and ſhe entertained herſelf with Mr. *Samuel* as often as it was poſſible. He laughed with his Miſtreſs at the Gianteſs being obliged to ſleep alone, and ſhe thought the Exchange which ſhe had made of the Maſter for the Man, was one of the beſt Bargains of her Life, being a Lady all Day, and ſomething better all Night: Indeed they began to ſmile at the ſeeing one another in the Morning; which

which Smile, leſt our Readers ſhould be apt to imagine as proceeding from ſome growing Fondneſs, we take the Liberty to free from that Miſtake, aſſuring them, that it aroſe from each Party's ſmiling at the Conſciouſneſs of having been happier the preceding Night, than the other might poſſibly conceive it.

In this manner paſſed the Days at *Wormeaton* Caſtle, and now it was that the Time recalled this noble Family to *London*, where her Ladyſhip received infinite Viſits from my Lord's Friends; all of which beheld her with the greateſt Regard, and at going away ſaid the prettieſt Things in her Favour imaginable. One Lady poſitively ſaid ſhe reſembled a Pantine, and wanted nothing but a Whalebone in her Head to give her a Twirl, and flirt her two long Arms into Motion which hung by her Sides; "Only but think, ſays ſhe, what a Couſin we "have! In what manner ſhe behaves! what "a Vacancy of Face and Ignorance of all "Deportment! ſhe looks at once as if ſhe "was ſtuffed with the Pride, and yet dying "with the Shame, of being a Lady. This "ſeems as if ſhe was conſcious of her Miſ-"take, and yet dared not retract. Poor De-"vil! ſhe has an aukward Time of it. I ad-"mire, that thoſe Cits are ſuch Fools to "marry their Daughters to Noblemen!

"What

" What a ridiculous Ambition, for the ſake " of the four Letters in the Word *Lady*, to " ſend the poor Things into Families that " deſpiſe them, and generally treat them " no better than upper Servants; and ſome- " times not ſo well, if their Woman is " handſome."

THIS Lady was the Topic of all Converſation, for ſome time after her coming to Town. Her fine Chair, her gaudy Town-Coach, her ſuperb Diamonds, her expenſive Cloaths, her every thing was the Subject of every Female Tongue, till having been at the Play, the Opera, Concerts and Routs ſufficient to ſhew herſelf and her Finery, having been laſhed through a dozen Regiments of Female Tongues, and finding that Ladies are as plenty as Muſhrooms, and as ſuddenly created at the Court End of the Town, ſhe began to perceive, that unleſs Mr. *Samuel* her old Flame had been added to the Bargain, ſhe would have had a cold Time and a poor Pennyworth of it.

AND now it was that the Diameter of Lady *Sapplin* began to increaſe; which at firſt did not diſpleaſe my Lord, till finding that her Time was protracted beyond the eleventh Month, his Lordſhip, having quitted her Bed at the End of three Weeks, began to ſuggeſt ſomething which had not entered into his Head before; he imagined

gined that ſome Intrigue or other might have given Being to this Child, and more than peradventure it might not be his own; and that after all this Cunning of marrying a Woman to get Poſſeſſion of a great Sum of Money, he might poſſibly leave his Eſtate to be inherited by a Son that was not the Iſſue of his Loins.

On this account the Earl, who knew the Affair perfectly well of his Son's ſeparating Beds, began to talk to her Ladyſhip in this manner: "Madam, ſays he, this appears "a little ſtrange to me that your Ladyſhip "ſhould not be yet brought to Bed, ten "Months and more after having ſlept from "Lord *Sapplin*; there muſt be ſome Rea-"ſon which I cannot penetrate."

"That may be very likely, ſays ſhe; "I ſuppoſe, my Lord, you are no Phy-"ſician."

"Madam, ſays the Earl, there muſt "be ſome Cauſe, I ſay?"

"To be ſure, ſays ſhe, there is; why I "am married, am I not? Is not that the "Cauſe? Don't Ladies generally breed af-"ter Matrimony?"

This Lady, like moſt others in *England*, when they have loſt their Chaſtity replace it with ſomething called Aſſurance in high Life, and Impudence in low.

"Is

"Is not your Son a Man? what Wonder is it a married Woman ſhould breed? laughing in the Face of the Earl; pray, my Lord, ſays ſhe, has *Lucy Shelton* never bred, that you think it impoſſible for my Lord to have a Child? I think you ought to admire me for bringing an Heir to ſo antient a Family, ſince it ſeems a little ſuſpicious whether you have ever expected it or not. Do you imagine the Family worn out? However, my Lord, don't be in Pain, if this dies I make no doubt but to provide another. We ſhall keep up the Breed."

This Kind of Converſation did not pleaſe either Father or Son, tho' neither of them cared Six-pence who enjoyed her Favours, they were both terribly chagrin'd at the Thoughts of having their Eſtates inherited by a Child who was not of the Family. It ſeems it had never entered into their Heads, that a City-bred Woman would ſo ſuddenly advance into the Spirit of Intrigue; they imagined that thoſe Tranſactions had been totally engroſſed by the People of Quality, ſome few excepted. As when a Merchant marries a Lord's Daughter, ſhe muſt be conceived to carry her Education along with her into the City.

Lord *Sapplin* was determined to know to whom he was indebted for this Favour

vour of giving him an Heir to his Eſtate. He looked round and round, and during the Time of her being at *Wormeaton* Caſtle there was no one Man who came to the Houſe that ſeemed to be her Favourite more than another: For this Reaſon, he was much at a Loſs how to account for this Phænomenon.

He therefore took Mr. *Samuel* aſide one Day, and aſked him if he knew of any one who ſeemed to be particularly favoured by his Lady? "For, ſays he, here ſeems to be "ſomething not eaſily accounted for: You "know I have deſerted Lady *Sapplin*'s Bed "more than ten Months, and ſhe is not "yet in the Straw. If you know any thing "of this Affair, *Samuel*, ſays his Lordſhip, "I hope you will acquaint me; it is a ter-"rible Thing to have an Heir to one's E-"ſtate which is not of one's own Begetting: "You have been much about Lady *Sap-*"*plin*'s Perſon, if you have obſerved any "thing where ſhe has favoured any parti-"cular Man, it would pleaſe me much to "know it; it may prevent future Affairs "of that Nature."

To this Mr. *Samuel* proteſted he had not the leaſt Reaſon to ſuſpect any one; that his Lady had never ſhewn any Preference to one Man above another, as far as he could perceive. "But, my Lord, ſays he,

"as

" as I ſubſcribe to ſome of the Circulating " Libraries, I read the other Day a Pam- " phlet, which has a *Latin* Title; where it " is proved, that a Lady may be breeding " without the Knowledge of Man." Meaning by this the Pamphlet *Lucina ſine Concubitu*, written by the Author of *Pompey the Little.*

" I WOULD have your Lordſhip read this " Pamphlet, it may explain this Affair to " you; it ſeems to be well written." This Advice my Lord obſerved, which Pamphlet being taken in a ſerious Senſe, he grew a little ſatisfied; he thought tho' this Child might not be his, yet it might be nobody's elſe; tho' in ſtrict ſpeaking it was not his Heir, yet he cou'd not be ſaid to have ſuffered the Diſgrace of Cuckoldom. This Conſideration afforded ſome Alleviation of the Circumſtance, tho' it created a Doubt and Suſpence, which is by no means a pleaſing Situation of the Mind, and made him look on his Lady with an Eye that did not beſpeak much good Will, yet it excuſed him from the Opprobrium of Cuckoldom.

MATTERS proceeded in this State till Lady *Sapplin* lay in, when the Friends of Lord *Sapplin* wiſhed him Joy of his Heir; which Salutation he received with but a ſhyiſh kind of Reception, his Mind miſgave him

him that it was not his Son, and yet he durſt not confeſs ſo much to the World.

During this Time of Pregnancy Mrs. *Barter* was continually going to ſee her Ladyſhip: She was eternally talking of her Daughter Lady *Sapplin*'s big Belly, what a Happineſs it would be to have an Heir to that ancient Family, how glad ſhe was that my Lady was ſo ſoon breeding, wiſhing for a Boy, and dinning the Ears of all the World ſhe came near with Accounts of her Daughter Lady *Sapplin*'s Breeding. She told every one how many Days ſhe was ſick in the Beginning, the Day of the Month ſhe quickened, and gave a minute Account of the Baby-cloaths, Blankets, and Pincuſhion which ſhe herſelf had ſtuck with Pins in the Figure of an Earl's Coronet.

And thus having brought this ancient Family an Heir, and her Ladyſhip to Bed, we take the Opportunity of reſting ourſelves, and conclude this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

Lady Sapplin *preſents Lord* Wormeaton *and Lord* Sapplin *an Heir. No great Harmony in the Marriage. The Difference between the two States, of this Family and that of Sir* William Worthy.

MY Lady being quite recovered, Viſitings and all paſt, my Lord having never entered the Chamber during her whole Confinement to aſk how ſhe did, ſhe took the Child, which he had never beheld, and carried it into the Parlour, where the Earl and his Son were ſitting together. "My "Lord, ſays ſhe to the Earl, I have brought "you the Heir to your Eſtate, pray look "upon him, is not he a fine Boy? Don't "you think him prodigiouſly like his Pap-"pa?" At theſe Words Lord *Sapplin* could with Difficulty contain himſelf: He bid them carry away the Brat; "I hate ſuch "young Things," ſays he. "Pray, my "Lord, ſays Lady *Sapplin*, how does *Lucy* "*Shelton* do? Is her Boy a finer than this? "Does he reſemble your Lordſhip as "much? (for it ſeems *Lucy* had juſt lain

"in)

" in) I ſhould be glad to compare them " together."

THESE Queſtions ſtopped the Mouths of the Father and Son, and ſaved her Ladyſhip from hearing ſomething, which, tho' ſhe knew it to be true, might not have pleaſed her in the higheſt Degree; ſhe withdrew, with the Child, laughing at the Pain which ſhe had given them, becauſe it gave her Pleaſure.

BY this time this noble Pair grew intolerable to one another; they never ſaw each other but when it was impoſſible to avoid it. She curſed the very Thoughts of Nobility, and he the Idea of a Citizen: For, as he had poſſeſſed the Money long enough to forget the Service it afforded him, and ſhe had been a Lady till the Novelty was worn off, the Plague which each was to the other was the only Thing that remained from the nuptial Ceremony.

How different was the Scene in *Cornwall*, with her Siſter *Eliza!* Sir *William Worthy*, during the Time of her Pregnancy, contrived a thouſand Amuſements to keep her Mind from being too ſolicitous on the painful Hour. He amuſed her by Reading, by Company, by Cards, by Airings, and every kind of Device; and during the Pangs which made him happy in an Heir, he felt perhaps greater Affliction than his

Lady. He ſcarce left her an Hour, without aſking how ſhe was; and gazed with the fondeſt Delight on the new-born Babe, ſmiling on him, and on the lovely Mother which gave it him; ſaying at the ſame time, "My Dear, this Child has brought with it "to me a Senſe as new and diſtinct from "all others, as if I had been born blind "and this Moment had given me the Senſe "of Seeing." No Joy was greater, no Man or Woman happier, Love had increaſed from the nuptial Hour, and was ſtill likely to augment as far as ſuch Souls could receive additional Bliſs.

THESE were the different States of the two Siſters; Lady *Sapplin* returned to the *London* Life of Viſiting, Routing, Carding, Plays, Operas, Concerts, and Mr. *Samuel*: His Lordſhip followed his Pleaſures at *White*'s, *Macklin*'s, and with *Lucy*, till the Money which had been received with his Lady began to grow very ſcarce; and now it was that their Joys ſeemed to be at the higheſt, their Meetings being but one eternal Diſpute, ſhe demanding Money, and he with nothing to give her. And notwithſtanding that one was a Lord by Birth, and the other a Lady by Marriage, yet ſuch was their Language that we cannot think fit to ſtain this Paper with their Expreſſions, unleſs we wrote for no other Readers

Readers but thoſe who live near the *Gun* Tavern in the Purlieus of *Billingſgate*. For we really have more than once known a noble Pair fall ſo much from it's Dignity, that perhaps a Lady who deals in the ſcaly Tribe, and a Gentleman who ſweeps with daſhing Oars the Silver *Thames*, could not have exceeded them in the pure and eſſential Spirit of Scolding.

CHAP. LII.

Farther Proofs of Mr. Narrowbottom *and Friend* Abraham's *Morality and Friendſhip for the Earl of* Wormeaton. *A ſhrewd Remark. The* Wormeaton *Family diſtinguiſhed by a Goddeſs. A Sample of Lord* Sapplin's *Forethought; and his Lady's Opinion of him. Her Eſcape, and Landing at* Calais: *And, ſeveral other Matters of great Importance.*

IT may be remembered, that during the Time which Mr. *Narrowbottom* was tranſacting the Marriage, *Abraham Sly* the Quaker had given the Writings which he had obtained from his Friend *Iſhmael*, to a Lawyer to be examined; it ſeems then that during this Interval Mr. *Narrowbot-*

tom, who was ſo generous and ſincere a Friend, (a rare Inſtance in this corrupt Age) had for the further Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, and a larger to the Lawyer, obtained exact Copies of the Writings of that Eſtate, which was mortgaged to *Iſhmael*. This the Earl of *Wormeaton* conſidered might be of uſe to him on a future Occaſion. The pecuniary Poſſeſſions of Men frequenting *White*'s being ever in a fluctuating State, the very River of Gold which would float the *Royal Sovereign*, in half an Hour ebbing ſo low that it would leave the Pinnace a-ground.

THESE he kept as a Corps de Reſerve, and as the ſame Lady which had always accompanied him and his Son during their former Life, ſcorned to deſert him in his Hours of Affluence, theſe two Noblemen in her Company applying like Noblemen, had exiled every Shilling of Lady *Sapplin*'s Fortune, and Fifty Thouſand Pounds more, which they had borrowed upon theſe ſham Writings: For, in fact, their Debts being paid, and the Mortgage which was on the other Part of their Eſtate diſcharged, there remained little but a Power of mortgaging this Eſtate once more, which was already engaged to *Iſhmael*, one Month after the nuptial Day. In truth, it was on the Credit of the aforeſaid Marriage, and the Money

riſen by the Means juſt mentioned, with which theſe noble Perſonages had figured away, ſince that Time.

It has been remarked by many a Man of very good Senſe, that there is ſcarce a Perſon upon Earth who is not a Favourite of ſome one or another, the Mind naturally giving the Preference to one Man or Woman above the reſt; even Animals and inanimate Beings find the ſame Favour. And anciently amongſt Heroes, as may be much better ſeen in the Original than in *Pope*'s Tranſlation of *Homer*, the Gods and Goddeſſes had their Favourites. In like manner it was remarked, that the *Wormeaton* Family had been ſignally diſtinguiſhed in all their Engagements by a Divinity, being no leſs than *Miſs Fortune*, the Daughter of *Fortune*, a Goddeſs among the Ancients. And this we beg Leave to obſerve, is the only Inſtance where Men had rather be honoured with the Mother's Favours than the Daughter's, and prefer an old Woman to a young.

The Money being exhauſted, Lord *Sapplin* deteſted the Perſon who brought it; he bid her, in very unmannerly Terms, go to the old Thief her Father, if ſhe wanted Money, he has ſtolen enough from the World, let him ſupply your Extravagancies. "And your's too, I ſuppoſe, ſays ſhe, at "*White*'s,

"*White*'s, and with your ——" a Word beginning with a *W*.

This being ſaid, they parted, my Lord to look on at the Hazard-Table; it ſeems he did not chuſe to play that Evening, for Reaſons to be imagined, rather than explained when we ſpeak of a Lord; and ſhe to ſome Rout of Diſtinction.

And now there had been for ſome time a ſmall Suſpicion in Lord *Sapplin*'s Head, that this Favourite of his Lady was no leſs a Gentleman than his old Servant *Samuel Waitwell*. This Thought, it ſeems, took its Riſe from the great Solicitude which her Ladyſhip had ſhewn for the Life of Mr. *Samuel*, when he was a little indiſpoſed.

His Lordſhip being therefore extremely irritated, was determined to ſurprize this Couple this Evening in their Loves; and therefore having charged himſelf with a Bottle of Champagne extraordinary, he was brought home in his Chair; when drawing his Sword, he ran immediately up to his Lady's Room, determined to diſpatch the Author of his Diſgrace: But, as it unluckily happened for him, and very lucky for Mr. *Samuel* and her Ladyſhip, they were not in Bed; and for this Reaſon, becauſe ſhe was not come home from her Company, having tarried later than his Lordſhip that Night. And this muſt be allowed to be

particularly fortunate for this loving Pair, as it was the only Cauſe which could have ſaved them from Diſcovery and Perdition.

His Lordſhip however, who had never been much uſed to weigh Things beforehand, and would have made a very bad Balance-maſter of *Europe*, by no means rivalling the God of Blackſmiths, in contriving to catch two Lovers together, had never ſuſpected a Diſappointment from her not being at home; he therefore, on opening the Door, cried out, "Now I have you, "you Dog." And running to the Bed, was ſurprized to find no Body in it.

This Diſappointment then went to his Heart, he could not bear himſelf, and therefore was inſtantly carried to *Lucy Shelton*'s Lodgings; where he ſpent the Night, and recovered the Diſappointment.

This Affair, however, did not paſs unnoticed by Mr. *Samuel*; he perceived what was gotten into his Maſter's Head, and therefore took occaſion to bolt the Door and acquaint his Lady with the whole Tranſaction that Night.

"A jealous Puppy, ſays ſhe; did I "ever interrupt him in his Amours with "*Lucy Shelton?* Does the Fool imagine "that I am to be terrified by his Threats? "I wiſh I had been here, I would have put "him thro' the Window. A He-ſhe thing!

"a

" a Diſgrace to his Sex! a Fribble———
" Come to my Arms, my dear *Samuel*, let
" him approach if he dares; I'll defend
" thee from Injury with my Life." She then threw her Arms around his Waſte, like a white Girt round a Packhorſe.

Mr. *Samuel*, tho' he knew that his Lordſhip was not much to be dreaded, did not like his Intent; beſide this he had a great mind to figure away in *France*. He therefore perſuaded her Ladyſhip to leave my Lord, and fly to *Paris*; where they might revel uninterrupted in their Joys, and he might appear as the reputable Gallant of a Lady of Quality.

All Things being concerted for this Eſcape, her Diamonds and every Thing of Value packt up, ſhe took the Liberty of entering into a Poſt-chaiſe with Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*; and running to *Dover* as faſt as Poſt-horſes could carry them, they immediately hired a Ship, and ſetting Sail for *Calais*, landed three Hours and a half after their Embarkation, free from all Danger of being ſeized.

From this Place the Lady wrote a full and true Account of the whole Life, Converſation and Behaviour of Lord *Sapplin*; from the nuptial Night when he firſt came to Bed to her, to that very Night when ſhe firſt went to Bed to Mr. *Samuel*. For we

are moſt authentically aſſured from Monſieur *Grandfire*, at the Sign of the *Silver Lion* at *Calais*, whoſe Name we have Authority to quote on this Occaſion, that my Loord *Waitwell*, (which Appellation he was honoured with at the Moment of his Landing, and which ſhews the Folly of ſailing round the World for a Title, when a Man may have it for croſſing from *Dover* to *Calais*,) was certainly in Bed before his Lady that Night. The philoſophical Cauſes of which we conceive to be two-fold, the Fear of being caught, which Mr. *Samuel* had undergone during the paſſing from *London* to *Dover*, having exhauſted his delicate Spirits; and the greater Equality, which he knew for the future might be obſerved between his Lady and himſelf. And thus, in Imitation of the greateſt Hiſtorians, we plume ourſelves on having given the true Hiſtory of the Facts, and aſſigned the Cauſe which produced them.

Having landed this Pair of amorous Fugitives in perfect Safety, we beg Leave to ſuffer them to purſue their Road to *Paris*, whilſt we ſtep back to ſee in what manner Mr. and Mrs. *Barter* received the Intelligence of their Daughter's Flight. Only firſt obſerving, how juſtly Things are diſpoſed in this World; that tho' Men may make Laws to keep young Ladies from marrying,

marrying, yet they cannot from cuckolding their Husbands when they are married; and tho' they may be prevented from running away with the Man they like before Matrimony, they cannot be hindered from doing it after they are wedded. Wherefore, taking all Things together and weighing them well, we presume it will be found, that these Women are but little Sufferers in this new Act; only in one respect in some scrupulous Heads, which is the Breach of the seventh Commandment, and yet this is easily gotten over by reading it according to that Edition of the Bible in which it was printed, "Thou shalt commit Adultery;" which Command this Act may in its Consequences enforce, which will undoubtedly cause several new Editions of that Book to be printed in that manner. And several Divines, who have written in Favour of the *Jews*, to prove either with or without Points, that according to the right reading the Hebrew, this is the true Translation and Sense of the Words. And here we take upon us to prophesy that this seventh Command, according to the true Reading as above, will be more faithfully observed than all the other nine, adding the eleventh to the Bargain; which certainly offers as great Hopes of the glorious Return of Christianity, now almost

baniſhed from the Kingdom, as a pious Heart can wiſh.

THEREFORE, with this Prophecy we end this Chapter, the Spirit of Divination ſuddenly deſerting us; and with one Obſervation, that no Man of Genius ſhould write a Syllable either before or after the immediate Inſpiration. Which Obſervation ſtrictly adhered to, would ſpoil the Fortunes of Printers and Bookſellers, and bring Men of Talents into Faſhion; a Thing which we never expect to behold any more in this Nation; *Fuimus* being the Motto with reſpect to Underſtanding, and *ſumus* with reſpect to Money; the only earthly or heavenly Thing coveted in this Age, which, of all others, ought to be called the Golden.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

A Viſit from the Earl of Wormeaton *to Mrs.* Barter, *or rather a Diſpute, in which the Female gets the better; and his Lordſhip walks off with a Flea in his Ear.*

MRS. *Barter* having received this Letter from her Daughter, wherein ſhe had ſet forth the manner in which ſhe had been treated by Lord *Sapplin*, not forgetting to magnify his living with Harlots, and deſerting her Bed; a Circumſtance which ſhe knew her Mother would never forgive, who being warmed into a moſt noble Fury againſt ſuch Treatment, was treating our *Engliſh* Nobility with great Freedom, when a Servant brought Word that the Earl of *Wormeaton* was below: It ſeems Mr. *Barter* was not returned from the Exchange. "Bid him come up," ſays ſhe.

THE noble Earl having mounted the Stair-caſe, enter'd the Room and bow'd, aſking very politely after her Health, and whether Mr. *Barter* was at home or not?

"HE is not," anſwers Mrs. *Barter*, with a Face as angry and terrific as the Gorgon's; "but, I ſuppoſe, I know your Errand."

"MADAM, says the Earl, it gives me "Pain to speak to a Lady on so tender an "Occasion as a Daughter's flying from "her Husband, with so mean a Fellow as "a Servant."

"I WONDER my Daughter staid so long "with him as she did," says Mrs. *Barter*: "Here's her Letter; is it like a Lord to "use a Woman as he did her? The first "Month leave her Bed for a nasty W——. "Is this like a Man? I thought Lords had "been Men, as well as other Folks; or I "should not have given Seventy Thousand "Pounds in Marriage with her, to a Thing "that is not a Man: If my Husband had "served me so, I would have done as she has "done. What Seventy Thousand Pounds, "and not have a Man for that Money?"

"MADAM, says the Earl, we Nobility "always think that we have a Right to "these Indulgences; it is granted by Pre-"scription."

"AND we Women, says she, think we "have a Right to a Man for a Husband, "and plead Presumption for that too;" mistaking his Lordship's last Word; "there's Presumption for Presumption: "What a-dickens, because a Woman mar-"ries a Lord, she must have no Husband, "must she? Fine Doings, indeed! what's "become of the Money which you had

"with

" with my Daughter? If you minded your " Wives more, and your W—— leſs, it " would be better for you and your Fa- " mily."

" MADAM, ſays the Earl, raiſing his " Creſt, do you know to whom you " ſpeak?" " To whom I ſpeak; yes, " ſays ſhe, to a beggarly Lord, that has " betrayed my Daughter to marry a Thing " that is not a Man; and who would not " have had an Inch of Eſtate remaining, " but for my Daughter's Fortune. Ah! " what do you think that Money is not as " good as Title? Can you live upon your " Titles? Carry them to the Butcher, Baker " and Brewer, ſee what they'll pay for."

Now it may be obſerved in this Place, that a good Education is hardly ever effaced; and that when Children, as *Solomon* obſerves, are trained up in the Way they ſhould go, when they become old they will not depart from it: Which, being ſo well ſupported by Experience in this Inſtance, will, I hope, prove an Admonition to all Parents to give their Children a becoming Education.

WITHOUT this how could it poſſibly be imagined, that Mrs. *Barter* could have ſo cleanly and cleverly talked off a noble Earl, if her Manner of being bred had not furniſhed her with ſuch Force of Reaſoning,

" ſuch

ſuch elegant Expreſſion, and ſuch manly Behaviour? for the Benefit of all which we preſume, it is the Cuſtom of Country Squires to let their Children continually learn this uſeful Part of Knowledge in the Kitchen amongſt the Servants, and only keep Company themſelves with the Hounds which lie ſnoring round the Fire in the Parlour.

His Lordſhip, however, ſeeing that there was no great Probability of being heard, withdrew; aſſuring her, that Lord *Sapplin* would immediately ſue out a Divorce, and get the Marriage diſſolved.

"Will you give me my Money again, "ſays ſhe? What, now you have ſpent her "Fortune, you think to ſend my Daugh-"ter a packing; do you think there's no "Law for any but Lords? Go, get you "gone home to your Son; bid him go to "his W——." At which Time his Lordſhip took Leave very haſtily, and Mrs. *Barter* ſhut the Door as haſtily after him. Which Occaſion we take, in Imitation of our Betters, to ſhut this Chapter as haſtily.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

Mr. Narrowbottom, *towards his latter End, cuts a bad Figure. A Dialogue between him and a Divine. His Diſcoveries.*

WE ſhall now turn our Views upon Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who had fought the good Fight of Antichriſt, without having the leaſt Tincture of Popery in his Compoſition; having made innumerable Boys Converts to *no* Religion, by his Converſation at a Coffee-houſe, where he preſided for that purpoſe, when their Underſtandings were weak; and re-converted all thoſe *to* Religion by the ſame manner of talking, whoſe Intellects grew ſtronger, the Difference lying entirely in the Abilities of the Hearers, whom Time had taught to ſee Things in different Lights.

THIS Gentleman, like the great Mr. *Broughton*, conceiving himſelf to be totally invincible, had, in imitation of that Hero, very modeſtly choſen for his Motto, *Hic ceſtus artemque repono.* Alas! how arrogant is the Pride of Man! another *Slack* attacks this mighty Man of Reaſon in the Shape of a Diſeaſe, which threatned him with a very dangerous Combat, and obtained the Victory.

tory. And here we requeſt the Liberty of making a certain Remark, which we have found to be true in ſeveral faithful Experiments; which is, That as Men of too much Superſtition are apt to look at religious Objects thro' the Spy-glaſs with the End which magnifies them too much, ſo thoſe who have no Religion at all are continually inverting the Perſpective, by which all thoſe Objects are leſſened and thrown at a great Diſtance, with this Difference only, that towards the Cloſe of the Scene theſe laſt-mentioned Gentlemen are ſure to turn the perſpective Glaſs the other Way, and then the ſame Objects appear to have an immenſe Magnitude from their having been always beheld in the former manner.

THIS Diſeaſe then had been the Cauſe of Mr *Narrowbottom*'s turning his Glaſs; he began to ſee Things in quite another Light than uſual; there did not appear to be all that Reaſon, which he had formerly imagined, in his manner of Thinking. He doubted the Truth of what he thought himſelf fully convinced of, and wiſhed ſincerely that he had not been miſtaken in his Reaſoning. As his Diſeaſe increaſed, he grew infinitely afraid of dying; he ſent for *Ward*, tried Dr. *James*'s Powder the ſame Day, and run from Remedy to Remedy thro' all the Advertiſements. "Is there nothing in

"Medicine,

"Medicine, ſays he, which can ſave my "Life a few Years? Muſt I die?" At which Words he ſeemed to ſink beneath his own Weight, and now every Tranſaction of his Life which had long been forgotten recoiled upon his Mind, and urged him with exceſſive Diſquiet. He therefore could not bear the Sight of thoſe Men who were his former Companions, their very Names were grown deteſtable to his Ears, for which Reaſon he forbid their coming to ſee him.

When he was alone he cried out continually, "What a Wretch I am? Too late "I find that I have ſhut the Gates of Hea-"ven againſt my Prayers. Is there no Par-"don for Sins like mine? Wretch, that I "am! is there no Mercy for me, a Sinner? "I dare not invoke the Name of that God "which I have ſo often blaſphemed; is "there no Path to fly from Death? No "Road that leads from eternal Puniſh-"ment? Oh! Reaſon, Reaſon, feeble "Guide to human Kind; but why do I "exclaim againſt Reaſon, it was my Mad-"neſs, my Folly, or my Wickedneſs, which "is yet a greater Crime, that has brought "this Miſery upon me?"

"Oh! *Betty*, ſays he to his favourite Ser-"vant, let me intreat you, let the Words "of a dying Wretch prevail, fly all the

"Crimes

" Crimes which Religion bids you ſhun, " and you may yet be happy; it is too " late for me." At theſe Words ſhe deſired him to have a Divine, to talk with upon the Subject. " Can he come ſecret- " ly, ſays he?" " To be ſure he can," ſays ſhe. " Let him then To-night, as " ſoon as it is dark; let it be as ſoon as it " is dark. Oh! *Betty*, *Betty*, what Pangs " do I endure!"

As ſoon as it was dark then, a Divine, whoſe Life did Honour to human Nature, came to viſit him. " Sir, ſays he, I have " waited upon you, at your Requeſt; and " if any Thing in my Power can alleviate " the Diſtreſs, which your Servant ſays you " undergo, I ſhall with Pleaſure impart it " to you; the Mercies of Heaven are infi- " nite." " Are they infinite? are you ſure, " Sir, ſays he, eagerly ſeizing the Clergy- " man's Hand, that the Mercies of Hea- " ven are infinite? Then there may be yet " ſome Hope. Can I obtain Mercy, can a " Wretch like me obtain Mercy? Do you " think it is poſſible for ſo heinous a Sin- " ner as I am, to obtain Mercy? Oh! Sir, " you know not how abandoned I have " been!" " Sir, ſays the Divine, with " God, all Things are poſſible." " Are " they poſſible? teach me to obtain his Par- " don; what would my Soul give to ob-

" tain

" tain that Pardon? Oh! Sir, you cannot " conceive how wretched I have made my- " ſelf!"

THE Divine then told him if he had done any thing unjuſtly, he ſhould endeavour to make Retalliation; and reinſtate to their former manner, as far as it was poſſible, all Things in which he had done amiſs.

HE then informed the Divine of his Tranſactions between the two Families of *Wormeaton* and *Barter*, the manner of obtaining the Writings from *Iſhmael* by means of *Abraham Sly*, and the copying them again by the Lawyer for the Earl; deſiring him to reveal the whole Matter to Mr. *Barter*: All which he depoſed properly the next Day on Oath. He then made his Will, and diſpoſed of his Effects charitably, according to the Divine's Direction. After which he ſaid, " Sir, may Heaven bleſs you; are " not you afraid of Death?" " Not at all," ſays the Clergyman. Had I paſſed my " Life like you, I had been happy, ſays " *Narrowbottom*, ſighing and weeping; " methinks I feel my Boſom lighter by " your Converſation and Company; ſhall " I be favoured with it again To-mor- " row?" To which he was anſwered, he ſhould. The Morrow and every Day after, during his Life, he was viſited by this good Man, in whoſe Company alone he was only

eaſy

eaſy one Minute, continually aſking if he thought it was poſſible he could be ſaved; "Is it poſſible?" he cried.

At length he expired in Agonies and Horrors, which no Pen can deſcribe, which are terrible to human Nature to conceive; and which we ſhall not attempt, hoping that no human Creature will ever taſte the like Calamity hereafter.

CHAP. LV.

A ſmall Converſation between Mr. Barter *and* Iſhmael *the Jew. Another between* Iſhmael *and* Abraham. *The Advantage of Affirmation in a Quaker. A Divorce, and its Antitheſis.*

THIS Diſcovery of the forged Writings was made known by the Clergyman to Mr. *Barter*, who ſaw himſelf in a Situation which he by no means liked; he therefore waited on *Iſhmael* the Jew, to know if he had a Mortgage on the Eſtate of the Earl of *Wormeaton*; which being anſwered that he had; ſays *Barter*, "Are "not you a very honeſt Man? Does not "your Nation deſerve very particular En-

"couragement,

" couragement, and to be united with this " for their Probity? Did not you lend the " Writings to *Abraham Sly*, who put them " into the Hands of a Lawyer? Which " Lawyer has taken Copies of them, by " Lord *Wormeaton*'s Order; ſo that it is " ten thouſand to one but the Eſtate is " mortgaged again, and you loſe your Mo- " ney: Your Villainy ſhall come out." This *Iſhmael* denied, ſwearing by the God of *Moſes* that it was not true.

However *Barter* told him, that *Narrowbottom* had confeſſed and ſworn to this upon his Death-bed: " I ſhall immediate- " ly begin a Chancery Suit with you, and " I make no doubt of obtaining my Suit " from the Hands of that Chancellor who " decides with ſo much Equity."

This ſtaggered *Iſhmael* not a little, where- fore at *Barter*'s leaving him he hurried to *Abraham Sly*'s the Quaker, whom finding at home he acquainted him with what *Barter* had ſaid, with reſpect to *Narrowbottom*. " Mr. *Sly*, ſays *Iſhmael*, this is not fair " Play; you promiſed the Writings ſhould " not go out of your Hands." " I believe " Thee art miſtaken, Friend *Iſhmael*; was " there any one by, when I told thee ſo?" " No, ſays *Iſhmael*; to be ſure there was " not." " Why then, Friend *Iſhmael*, ſays " he, Thee may'ſt depend that Thee art

" miſtaken

" miſtaken in this Thing, and that I never " told Thee ſo." At which *Iſhmael* being a little warm, called him quaking Raſcal. " You Dog, ſays he, you have forfeited " your Honour; and thus probably I ſhall " loſe my Mortgage by your Roguery, you " Raſcal." " Friend *Iſhmael*, ſays *Abra-* " *ham* with all the Calmneſs in the World, " Thee ſhouldſt not throw Stones, who " haſt a Head of Glaſs thyſelf; Thee " knoweſt that whatever may happen in " this Affair, Thee canſt have no Title to " Honeſty who lendeſt the Writings to " deceive Neighbour *Barter*. Therefore " Thee canſt get nothing by quarrelling " with me; but I may be thy Friend in " the Chancery Suit, Thee knoweſt." Which laſt Hint pacified *Iſhmael* a little, and ſent him home to conſider upon this Affair, not without ſome Trepidation for his Money.

During this time Lord *Sapplin* had commenced a Divorce in Doctors Commons againſt his Lady, and Mr. *Barter* a Chancery Suit againſt the Earl of *Wormeaton*, for having ſettled an Eſtate on his Daughter, which was mortgaged. During the Courſe of this Trial, it was neceſſary that Mr. *Abraham Sly* ſhould be examined as an Evidence before Commiſſioners in Chancery; it ſeems there was a Clerk to the Lawyer,

Lawyer, who had ſworn that he had received ſome Writings from *Abraham*, to carry to his Maſter. Wherefore *Abraham* having taken his ſolemn Affirmation, ſtanding as perpendicular as a Plum-line, with his Hat fixed upon his Head, was deſired to give the Gentlemen preſent an Account of what he knew relating to theſe Writings. "Why really, ſays *Abraham*, I muſt tell "Thee that I did give ſome Writings to "that young Man who ſwore it; but then "they were Writings which related to quite "another Thing as I apprehended, being "Writings of an Eſtate of a Friend Thee "knoweſt, I need not tell his Name, it "would not be right in ſuch caſe, who "wanted to mortgage it to me, therefore "I ſent them to this Lawyer to be read." "But did you never receive any Writings "of Lord *Wormeaton*'s Eſtate from the "Hands of *Iſhmael*, and then ſend them "to the Lawyer to be examined?" ſays the Commiſſioner. "Not that I know, "Friend; as an honeſt Man, I cannot po-"ſitively affirm that, becauſe I have re-"ceived Writings from Friend *Iſhmael*'s "Hands which I never read. Thee know-"eſt, Friend, one cannot affirm to Things "one has never read, one cannot know "Neighbour *Wormeaton*'s Writings by the "Outſide; therefore I do affirm to Thee

"that

" that I have never knowingly received " ſuch Writings. They may have been " put into my Hands to hold, when I was " tranſacting Affairs with Friend *Iſhmael* " at his Houſe, and he was looking for o- " ther Papers. How can a Man affirm, ſays " he, that he never received them? Thee " knoweſt, an honeſt Man ſhould be ſcru- " pulous in Matters of Affirmation."

" But, Sir, ſays a Commiſſioner, Mr. " *Narrowbottom* on his Death-bed ſwore " poſitively, that you obtained theſe Writ- " ings from Mr. *Iſhmael*, and gave them " to Mr. *Barter*'s Lawyer, and for this you " had a Thouſand Pounds."

" Friend, ſays *Abraham*, Thee doſt not " know, perhaps, that Friend *Narrowbot-* " *tom* was delirious for a long while be- " fore he died; his Head ran upon no- " thing but the Devil, Hell-fire, and ſuch " Sort of Objects. Thee knoweſt, ſays he, " leering a little, that theſe are Marks of a " diſtempered Mind; Thee wouldſt not " believe a Man whoſe Head ran upon " theſe Things." "Sooner than one whoſe " Head ran upon a Belief that there were " no ſuch Things," ſays the Commiſ- ſioner; "Becauſe he has at leaſt one Curb " from doing amiſs, which, I apprehend " you have not, the Fear of future Puniſh-

" ment."

"ment." This Anſwer did not pleaſe Friend *Abraham* a bit.

THE Divine who attended Mr. *Narrow-bottom*, and his Servant, ſwore he was perfectly in his Senſes; and thus every thing proved, the Chancellor with that Equity which ever attends his Deciſions, ordered that Mr. *Iſhmael* ſhould forfeit his Right of Mortgage; and that the Settlement made on Lady *Sapplin*, ſhould be valid.

DURING theſe Tranſactions the Divorce was brought into *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where ſeveral Letters of Lady *Sapplin* were read, to the great Pleaſure and Diverſion of the young and old Council, the Judges themſelves ſometimes leering a little behind the great Wig; which Letters, as they do not redound much to the Honour of Lord or Lady *Sapplin*, and are not a very proper Specimen for young Ladies to imitate, tho' extremely familiar, we have dared to omit inſerting even a Sample of in this Hiſtory. At the End the Divorce was obtained, and this noble Lord and Lady were ſeparated with more Pleaſure than they were joined, ten times over.

DURING this Time Lady *Worthy* often expreſſed great Pity and Compaſſion for her Parents and Siſter: "I am not ſur-"prized, ſays ſhe, that my Siſter fled from

" the Man ſhe married; ſhe had never con-
" ceived the leaſt Eſteem or Paſſion for
" him, the fooliſh Vanity of being a Lady
" overcoming every other Conſideration;
" who then can wonder, that when like a
" Baby ſhe was tired with her Rattle, ſhe
" threw it away? In truth, ſays ſhe, the
" Nobility conceive that Citizens Daugh-
" ters are caught by a Title, as Children
" are by the Gold upon Gingerbread, to
" ſnap at Traſh which hurts their Happi-
" neſs for ever."

" WHY, my Life, ſays Sir *William*, you
" are ſatyric this Morning, ſmiling at the
" ſame time; I ſee you are not a gall-leſs
" Pigeon, tho' you paſs ſo much Time in
" ſeeing and remarking their Loves and
" Fidelity." " My Dear, ſays ſhe, the
" Folly of our Sex and the Vanity of the
" Nobility will, I hope, plead my Excuſe
" for this Sarcaſm; it is the laſt I ſhall
" make." " No, pray my Dear, ſays he,
" proceed; you ſucceed very well; let me
" hear what you have to ſay againſt me."
" Againſt you, ſays ſhe; I wiſh I never
" had ſeen your Face." " How ſo, pray
" *Betſy*?" " Why, you are ſo much ſu-
" perior to all other Men in my Eyes, you
" have totally unfitted me for the Com-
" pany of the Sex: Is not this depriving
" me of great Happineſs, ſays ſhe, ſmiling

" and kiſſing him? Have I not Reaſon to " wiſh I had never ſeen you?" " You " Coaxer," ſays Sir *William*, ſmiling with Tears of Joy; " you are a downright " Coaxer, *Betſy*." Pronouncing it with a Delight which exceeds every other heart-felt Senſation, that human Nature can conceive.

" My Dear, ſays ſhe, perhaps it would " not be amiſs if we aſked my Father and " Mother to paſs a little Time with us: " Since my Siſter's leaving *London*, and " thoſe other Things which have happened " to them, I fanſy a little Retirement in " the Country would not be diſagreeable: " They are my Parents, my Dear," ſays ſhe.

" And mine alſo, my deareſt *Betſy*, ſays " he; ſurely I muſt love the Authors of " all my Happineſs, they will be moſt ex- " tremely welcome to me. Your Parents, " *Betſy*, are equally dear to me as my own " would be, if they were alive. It is pro- " bable, if they had never been, I had not " taſted of true Felicity." She ſmiled with Senſibility and Applauſe, and thanked him with a Kiſs.

She then wrote a Letter to her Mother, inviting her into the Country, with all the Sincerity and true Politeneſs which Duty can dictate; which Letter being well re-

ceived, her Parents determined to ſee Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, in *Cornwall*.

By this Time there were at *Worthy-hall* two fine Boys and one little Girl, as beautiful as the ſublimeſt Idea of a Painter's Cupid, or the Children of *Fiamingo*: Theſe were the Delight of the happy Parents, who loved them to Exceſs. To ſee this Man and Woman gazing with exceſſive Fondneſs on their prattling Offspring, loſt in Tranſport and Delight at their little Sports, the Pleaſure darting from their Eyes, whilſt ſhe hung at Sir *William*'s Arm ſmiling in his Face at every pretty Expreſſion which they uttered; the roſy Cheeks, ſhining Eyes, and laughing Countenances of this little Troop, appearing like a Groupe of Angels round the Mother of the Author of our Salvation, in the Pictures of the fineſt *Italian* Maſters; was an Object on which Heaven itſelf might look with Pleaſure.

Never was Man and Woman ſo happy as this Couple; Sir *William* loved rural Sports moderately; he ſometimes hunted, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with Shooting. At his Return from his Diverſions he always found every thing ready for his changing, leſt he ſhould catch cold. It was not his Lady's Hands that placed them where they ſhould be, but her fond and faithful Heart ſuggeſted, and her vigilant Eyes ſaw

that every Thing which Sir *William* might have occaſion for ſhould be ready at his Return.

"My Dear, ſays he, kiſſing her, you "will make me grow ſick of Life, all "Things will become inſipid to me, you are "determined I ſhall not feel a Moment's "Want of any Thing; even this Bliſs "which I enjoy, will become delightleſs, "unleſs you let me know its Value by "ſometimes feeling the Abſence of it."

"My Dear, ſays ſhe, the Sufferings of "too many others will teach us to taſte "our bliſsful State, without ſeeking Diſ-"appointments in our own Lives." "Why, "you Philoſopher in Petticoats, if Wo-"men could but take Orders, I would "preſent you with the Living of *Brightley*, "ſays he, which is juſt going to fall into "hand, the good old Incumbent is near "his latter End."

"Well then, ſince I cannot poſſeſs, let "me preſent it, ſays Lady *Worthy*; I ſhall "give it to the Man you would prefer, I "am ſure."

"Ah! ſays he, to young *Thoroughgood*, I "ſuppoſe; I have given it away already ex-"preſsly, to prevent your Application "there."

"That is not kind, indeed, Sir *Wil-"liam*," ſays ſhe.

"INDEED it is, my *Betſy*, ſays he; no "Man on Earth deſerves it better than "him to whom I have preſented it."

"Tell me then, ſays ſhe, to whom?" "It is to *Thoroughgood*," anſwered he.

"AH! you Deceiver, ſays ſhe, you made "me uneaſy; why did not you tell me "when you gave it him?"

"ON purpoſe, ſays he, to ſhew you, that "I never can be unmindful of doing every "thing which can give my *Betſy* Plea-"ſure."

DURING the Afternoons ſhe played and ſung at her Harpſicord to Sir *William*, which ſounded ſweeter in his Ears than the Muſick of the Spheres; ſuch Effect Love has upon all Things. She ſometimes drew little Landſcapes, which he valued more than the Paintings of *Claude Lorain*, or *Salvator Roſa*, and called his Collection; at other times he worked, whilſt Sir *William* read to her. Theſe were their Employments, when there was no Company at *Worthy-hall*; beſides playing and walking with the Children, and obſerving the Loves of the Pigeons, whoſe Fidelity Lady *Worthy* had always admired from Infancy.

IT was, indeed, a true Paradiſe regain'd; and notwithſtanding ſhe knew what Routs, Operas, Plays, gilt Coaches and Chairs truly were, ſhe never utter'd one Sigh after

these Possessions, fansying, poor Soul, that her Husband was in himself equal to all these supreme Delights; and laughing at those Ladies who placed their Happiness in such kind of Enjoyments.

INDEED, there was one Thing more, which I omitted in the Catalogue of their Felicity; a Love for each other, which was the sincerest that ever human Hearts conceived; which gives an essential Bliss to every Possession, and without which human Life is hardly worth possessing. And with this Assertion we close this Chapter.

CHAP. LVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Barter *arrive at* Worthy-hall. *Mr.* Thoroughgood *declines. His Death not like* Narrowbottom's. *Mr. and Mrs.* Barter's *Return to* London.

MR. *Barter* and his Wife coming to Sir *William Worthy*'s, were greatly pleased with the Happiness which they found at *Worthy-hall*; then they perceived how much better the Passion of Love can chuse for itself, than Pride and Avarice in Parents can determine for it. This Couple had never conceived that human Nature could attain such pure Felicity, their Joys were eternally springing to their Eyes, the Children's Beauty, the Affection of Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, made such an Impression on the Heart of Mr. *Barter* and his Wife, that he gave by his Will his whole Fortune entirely into the Hands of Sir *William*. Indeed he wou'd have settled it upon his Daughter, and in her Power; but she prevailed upon him to bequeath it to Sir *William*. "It wou'd ruin all my "Happiness, says she, to have him ima- "gine, after you have seen his Affection "for me, that you thought him unworthy "of

" of being entruſted with every thing " which can be mine."

In this Part of *England* Mr. and Mrs. *Barter* ſpent a Summer; ſometimes at Mr. *Thoroughgood's*, ſometimes at Sir *Oliver Hearty's*, in a manner which they had never any Notion of before; all was Eaſe, Freedom, good Humour and Sprightlineſs.

Now it was that Mr. *Thoroughgood* felt a ſlow Diſeaſe creeping upon him, which gave every one Anxiety but himſelf; his Wife, his Children and Friends aſking him how he was, ſeeing his Languor, the Tears ſtarted from their Eyes before his Anſwer: " My dear Friends, ſays he, what is the " Cauſe of all this Pain on my account? " Has my Life been paſſed in ſuch a man- " ner that you are in Fear for me, at my de- " parting Hour? Let me not ſuffer for " what you feel; indeed I perceive no Pang " at the Thoughts of what muſt ſoon befall " me. Think you I have taught ſo many " to die, and not learnt that Secret myſelf? " Let me ſee you as chearful as if I was to " lay me down to ſleep: Conſider it is " ſome Happineſs for you, that my Name " is ſecured from falling into Diſeſteem, I " truſt I have that Happineſs."

At theſe Words every Eye flowed with Tears, every Boſom ſobbed with Sorrow, whilſt he alone ſaid, " Indeed, indeed, this

"is not kind, to make my laſt Moments "filled with Anguiſh on your Account; "what is there to happen, which you have "not all known, theſe many, many Years? "Beſides, you conceive me, perhaps, in a "worſe Condition than I am: Let us take "a little Walk in the Wood together." Thither they accompanied him, and he appeared to be ſo eaſy from the Deſire of diſſipating their Anxiety, that the whole Company believed him much better.

Says Mr. *Barter*, "Does this Man think "ſo lightly of Death, as he pretends? I "can ſcarce conceive it; 'tis very ſtrange! "I believe I ſhall never be able to think ſo "lightly of it: I wiſh it appeared to me in "that manner." Now there is but one Receipt in the World for curing the Fears of Death, and this is the only Diſeaſe for which there is no Elixir or Pill advertiſed in the Daily Papers; nor *Ward*'s Pill, nor *James*'s Powder have any Effect here; being in fact the Conſciouſneſs of having paſſed a virtuous Life; which, it ſeems, Mr. *Thoroughgood* had done, and Mr. *Barter* had not.

As Mr. *Thoroughgood* grew weaker, he grew more chearful, to diſguiſe his Condition from his Family: At length finding that Life was going apace, he called his Wife, his Son and Daughter about him, his Friends who were at Sir *Oliver*'s came

to

to ſee him for the laſt Time; when, ſitting in his Chair, he ſaid to Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, "Give me thy Hand, my dear Wife." Then looking up to her Face, flowing with Tears, he ſaid, "We have paſſed our Days "in a Happineſs which few in this World "have known, therefore I can better bear "the Moment of my own Departure than "that of thine; my Children, I need not "requeſt you, to continue your Duty to "this beſt of Parents; may your Lives be "ſpent as happily as ours have been, till "you arrive where I am going, to the A-"bode of eternal Happineſs and Joy." Saying this, he cloſed his Eyes, which never opened more, without one Struggle, Groan or Sigh. Thus dies Righteouſneſs in Peace.

His poor Wife fell into a Swoon, and was carried away; one Flood of Tears deluged the whole Family: His Pariſhioners mourned as if they had loſt their common Parent; and every Man and Woman wore ſome Token of their Grief for his Loſs. The Gentleman, whoſe Right the Living was in, no ſooner heard of his Death, than he complimented his Son with it, for the Sake of the Father's Character. Of ſuch Uſe is the Life of a good Man to the Children which are deſcended from him.

And now Mr. *Barter* and his Wife prepared to return to *London*; they wou'd have perſuaded their Son and Daughter to accompany them, which Lady *Worthy* begged to be excuſed from: "I am, ſays ſhe, "as happy as I can imagine human Nature "is capable of being; perhaps, this is a "Deceit which I have nurſed in myſelf, be-"cauſe I know no better. I ſee, Madam, "ſays ſhe, nothing which I wiſh for, that "I don't poſſeſs; the Frailty of Women "may be ſuch, that new Scenes may cre-"ate new Deſires, and *London* ſpoil all the "Happineſs of my Life to come. You "will therefore, my dear Parents, excuſe "this Journey. I would not run the riſque "of loſing my preſent Felicity; and I am "convinced I cannot receive any additional "Pleaſure to what I find in the Arms and "Converſation of this beſt of Men," turning to Sir *William*.

They then took their Leave, and returned to *London*, and left the happieſt Pair on Earth; tho' ſometimes Mr. and Mrs. *Hearty* would diſpute that Point with them. And Sir *Oliver* declared, that there never was ſuch a loving Couple upon Earth: "Ods-"heart, ods-heart, it does me good, to "ſee how they love one another."

Soon after the Death of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, his Son was married to one of Sir *Oliver's*

Oliver's Daughters, that very young Lady who had applauded his Speech in Favour of the Sex, with a Bluſh like the riſing Morn; which we have taken notice of in another Place. From that Inſtant ſhe had conceived a Paſſion for him, which terminated in Marriage and mutual Happineſs.

And now, having ſettled Things on this Side the Water; we beg Leave to follow Lady *Sapplin* on the other; and ſee what became of her in *France*. And, as the Voyage will take up ſome Time, we here cloſe this Chapter, that we may ſeem to leave nothing behind us undone, till we come to the City of *Paris*.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

Lady Sapplin *and Mr.* Samuel *arrive at* Paris. *A faute-pas of an* Iriſh *Taylor. A Gentleman of a particular Occupation waits on my Loord* Waitwell. *A Blunder of the Taylor: And, an old Acquaintance diſowned.*

LADY *SAPPLIN* and Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*, henceforth to be commonly called my Loord *Waitwell*, having hired a Servant at *Calais*, the next Morning after their Arrival departed in a Poſt-chaiſe. In the Road they viſited *Chantilly*, and ſo proceeded to *Paris*.

BEING arrived at the Gate of that City, which is called *St. Denis*, there was waiting a whole Troop of Laqueys, ready to be hired by the *My Loords Anglois*, who always enter *Paris* by that Gate, when they come from *Calais*. Theſe Gentlemen, well powdered and curled, followed the Poſt-chaiſe to the Hotel *d'Antrague* in the *Rue Tournon*, only calling in at different Milliners, Coach-hirers, Taylors, Peruke-makers, Shoemakers, and Hoſiers, to acquaint them that there was an *Engliſh* My Loord and My Lady come to *Paris*; whom, the Poſtilion had

had told them, were to lodge in the Hotel *d'Antrague*; for which Intelligence there is always a Recompence due to the Informer, from the Tradeſman.

Now it ſeems there was at this time expected at this Hotel an *Engliſh* Traveller, who, returning from his Tour of *Italy*, had diſpatched his Servant before him to give Notice of his coming, and to prepare an elegant Entertainment that Evening. Monſieur *Burginion*, who keeps this Houſe, was, for that Reaſon, in his white Waiſtcoat and white Cap, exerciſing himſelf with a large Bundle of Rods in whipping a common Roaſting-pig into a young wild Boar. A Thing very commonly done to oblige our *Engliſh* Nobility; which is, with reſpect to Monſieur *Burginion*, a Metamorphoſis not mentioned in *Ovid*, of Three Shillings into Three Guineas.

However he was not ſo deeply engaged, but that he quitted his Occupation to ſalute the two Gueſts; and having found that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* aſked her Ladyſhip how ſhe did after her Journey, he concluded from that Appellation they were good Gueſts; and gave the Poſtilion, who brought them thither, a Louis d'or; which Price, we have the Happineſs to aſſure our Readers, is the higheſt which is given for any Traveller of any Kingdom in *Europe*, and which

which ought to rejoice the Heart of every free-born and loyal *Engliſhman*, to find himſelf thus valued above all the Nations of the Earth.

Being ſhewn to an Apartment which they liked, there was in leſs than ten Minutes half a hundred Laqueys offering their Service, a Dozen Hirers of Coaches, nine Taylors, as many Shoe-makers, Hoſiers, Peruke-makers, and all Kinds of Makers that can be conceived, to offer their Service to my Loord *Waitwell*.

Amongst the Gentlemen deſtined to adorn the Body with Embroidery, Lace and Velvet, and the moſt faſhionable Cut, there was an *Iriſhman*, who being called *Duffy* in his own Country, had frenchified it into *Dauphiné* in *Paris*; this Man ſeeing Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* coming out to tell thoſe Gentlemen in waiting that he ſhould determine on nothing that Evening, ran up to him, and catching him faſt about the Neck, gave him a Kiſs, with the "Devil burn me, "Mr. *Waitwell*, but I am glad to ſee you "in this Country again; will you ſpeak to "your Maſter to get me to be his Taylor?" Now the Company was a little ſurprized to ſee a Taylor ſalute a Man ſo familiarly, whom they had taken for a My Loord two Minutes before.

"Sir, ſays Mr. *Samuel*, I ſuppoſe you "miſtake me." "How, ſays the Taylor, "what,

" what, and you are not Mr. *Samuel Wait-*
" *well?* to whom I uſed to lend Money,
" when you had not a Farthing to eat, when
" you were here with Mr. *Boothby*, Eſq;
" the Devil burn me, but you are going to
" joke with me; and I know you as well as
" he that made you, and I know too that
" you'll get me your Maſter's Buſineſs for
" all that."

Now this Taylor had a much better Memory than he ought to have had, in this Inſtance; and had really ſent Money to Mr. *Samuel* many Times, during his former Reſidence at *Paris*: A Thing he never fails doing, tho' he ſhould not pay his Workmen; no Man being more inclined to good Nature.

Sir, ſays Mr. *Samuel*, I am not the Per-
" ſon you mean; I am no Servant." This he ſpoke in *French*, that the others might hear him; and then in *Engliſh* to the Taylor, " Come To-morrow Morning, and I
" ſhall talk with you; but remember, that
" I am not *Samuel Waitwell*, but my Lord."
" Well, ſays the Taylor, how the Devil
" ſhould I know you were a Lord, unleſs
" you had told me ſo."

" Well, well, I'll remember you are a
" Lord for the future." At which Words he went off, ſaying to himſelf, " By my
" Shalvaſhon, but there was like to have
" been a ſmall Miſtake in this Caſe, of

" taking

" taking a Lord for a Livery-man; how-
" ever, never mind me, I'll never make
" another Blunder of that kind, I'll warrant
" you,"

The next Morning Mr. *Waitwell*, (now commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*) hired two different Equipages, and determined on thoſe Perſons with whom he ſhould deal in the different Trades; who were all to pay their Compliments to my Loord that Morning. Of ſuch Importance is an *Engliſhman* in the City of *Paris*.

Amongst theſe, was a Perſon of an Occupation, who had not paid him his Compliments the preceding Evening; he addreſſed Mr. *Waitwell* with a vaſt Number of recommendatory Letters, under the Hands of my Lord ——, my Lord ——, Sir *Richard* ——, Sir *William* ——, and a vaſt Number of other *Engliſh* Noblemen and Gentlemen, recommending him as the moſt honeſt Fellow in the World in his Profeſſion.

He then preſented a Liſt of the moſt celebrated Women of the Opera, Comedy, *Italian* Comedy, and others who might be kept. " This is my Catalogue, my Loord,
" ſays he; you ſee I have Recommenda-
" tions enough to convince you, that I al-
" ways behaved myſelf as a Man of Ho-
" nor, having had the Honor to be the
" Procurer

"Procurer of all the Nobility of your Na-
"tion; vhich, you ſee, they have given me
"under their Hands. I ſhould have wait-
"ed upon my Loord laſt Night, but I did
"imagine you wou'd not have a great Oc-
"caſion for me the firſt Night, after ſo long
"a Journey you would be too much
"fatigued. But, I am now devoted to
"your Lordſhip's Service; to whom, I
"hope I ſhall have the Honor to render
"my moſt humble Devoirs."

THIS Speech Lady *Sapplin* overhearing, ſpoke to Mr. *Samuel*, telling him, "That "ſhe believed he wou'd have no great Oc-"caſion to employ that Gentleman;" when he took the Hint, and diſmiſſed Monſieur *Le Maquereau*; telling him, "He ſhould "not need his Services." At which Anſwer the Gentleman withdrew.

THE Taylor next Morning took Meaſure of Mr. *Samuel*, calling him my Lord every other Word, and of two Servants for Liveries, which were to mount behind his Coach. Theſe Fellows were ſix Foot high each, for in *France* they pair their Liverymen as they do their Horſes, not letting the Head of one appear above another, like two Steps in a Stair-caſe.

Now, tho' my honeſt *Iriſhman* had behaved like an Emperor in calling Mr. *Samuel* my Lord, when he was meaſuring him;

him; yet the Idea of his having been a Livery-man ran ſo ſtrong in his Head when he came to cut out the Cloaths, that he made the Liveries for him, and the Velvet Suits for the Footmen. Therefore when he brought home the Cloaths and try'd on the Velvet upon Mr. *Samuel*, he found that he had miſtaken, the Coat reaching down to the Small of his Leg, and envelopping his whole Body like a Night-gown: "Upon "my Shoul, but here's a Miſtake, ſays "he, and I have cut the Velvet Suit by "your Servant's Meaſure, but never mind "me, I'll cut it leſs in a Twink." "Well, "ſays Mr. *Samuel*, and ſo you have cut "the Liveries by mine, what will you "do with them?" By my Shoul, I'll cut "them longer too."

THIS Miſtake had like to have play'd the Devil with the Taylor, but Mr. *Samuel* remembering that he was in his Power, ſuffered him to cut the Cloaths leſs to fit him, but he cou'd not cut the Liveries longer to fit the Footmen; however, he eked them out with Lace, and tho' the Coat was ſomewhat ſhorter than the *French* Faſhion, yet each of the Fellows took it with good Will, the Taylor, being a Wit, telling him, "Perhaps it would be long enough before "he had another."

THE

THE Hour of Dreſſing being come, Mr. *Waitwell* was attended by a Peruke-maker's Servant, till he could get a Valet de Chambre to his Mind. This young Lad had worked in that Shop where Mr. *Samuel*, when he was at *Paris* before, had learned to dreſs Hair; for this Reaſon he ſurveyed him again and again, he thought it muſt be his old Friend *Samuel*, but cou'd not reconcile his being a My Loord; for that Reaſon he wou'd not accoſt him with a pretending to know him, but in this manner: "Have "not I had the Honor to have dreſſed my "Loord before in *Paris*?" To which Mr. *Samuel* anſwered, "That he had never been "in *Paris* before." The Peruquier bowing, deſired a thouſand Pardons, and yet was not convinced of his Miſtake.

THIS Dreſſing being finiſhed, the Peruquier went to the Taylor, and aſked him, "If that My Loord at the Hotel *d'Antrague* "was not Monſieur *Samuel*, who had work-"ed with him formerly?"

"ARRAH, ſays the Taylor, and do you "believe, that I'll tell you that, when he "has deſired me not to ſpake a Whord of "the Mather to any Body?" At which the young Fellow went off ſmiling, and the Taylor valuing himſelf much for having kept the Secret. And here we cloſe this Chapter.

CHAP

CHAP. LVIII.

My Lord Waitwell *appears in the Light of a great Connoiſeur in Vértu. A ſmall Converſation between two* Engliſh *Travellers.*

LADY *SAPPLIN* and Mr. *Samuel* finding that a Hotel garni, or a Lodging-houſe, was by no means a genteel Manner of Living, hired a Hotel in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and furniſhed it very elegantly. Now, in *France*, unleſs a Gentleman keeps a publick Table, there is very little Complaiſance paid to his fine Cloaths, and fine Equipage. This Pair then, having each of them a ſeparate Coach, elegantly carved, gilt and painted, with Horſes of the moſt ſhowy and faſhionable Colour, and ſix Servants in well-fancied and expenſive Liveries, kept as polite a Table as any Strangers in that City.

BESIDES this, Mr. *Samuel* being determined to poſſeſs every Quality of a complete Gentleman, pretended to be a great Connoiſeur in Drawings, Pictures, Statues, Gravings, Intaglias, and Camæas, antique Curioſities, and all the Catalogue of Vértu: For that purpoſe he was often honoured with

with the Company of Painters, and Statuaries. Monſieur *Van Lo* and Monſieur *Boucher* ſometimes did him the Honour to dine with him, and laugh at him; Meſſieurs *Bouchardon* and *Falconet*, Statuaries of the firſt Rank, had the Condeſcenſion to grant him the ſame Honors.

He talked much of *Rubens*'s *correct Drawing*, and *Michael Angelo*'s *inimitable Colouring*. "*Raphael*, for the *Clair Obſcure*, "ſays he; and *Rembrandt*, *for a happy* "*Choice of Nature*. *Corregio* would be "admirable, if he cou'd *colour* like *Pouſſin*; "and *Le Seur* and *Carrache* beyond Com- "pare, if they cou'd *tell a Story* like *Van-* "*dyke*."

"The Ancients, ſays he, were immenſe "in their *Statues of Boys*, *and grouping their* "*Figures*: We Moderns ſhall never come "near them for that, yet we beat them "again in *full grown Figures*, and *Power of* "*Expreſſion*; the *Antics* in the *Tuilleries* are "a Demonſtration of that."

To all which theſe Gentlemen, with a thorough Contempt of ſuch Pretenſions, yet above diſpleaſing him, or making an ill Uſe of it, anſwered, "Ouy, my Loord."

"Thus you ſee, Gentlemen, ſays he, "each Nation has its Riſe and Fall, and "who knows what may happen in this "World? I may be Miniſter of State,

"and

" and *France* may tremble at my Name;" giving himſelf great Airs of Importance, To which theſe Gentlemen aſſented, internally deſpiſing the Vanity and Ignorance of the Man.

It is impoſſible for a Man to expoſe himſelf in any Country, but ſooner or later he will be made the Dupe of his Folly; for that Reaſon Mr. *Samuel* was frequently ſurrounded with Picture-dealers and Vértumongers, he bought a World of valuable antique Gravings in Stone, and Paintings of the beſt Maſters, and poſſeſſed in Truth a Collection of Pictures, which, if they had been of the Hands which the Dealers ſold them for *en conſcience*, would indeed have made a pretty Figure. The contrary of which we cannot take upon us to decide, having never ſeen either the copying or ſmoaking of the leaſt Piece in the Collection.

No Man frequented the Opera, Comedy, and *Italian* Theatre more regularly than my Loord *Waitwell*; he made Love to Mademoiſelle *Lanoy* behind the Scenes at the Opera, rallied with *Camilla* at the *Italian* Comedy, and profeſſed a vaſt Admiration for *Clairon* at the *French* Theatre.

Many an *Engliſh* Gentleman of the ſecond Quality dined at his Table often. " Faith, ſays young *F*—— to *Thomas* " *S*——,

" *S*——, Eſq; this *Waitwell* is a damn'd " clever Fellow, I don't ſee but he behaves " as well as any of us all; he really keeps " a damn'd good Table, and does the Ho- " nors of it very well: D—m—e, if I be- " lieve he ever was a Footman, ſays he; " for you know that the World is full of " Lies." " And you don't believe he was " a Footman, do you?" ſays *Thomas S*—, Eſq; " No, ſays *F*——, d—m—e if I do." " I'll lay you Ten Guineas if you dare, and " I ſay done firſt, ſays the 'Squire, that I " prove you know he was a Liveryman." " *Lay* with your Grandmother, ſays *F*—, " how ſhould I know it?" " Why, ſays " the 'Squire, did not you and I know him " when he ſerved *Boothby?* I wonder you " keep him Company." " Well, well, " what of all that, ſays *F*——, he is a " d—m'd honeſt Fellow now, and deſerves " Encouragement; and I love him for " that. We'll ſup there To-night, *Tom*, " if you will." " With all my Heart," ſays the 'Squire; which was done exactly, as it was agreed upon.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIX.

In which is explained the Manner of getting into good Company at Paris. *The Cauſe of Adultery in* France. *The Hiſtory and preſent Practice of Wives, in conſequence of it. A Hiſtory founded in Truth.*

IT has been a Complaint long ſubſiſting amongſt the *Engliſh*, that nothing is more difficult than to get an Acquaintance amongſt the beſt Company in *Paris*, for a Traveller of this Nation. Therefore, as we profeſs ourſelves entirely devoted to the Inſtruction of our Fellow Natives of this Iſland, we imagine that nothing will be more acceptable to them than a Clue, which will conduct them through this difficult Labyrinth that leads to the Company of People in ſuperior Life.

THE Rule then which every *Engliſh* Subject, whether Male or Female, ſhould purſue, is that of *Iago*'s to *Roderigo*, "Put Money in thy Purſe:" For this ſingle Circumſtance omitted, the Proceſs will fail moſt certainly. You may as well expect to find a Cricket in an Ice-houſe, or an *Engliſhman* returned the Repreſentative of a *Scotch* Borough,

rough, as to be admitted into good Company without that Ingredient.

This then being amply provided, there is at *Paris*, a certain Gentleman born in *England*, tho' his Gentility was created in *France*; he has been the Favourite of Fortune, and from ſtanding behind a Gentleman's Chair in a party-coloured Dreſs, has ſince ſat down at the ſame Table with the moſt Chriſtian King, at Hazard, many Times, ſhaking his Elbows, and laying his Money with great Grace.

This Man of Fortune, (which Epithet I believe no Man will deny him) is at preſent in the State of him he formerly ſerved, and in his Turn is ſerved by others, in the Dreſs which he wore at that Time; to his Table every Man is welcome, and every Woman too, if ſhe brings a good Credit upon her Banker, for once at leaſt.

The neceſſary Requiſite for the Continuation of this happy Acquaintance, beſides this of Money, is a great Deſire to play; with which if you are truly animated, it is not material whether you underſtand it or not. This Gentleman has learnt *French* Politeneſs enough to ſhew you the Manner, if you will but punt freely at Pharo when he deals; play at Trente or Quarante, or any Game which he underſtands better than you, and you

may be ſure of being introduced to the Company of very reputable Names, *Monſieur le Marquis*, *Madame la Marquiſe*, *Monſieur le Comte*, *Madame la Comteſſe*, *Monſieur le Baron*, *Madame la Barone*; all which People are truely entitled to theſe Dignities, having a right to chuſe them themſelves, which they conſtantly do; and the livelieſt Perſons upon Earth, only granting them one little Indulgence, that of picking your Pockets of all your Money, which really, conſidering the Honour they do our *Engliſh* Travellers, is in Truth but a very ſmall Retaliation. In this we ſpeak our Sentiments with great Freedom, void of national Prejudice; notwithſtanding we know there are many Anti-Gallicans of a contrary Opinion.

To this Gentleman, Lady *Sapplin* and my Loord *Waitwell* were introduced, where they ſpent their Time moſt agreeably to Mr. *H——s*, who proteſted he had never ſeen any Lady or Gentleman, who did ſo much Honour to their Nation as theſe two, ſince he had reſided in *France*. They loſt their Money with a good Grace, and Mr. *H——s* won it with as good; a Thing which will always recommend an *Engliſh* Gentleman or Lady to the particular Diſtinction of this Gentleman. Thus Things went on in an expenſive Manner of Living; good Company makes Time paſs pleaſantly, old

old *Barter* ſupplying her with Money, yet not enough to keep her Ladyſhip from running in Debt. One Day being in Company with a certain Lady of her Acquaintance, ſhe was talking about a young Lady who had eſcaped from her Parents in *England*, to avoid Marriage with a Man ſhe hated: "What, ſays this Lady, do the *Engliſh* Wo-"men run away to avoid marrying the Man "they do not love? That ſeems extremely "ſtrange," ſays ſhe: "Madam, ſays Lady "*Sapplin*, is it not a terrible Thing to be "tied to what one hates, and what hates "you?" "Yes, ſays ſhe, if one had no "Reſource, it would. But in *France* we "don't value whom we marry, we always "enjoy the Man we love." "And do "Huſbands ſuffer this, ſays Lady *Sapplin?*" "Without doubt, ſays the other, is it not "the ſame in *England?* to which being anſwered No, "You have not had an Act "which has prohibited the young People "from marrying the Man they like, ſurely, "but a little while, or that muſt have hap-"pened in *England* as well as in *France.*" "You ſay very true, Madam, ſays ſhe, it "is very lately that we have had that Act "in *England.* I am a Sufferer by it, it tied "me to the moſt diſagreeable Fellow, that "ever pretended to be of the human Spe-"cies." "And your Ladyſhip is come

" hither to avoid the Man you hate? If the " Wives of *Paris* were to fly the Men they " have an Averſion for, there would not be " three married Women remaining within " the City. But I imagine, ſays ſhe, it is " or will be with you in *England*, as it was " with us in *France*, when this Law was firſt " made, my Lady, if you'll give me Leave " I'll tell you." " With all my Heart," ſays Lady *Sapplin*.

" When this Law was firſt enacted, ſays " ſhe, it was, as it is now, the Faſhion to " educate young Ladies in Convents; in " conſequence of this Law, the Parents of " thoſe young Girls, having loſt the Senſe " of that Paſſion which firſt united them " and made them happy, in thoſe others " which accompany old Age, Pride, and " Avarice, never admitted their Daughters " to chuſe for themſelves, but married them " to thoſe of the beſt Family, and greateſt " Riches; void of all Conſideration of be- " coming Age, Temper, or Perſon. And the " young Gentlemen were prevented from " marrying; their Fathers not chuſing to " give up their Eſtates to provide for them.

" By this Proceeding, the unhappy young " Ladies, being married with thoſe they de- " teſted, lived moſt execrable Lives, and " falling in Love with others whom they " could not enjoy, the Faſhion of Gallantry

" being not then permitted, there ſometimes " happened Things ſhocking to Nature.

" I REMEMBER to have heard there was " at that time a Counſellor of Parliament " who lived in a Houſe, the Windows of " which looked directly into the *Seine*. This " Man had married a young Lady of une- " qual Age, to whom his Perſon was vaſtly " diſguſting, even to that Degree, that ſhe " could not bear the Sight of him.

" To increaſe this Diſlike there was at the " ſame time a young Man whom ſhe loved " to the greateſt Extremity; but as the " fooliſh Faſhion of calling every thing " Adultery amongſt married People, which " is attended with Love of another Perſon, " was not then effaced, (your Ladyſhip " knows how long Prejudices ſubſiſt, and " how hardly they are eradicated) this " Woman dared not yield her Perſon to " her Lover.

" NOTWITHSTANDING this, the Averſion " became ſo great againſt her Huſband, " that he grew intolerable to her Eyes; for " that Reaſon the Servant who always " waited on him at Table, and who gave " him the Water with which he waſhed his " Mouth after Dinner, in a Balcony that " hung over the River, was pitched upon " to free her from this inexpreſſible Bon- " dage."

" WITH this Intent ſhe pretended great " Love for this Laquey; ſhe feigned ſuch " exceſſive Paſſion for him, that at length " by Perſuaſions that ſhe would marry him, " he was prevailed upon to determine to " throw his Maſter into the River from the " Balcony, when he ſtood giving him the " Water to waſh his Teeth.

" SHE told him ſhe would ſignify the " Day when it ſhould be done. In the mean " while ſhe got a Piece of Iron reſembling " that which compoſed the Balcony, turn- " ed into a Hook at each End.

" SHE then told the Servant that the Af- " fair might be tranſacted that Day. Ac- " cordingly whilſt he was giving the Water " to his Maſter, ſhe ſecretly united their " Cloaths together with this Hook; and " thus when the Servant threw his Maſter " into the River, being linked with him, " he was pulled after, and both falling into " the *Seine*, they were drowned together.

" NOTHING, perhaps, is more different " than the Mind of a Perſon, before it has " perpetrated an execrable Action, and af- " ter it; ſhe that had done this, for the ſake " of enjoying the Man ſhe loved, could not " at preſent bear his Sight or Name, and " became the moſt miſerable of all human " Beings.

" DOOM'D

"DOOM'D to eternal Diſquietude, a State "worſe than Racks and Tortures, ſhe con- "feſſed this Crime to her Confeſſor, who "informed the Lieutenant-civil of the hor- "rid Action. But what was the Conſe- "quence of it? According to the Laws of "*France*, it is Death for a Confeſſor to re- "veal what is committed to his Know- "ledge in Confeſſion: He was therefore "publickly executed, and ſhe could not "procure the Death ſhe wiſhed, to expiate "her Crimes, the Law not ſuffering her "to condemn herſelf. She therefore re- "tired into a Monaſtery, and paſt the moſt "deplorable Life which Thought can ſug- "geſt, and died in great Agonies. You "muſt have read of thoſe People who were "poiſoned in *Paris*, from the Years 1670 "to 1680; all this was cauſed by Jea- "louſy and Amours, the Perſons who "ſuffered for it being burnt.

"MANY ſuch kind of Things were com- "mitted during that time, Duels innume- "rable fought between Huſbands and Gal- "lants, Divorces infinite, and all to no "purpoſe; the Women of *France*, though "they marry the Men they do not love, "have now all of them found means to "poſſeſs the Man they do; and it is become "general: Huſbands, finding it in vain to "oppoſe it, have for a long while ac-

" quieſced in this Article, and thought fit
" to indulge their Wives with their Para-
" mours. And now it goes on tolerably
" well, and thus it muſt continue.

" Our preſent Mode is this, my Lady:
" Our Mothers take care that the Man
" whom we marry ſhall be of a Family and
" Fortune, tho' ſometimes more than tre-
" ble our Age, an old Debauchee, perhaps,
" whom we never ſee three times before
" Marriage; and it would be the ſame if
" we never ſaw him at all, being all of us
" moſt dutiful Children, and ready to obey
" our Parents in this reſpect.

" The Day of the nuptial Ceremony be-
" ing at hand, we prepare for the Wedding;
" and that being paſt we conclude our-
" ſelves free Women, being thenceforward
" Miſtreſſes of ourſelves. To our Toilets
" come innumerable young Fellows, each
" of which neglects no Art or Addreſs to
" render himſelf agreeable; and amongſt
" the Number there is always one who
" pleaſes, and with him we unite Hearts, as
" we have our Hands with the former.

" The Huſband maintains us in Pomp,
" keeps a handſome Table, ſeparate Equi-
" page, Servants for our particular Uſe;
" and the Man we favour dines with us as
" often as he pleaſes, the Huſband and he
" being frequently the beſt Friends.

" All

" ALL that we are desired to take care of,
" is to save Appearances, and to stick to one
" Gallant; for that Reason we scarce ever
" permit Indecencies in our own Houses,
" but meet at an elegant little House in the
" Suburbs of *Paris*, which is hired and fur-
" nish'd for that purpose. Here we indulge
" ourselves in all the Liberties of Love,
" wandering in the Garden, in the Shade,
" on the flowery Turf, and passing the Mo-
" ments of Delight with great Raptures, se-
" cluded from every Eye, and all Intrusion.

" THUS, you see, my Lady, our Mo-
" thers provide us every thing but one, and
" that we find for ourselves, so there seems
" to be no harm done by this Act; and
" thus it must happen in *England* in the End.
" Women will have what they like, tho' a
" thousand Difficulties and Dangers should
" lie in the Way. And, if am rightly in-
" form'd, says she, you *English* Ladies are
" not the most passive Wives in *Europe*; at
" first the Name of Cuckold will sound but
" harshly in your good Men's Ears, and
" feel oddly at their Hearts, they will frisk
" and fume; to be sure you must expect
" much Scolding, many Divorces, and
" many Duels; but Time will subdue them
" to your Inclinations. What Hopes have
" married Men to succeed in a War carried
" on against all the Women and all the

" young Fellows in a Nation? Your Daugh-
" ters muſt be ſecured and bred as ours
" are; lock'd up in ſomething like Con-
" vents, or indeed as theſe are younger
" than their Mothers, which is a melan-
" choly Circumſtance, they may captivate
" what you ſhould catch, and thus ſpoil
" your Diverſions; but this muſt be guard-
" ed againſt, or ſomething very bad will
" be the Conſequence; a young Lady de-
" flowered is no longer a Maid, a Wife
" who paſſes ſome Moments in Gallantry is
" a Wife ſtill; the firſt no Man will marry,
" tho' an *Engliſhman* indeed I am told
" ſometimes eſpouſes the Miſtreſs of half
" *London*; however, that I ſuppoſe but
" rarely happens; the laſt needs no Huſ-
" band, and is ſafe from being injured by
" Diſreputation, with reſpect to ſpoiling
" her Marriage.

" THEREFORE confine your Daughters,
" and laugh at the Laws, take this Cuſtom
" from *France*, as you have many others,
" and your Wives of *England* will be no
" Loſers."

" PRAY, ſays my Lady, how does the
" Huſband amuſe himſelf all the while?"
" As he pleaſes, my Lady, ſays the other.
" Poor Man, the firſt Month after Marriage
" we generally ſleep in the ſame Bed, in
" two ſeparate Beds in the ſame Room for

" ſix

" ſix Months after that, and in two ſepa-
" rate Apartments for the reſt of our Lives;
" which, tho' they are both in the ſame
" Houſe, may be as far aſunder from hence
" to the Stars for any thing we have to ſay
" to one another.

" THUS we live. However, there is one
" Inconveniency which attends this way of
" Life; the great Families have but few
" Children, many of them but one, for
" tho' we never heſitate about keeping a
" Gallant, yet we ſeldom breed after we
" leave our Huſband's Beds, or he ours.
" Even as it is, there is ſo much Suſpicion
" in all Huſbands that the Children are
" not their own, we ſeldom ſee any great
" Tenderneſs between the Father and Son;
" the firſt finding no Inclination to provide
" for a Child, which he ſuſpects is not of
" his begetting, and the Child having but
" little Reverence for a Man who very
" probably is not his Father.

" THESE, my Lady, are the Advantages
" and Diſadvantages of a Marriage-Law
" in *France*. If you can but ſecure your
" Daughters from the young Fellows Eyes,
" you may do well enough; if not, you
" will paſs the moſt deplorable Lives, in
" being tied, by the Avarice and Pride of
" your Parents, to the moſt deteſtable of
" all Objects, without much Hopes of Al-

" leviation;

" leviation; if younger and fairer Females " are permitted to appear in public, and " ſpoil your Diverſion: You ſhould have " another Act to preſerve the young Men " for married Ladies, as the Game is pre- " ſerved in the King's Pleaſures here in " *France*, for his Amuſement only.

" THERE is one thing which I would ad- " viſe you to do as faſt as you can, get " ſome Comic-writer to expoſe the Folly " of Huſbands, who are uneaſy about the " Liberties of their Wives, laugh at the " Word Cuckold, exclude that of Adultery " from your Language, put good Men and " Gallantry in their Place, and make all Jea- " louſy the eternal Ridicule of all Compa- " nies, particularly before your Huſbands; " theſe things will at laſt make you eaſy, " tho', as the *Britons* are a hardy Race, it " is not impoſſible but two or three Gene- " rations of Fathers and Mothers may be " ſacrificed to the Tranquillity of their " Progeny; but all will end well at laſt, as " it has here in *France*, believe me, my " Lady."

HERE ſhe cloſed her long Harangue, and the Coach waiting at the Door, they ruſhed into it, and flew to the Opera; and here ends this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LX.

The Death of Mr. and Mrs. Barter. *Lady* Sapplin's *Grief, and Lord* Sapplin *made a Governor. Friendſhip declines between Mr.* H——s *and Lady* Sapplin, *which is reinſtated by a Sale of her Jointure. Mr.* Samuel *flies into* Italy. *Lady* Sapplin *turns Catholic.*

IN this Scene of Delight paſſed away the Hours at *Paris* with Lady *Sapplin* and Mr. *Samuel* (commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*;) in the mean time Mr. *Barter* drew towards the Cloſe of the Evening of his Days, which by no means reſembled that of that excellent Man Mr. *Thoroughgood*, as his laſt Sun ſat in Storms and Tempeſts, which kept him dreadfully anxious on the Ocean of Life; he ſaw no Port, or at leaſt one which promiſed little leſs than Shipwreck; he therefore determined to do all the Good he could whilſt he was alive, but always deferring the Day of putting it into Execution, he left this World without ever having accompliſhed any thing; and in a few Days died Mrs. *Barter* alſo.

LADY

LADY *Sapplin* who had been pretty well ſupplied with Money during their Lives, was now in great Expectations of being left a large Sum; but, contrary to that, ſhe had only an Income of Five Hundred Pounds a Year during her Life. This laſt Intelligence made great Impreſſion upon her; as to the parting with Parents, that was not Matter of much Concern, but being diſappointed in her Hopes of Money to ſquander, was too penetrating a Grief to be trifled with.

BESIDES ſhe was much in debt, and had always depended on the Will of her Father, as a ſure Reſource for paying off her Engagements: As to Lord *Sapplin*, there was no Expectation from him; he had not only dipp'd, but even drown'd his Eſtate.

HIS Father being dead, he had been ſome time ſince tranſported as a Governor to one of our Plantations in *America*, to ſuperintend and ſettle the Affairs of a whole People, being extremely well qualified for that important Truſt, by the great Skill he had ſhewn in managing his own. In this State Things were; the Creditors at *Paris* were importunate; her Ladyſhip had nothing left, but to ſell her Right in her Jointure, and the laſt Annuity which was left by her Father's Will; which ſhe did accordingly.

THIS

This paid her Debts, and put ſome conſiderable Sum of Money in her Pocket, with which ſhe lived as gay as before; being perfect Friends with Mr. *H——s* upon the receiving this Money; tho' the Friendſhip ſeemed to decline much before that time, upon the Account of the Father's Will, and one ſmall Incident beſides; being that of deſiring this Gentleman to lend her Two Hundred Guineas, after he had won Five Thouſand by Play; which he refuſed.

It ſeems Mr. *H——s* had ſuggeſted to himſelf that there was now no more Money to be had from that Quarter; and, like a prudent Man, was determined not to riſque a Loſs where there was nothing to be gotten; he therefore denied himſelf to that Lady when ſhe came to ſee him, and began to talk in ſome Companies, that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* had been formerly a Footman; a Circumſtance, ſays he, which I never knew till Yeſterday, (tho' he had known it from the Beginning) and, indeed, I am apprehenſive leſt the Nobility of my own Nation may ſhun my Houſe, thro' Fear of being obliged to dine with him at my Table, which I ſhould by no means chuſe. I am afraid, ſays he, I ſhall be obliged to drop this Acquaintance with him and Lady *Sapplin*; indeed I am ſorry for it. Which Reſolution would have been moſt piouſly put in

in execution, if he had not been acquainted with her Ladyſhip's ſelling her Jointure.

THIS Intelligence was no ſooner come to his Ears, than he drove directly to Lady *Sapplin*'s Hotel, and offered her what Money ſhe pleaſed, with an Aſſeveration of not having Five Pounds in the Houſe when ſhe was with him before on that Occaſion, and aſſerting upon his Honour, that nothing had ever given him ſo much Pain as the being obliged to deny her Ladyſhip that ſmall Requeſt: Says he, "I could not reſt "upon this account, it gave me ſuch Tor-"ture to think I ſhould ſeem to deny a "Lady who had honour'd me ſo greatly "with her Friendſhip; and now, Madam, "I am come with that Sum or any other, "the Moment it was in my Power." This Speech made all Peace again.

LADY *Sapplin* and Mr. *Samuel* were received with the uſual Politeneſs, and had the Honour of loſing their Money to the ſame good Company which we have before mentioned.

DURING this time of Reſidence at *Paris*, Mr. *Samuel* had ſtray'd a little from Lady *Sapplin*; having never been in Love with her Perſon, but with the Vanity of having an Intrigue with a Lady of Quality. This, however, wore off by Time and Familiarity;

rity; he had for ſome time conceived himſelf her Equal, a kind of a Huſband; and the Ambition of keeping a Miſtreſs had taken Poſſeſſion of his Heart, being extremely fond of imitating the Great.

To ſay the Truth, her Ladyſhip would gladly have diſmiſſed him alſo, as he began to be very remiſs in his Duty, if it had not been for the Reproach of being deſerted, which of all others is the moſt terrible to a *Pariſian* Dame.

Mr. *Samuel*, being quick-ſighted, perceived that Money began to be ſcarce again; beſides, knowing that there was no farther Reſource to be expected from Parents, and that peradventure a Jail might be his Fate, if he tarried too long in *Paris*; he therefore communicated his Deſign of quitting *Paris* to the Girl which he had kept, and perſuaded her to fly with him into *Italy*, being tired of Lady *Sapplin*'s Jealouſy, as he expreſſed it; to which ſhe conſented.

He went therefore to her Ladyſhip's Banker, and with ſome Difficulty obtained a Hundred Pounds; and then taking her Jewels, which were worth about Six Thouſand Guineas, he decamped with his Miſtreſs, leaving her Ladyſhip to condole the Loſs of him, and her Diamonds.

This coming to the Knowledge of the World, her Creditors would have taken her Perſon,

Perſon, had ſhe not ſaved herſelf in the Houſe of the Ambaſſador of *Great-Britain*; where through Vexation ſhe fell into a Diſorder which added new Terrors to her former Diſquietude; and, as nothing is more common than for Minds of no Religion to run into the oppoſite Extreme in Diſtreſs, the Spirit of Devotion ſeized her to a great degree, and nothing would ſatisfy her but being converted to the Catholic Faith.

NOTHING was left untry'd by his Excellency and his Chaplain, to diſſuade her from this Determination. "Madam, ſaid "they, what can you propoſe to find in "that Religion, which is not to be found "in your own?" "Mine, ſays ſhe, I have "none, I was taught to diſbelieve all ſacred "Revelation from my Youth, to deſpiſe "all that relates to Religion, as a viſionary and fantaſtic Trick to deceive the "Weak and Vulgar.

"THIS I now know to be falſe, and "find that there is no Aſylum offered to "the Diſtreſs of ſhipwreck'd Souls in your "Form of Worſhip. I will, therefore, "renounce the World, and all the flattering fallacious Pomp which it affords, and "retire into a Convent, where my Days "ſhall be ſpent in Expiation of my former "Follies."

THE

THE whole that could be obtained from her was, the Promiſe of writing Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* a Letter of her Reſolution, which ſhe accordingly did; and which was what follows in the next Chapter.

CHAP. LXI.

Lady Sapplin's *Letter to Lady* Worthy. *Sir* William Worthy *and his Lady give the Reader an uncommon Converſation for a Man and his Wife. The true Deſcription of an* Engliſh *Nun. Lady* Sapplin *takes the Veil. A Project of the Author's. The Manner of making a Nun: And, Part of a Sermon.*

" *My dear Siſter,*

" AFTER having paſſed a Life of infi-
" nite Folly and Diſſipation, having
" been eternally purſuing what is the Scan-
" dal of human Nature to follow, and yet
" what engroſſes the Attention of all that
" is called polite in the World; I am, at
" laſt, thank the God of all, come to a
" thorough Senſe of my deteſted Life.
" Don't think it too late for me to reclaim,

" becauſe

" becauſe I have ſquander'd my whole For-
" tune. From thence ariſes all my Happi-
" neſs. It is to that ſingle Event I am in-
" debted for all the Bliſs that is to come."

" I HAVE determined to paſs my remain-
" ing Days within the ſolitary Cell of a
" Convent, in waſhing out with my Tears
" my former Impieties, and devote my re-
" maining Hours to inceſſant Contrition
" for my paſt Offences.

" DON'T deceive yourſelf in believing
" that it is in the Power of Perſuaſion to
" recall me from this Determination; I am
" conſcious it is the only Place where
" Peace is left for me a Sinner, whither I
" am going.

" MAY the Power which inſpires me with
" this Thought, protect you ever. I am,

" *Your moſt affectionate Siſter,*

" SAPPLIN."

THIS Letter coming to the Hands of Lady *Worthy*, gave Sir *William* and herſelf vaſt Pain; they ſuffered extremely in the Thoughts of her becoming a Roman-Catholic. Lady *Worthy* had ſcarce at any time felt more Affliction on any Account: She wrote her the moſt preſſing Letter, entreating

entreating her to quit that Deſign, and praying her to return to *England*, where ſhe ſhould find in her a Siſter, and ſincere Friend. Sir *William* at the ſame time ſpeaking to his Lady, ſaid, "My *Betſy*, aſſure "her, that ſhe ſhall be quite Miſtreſs of "herſelf, if ſhe will return to her native "Country. We have, my Dear, ſays he, "ſo large a Fortune fallen to us from your "Father, I will with Pleaſure ſettle Five "Hundred Pounds a Year, or any Sum, "upon her, during Life; perhaps that "may invite her back."

"THOU beſt of Men," ſays Lady *Worthy*, ſpeaking thoſe Words with Tears of Applauſe; "how ſhall I merit this Goodneſs "from your Hands? I am aſhamed to be "ſo much indebted to your generous Diſpoſition." "Ah! *Betſy*, *Betſy*, you ſilly "Woman, one Hour of pure Love emanating from your Eyes, is a princely Pay"ment for all I can do for you, and all the "World," ſays he. "Then," ſays ſhe, "you ſhall be truly paid indeed."

BEFORE the Letter from Lady *Worthy* arrived at *Paris*, Lady *Sapplin* was retired to the Convent of the *Engliſh* Nuns, in the Street of *Saint Victor* in that City, where ſhe found, perhaps, as accompliſhed a Woman as this Iſland has produced. This is Miſs *Fermor*, a Nun in this Monaſtery.

And,

And, now Reader, were you to behold this Lady, you would confeſs, that a Nunnery was no Confinement; few Female Figures have ſo much Beauty, or ſo much Grace; there is in her Face an Expreſſion of Sweetneſs and good Senſe, which will hardly be equalled in Thouſands of her Sex: Her Converſation is the moſt agreeable that can be imagined; gay with Innocence, ſenſible with Eaſe, Politeneſs mixt with Truth, Complaiſance for the Opinions of others, a Preference for her own, fitted to adminiſter Comfort to a Mind ſo tortured with Diſtreſs as Lady *Sapplin*'s.

HERE this Lady paſt her Time of Probation, being as much as poſſible in Company with Miſs *Fermor*, who left no Argument untry'd to ſoothe her Soul into Tranquillity; and now the Hour was come when ſhe intended to take the Veil upon her, and be for ever ſecluded from the World, in Peace and Happineſs.

AND here we cannot avoid wiſhing, that ſome public Places of Aſylum, for thoſe whoſe Lives have been ſpent in Scenes of Contradiction to Piety and good Senſe, were inſtituted by the Legiſlative Power. Where Souls tinctured with the Spirit of Devotion, which comes with great Impulſe in many Minds, eſpecially thoſe whoſe Hours

Hours have been paſt in interdicted Delights, towards the running of the laſt Sand.

To thoſe we believe Retirement would afford Felicity; it would pave the Road to a tranquil Exit for many a human Creature, who now expires in Pain and Horror. This we pronounce void of all Inclination to the Roman Catholic Diſcipline; urged to it from what we have heard burſting from the Boſoms of declining Debauchées in fooliſh ineffectual Wiſhes, from the little Knowledge which we pretend to have in human Nature, and from the inevitable Caſualties which Mankind is born to undergo.

What Joy is it for Minds which have lived in one continued Anxiety, dreading the Dawn of every riſing Day, leſt it ſhould come fraught with new Calamity, to find ſuch Security at laſt from the Darts of Evil! What a ſweet Seceſſion for ruined Maids, whoſe modeſt Hearts, after being infamouſly betrayed, can never animate their Eyes ſufficient to behold the Face of Virtue in another; yet whoſe hard Fate it muſt be to be doomed to that curſed Life of public Proſtitution, without all Power of hiding themſelves in Shades and Tranquillity! Such an Aſylum we wiſh was inſtituted in this Iſland; and if we ever bequeath a Donation for a public Foundation of Charity, we ſhall

ſhall endeavour to diſpoſe of it in that Manner, the Care and Well-being of the Female Sex being our conſtant Object in all our little Undertakings.

THE Day being come in which Lady *Sapplin* was to take the Veil, the Choir of the Church was prepared for that Purpoſe, and great Numbers of People attended to ſee the Ceremony.

SHE richly dreſt, in the moſt ſumptuous Habit which is worn in *Paris* by thoſe who are at large in the World, ſat attentive with the other Nuns to a Sermon, which was preached to her by a famous Preacher of that Metropolis; in which he obſerved, "That perhaps the Diſappointment of the "good Things in this Life, and not the "Spirit of Devotion, was the Cauſe of this "Retirement from the World. It may "ſpring, ſays he, from the Paſſion of "Love, the Object not being in your "Power to poſſeſs; it may take its Origin "from Chagrin, the World having diſap-"pointed your Expectations; if either of "theſe ſhould be the Cauſe of your flying "the Converſe of Mankind, 'tis in vain "you ſeek Redreſs or Conſolation within "the Cloyſter; whatever Paſſion diſturbs "you without, will follow your Steps into "the Cell; there is no kind Reception "for any Heart, but that which comes

"fully

" fully inſpired with the Love of God and " true Piety; think then, e'er it be too " late, before the irrevocable Act is paſt, " which muſt exclude your Footſteps for " ever from returning to the World; ex- " amine well your Heart with the ſevereſt " Eye, leſt ſome Cauſe, concealed from " yourſelf, urge you to this Separation " from Mankind, and carry not this Source " of Diſcontent and Mourning to the Place " where you expect Relief from your Di- " ſtreſs."

THIS, and much more he very emphatically urged to her, but in vain; ſhe renounced the World with a Warmth which is not eaſily conceived. The Siſters then brought her a ſplendid Crown, and another of Thorns, which laſt ſhe ſnatched with great Eagerneſs, and fix'd upon her Head, rejecting the other with Contempt; after this they took off the Garment which ſhe wore, and laying her down on a ſort of Winding-ſheet, ſung a kind of Funeral Office over her; by this Ceremony, ſignifying, that ſhe was dead to this World. This being paſt, ſhe roſe, and they dreſt her in the Habit of their Order, and put on the Veil: Then each Nun ſaluting and embracing her with Rapture, welcomed her as a Siſter into their Order and Community; this being done, ſhe reti-

red with great apparent Joy within the Convent, ſecluded from the World for ever. The next Day ſhe wrote the following Letter to her Siſter.

My dear Siſter,

" SAFE from the Evils of this ſinful
" World, retired where nothing but
" Peace and Happineſs abounds; I ſurvey
" that ſtormy Ocean, which I have paſt,
" with Horror and Delight.

ALAS! how unſubſtantial are the Dreams
" of madding Mortals, eternally in ſearch
" of their Deſtruction: What have I
" loved! I bluſh to ſay what Paſſions
" once poſſeſs'd my ſickly Soul; ſen-
" ſual Earth-born Appetites, fix'd on
" tranſitory and imperfect Joys. Now
" every Paſſion is abſorb'd in Love of one
" all-perfect Object, where human Hearts
" have never ſued in vain, that anſwers
" every warmeſt Hope, and fills our fondeſt
" Deſires.

" What cannot Heaven reſtore, or Vows
" of Piety obtain! That Heart, thy Siſ-
" ter's Heart, that throbb'd with ſting-
" ing Crimes, now beats as eaſy as the
" ſleeping Babe's: Such Tranſmutation
" Heaven has deign'd to make; ſuch
" Eaſe ſucceeds thoſe Pangs I thought in-
" curable

" curable till now. This World has " nothing worth my Wiſh; cured of its " Vanities I pour the warm Devotion of " my Soul for your continued Bliſs, ſecu- " red myſelf from all the Injuries of hu- " man Life. May your Days be ſpent as " you deſire; and mine, as they are " now, dedicated to my God, the Saviour " of Mankind, and Acts of pureſt Piety. " I am,

" *Your affectionate Siſter,*"

" SAPPLIN."

THIS Letter Lady *Worthy* and Sir *William* received with ſome Pain, on the account of her deſerting the Religion ſhe was bred in, and yet not void of all Conſolation that ſhe had at laſt found Peace from all thoſe Woes which they had too much Reaſon to dread ſhe was deſtined to undergo.

SIR *William*, by Letter, deſired her Banker to collect together a Liſt of her Debts; which was accordingly done, and diſcharged by him, which Receipt he put into the Hands of his *Betſy*, who ſaw, and received this generous Act, with true Senſibility and Acknowledgment to the Performer of it.

CHAP. LXII.

Mr. Samuel, *commonly called my Loord* Waitwell, *figures at* Turin, *till by an unlucky Accident he is obliged to fly to* Rome, *and thence returns to* England *to finiſh his Days.*

MR. *Samuel Waitwell* having eſcaped out of *France* with his Miſtreſs, ſtopt at *Turin*, under the Style and Title of my Lord *Waitwell*. In this City the Spirit of Play is greatly encouraged, and the whole Game truly underſtood: Here he converted his Diamonds into ready Money, and figured away, being extremely well received amongſt the beſt Company, the Gentry of this City conceiving an *Engliſhman* like a Bee, which collects Honey for them to devour.

HE played much, and with the uſual good Luck, till having ſunk a great deal of his Money, he attempted a ſmall Undertaking, which is not at all diſhonourable when it ſucceeds, but is the Devil when diſcovered, called Cheating; which happening to him, he was treated with ignominious Behaviour, and therefore left *Turin* very ſuddenly. From thence he retired to *Rome*, where this laſt Action being known by the *Engliſh* Gentlemen, he was avoided as a Scandal to his Coun-

Country. This he bore tolerably well, till having ſpent his Money, Life became a Burthen to him, he therefore, like a true-born *Engliſhman*, came back to his own Country, robbed on the Highway, and was executed at *Tyburn*. Thus ended the Life of *Samuel Waitwell*, who had been a Lord in *France*, and in *Piedmont*, and a Rogue every where. And here we end this Chapter, for the ſake of ſeparating him from better Company.

CHAP. LXIII.

The Gardens of Sir William Worthy *deſcribed. His and Lady* Worthy's *Character. A Poem on a Wife twelve Years after Matrimony. The Arrival of Sir* Oliver *and Lady* Hearty.

DURING the Time which Lady *Sapplin* had been ſpending great Sums of Money, in every Thing but what ſhe ought, Sir *William Worthy* had been decorating and adorning the Seat of his Anceſtors; he had planted ſome thouſand Trees of almoſt all the Variety of God's Creation, not in the wild and injudicious Manner of a mere Far-

mer, but in ſuch a Taſte that it added Beauty to his Eſtate; his Hedge-rows bloſſom'd with Apple and Pear Trees in the Spring, and ſupplied his Table with Fruit and excellent Liquors all the Year.

NOTHING was ever more elegantly plan'd than his whole Farm; you wandered from Variety to Variety; Buildings of ſmall Expence, and much Fancy; Groves inſpiring different Tempers of the Mind, from the lucid Summits that wake the Mind to Gaiety, to the dark brown or Clair Obſcure of Trees crouding their Branches together in the Vale, which poſſeſs the Soul with home-felt Contemplation.

ON a Rock, which overlook'd a River, high, ſteep, and craggy, ſtood a Temple dedicated to *Honour*. The Aſcent was difficult which led to it, but the View delightful, when you were arrived at the Top, with this Motto,

Dulce et Decorum eſt
pro Patria mori.

WITHIN were the Buſts of Sir *Thomas More*, *Epaminondas*, and *Socrates*: There was beſides this, another dedicated to conjugal Felicity, in which Sir *William* had cauſed to be painted in one Piece, the Pourtraits of himſelf and Wife, ſacrificing at the Altar of

of *Venus*, *Hymen* being the Prieſt, the Loves in the Perſons of their Children holding the Offerings and ſmiling round, and *Venus* herſelf in the Skies, pointing to the Date of their nuptial Day, with great Expreſſion of Pleaſure. This Motto was beneath the Altar,

Felices ter, et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Supremâ citius ſolvet Amor Die.

Besides theſe there were many well fanſied Buildings. The Water was elegantly underſtood, and deſigned, winding in noble Meanders, through Plantations of Trees, of various-coloured Greens: The Banks ſmiling with living Turf, and Hillocks of Flowers all reflected from the tranſlucent Fluid, which fell in natural Caſcades daſhing from Rock to Rock in various Places.

Thro' the whole there was nothing little or fantaſtic, the Grotto was formed of large Stones alone, intermixed with ſhining Spar, which made it appear like Nature, ſituated beneath a Hill, through two different Apertures of which you looked at the Temple of *Honour* one Way, and over the Lake and Wood the other; a ſmall Stream fell dripping by its Side, which ran over vari-

ous coloured Pebbles, ſhining through the Rill till it emptied itſelf into the Expance of Water below.

THIS was all of Lady *Worthy*'s and Sir *William*'s Taſte, plan'd by their own Hands, finiſhed by Degrees, and executed as much for the Sake of giving Bread to the honeſt and frugal Labourer, as for the Beauty which it afforded to the Place, his Family, and Friends. Such was his Reputation in his native Land, his and her well-diſpoſed Charities and happy Life having extended his Name, that he was beloved by the Hearts of Thouſands, whoſe Eyes had never yet beheld him; ſteady to his Country's Intereſt, inviolably attached to his King, he often ſighed at the preſent Conduct of Affairs; Alas poor *Britain!* ſtole frequently from his Lips, followed by theſe Words, *Heu priſca Fides!*

HIS Manner of Living was a Pattern to be followed by all human Nature; beloved by his Friends, adored by his Family, no Eye beheld him that did not fanſy itſelf the happier for it, no Life could paſs more delectably than his.

IT was now the Time of Year when Sir *Oliver Hearty* and *Lady Hearty*, the old Baronet being dead, Mr. *Thoroughgood* and his Spouſe were coming to paſs a Month or two at Sir *William*'s; when Sir *William* ſitting with Lady

Worthy,

Worthy, looking from a Window to the Children playing on the Lawn before the Houſe, ſaid to his *Betſy*, "My Dear, ſays he, me-
"thinks when our Gueſts arrive, may it not
"be ſaid, that the three happieſt married
"Pairs in *England*, are to be found in this
"Houſe?"

"I KNOW not, ſays ſhe, whether that
"may be ſaid or not, my Love; but this
"I am convinced may with Truth, that
"no Houſe has ever held, at one Time,
"three Men and Women ſo completely
"bleſs'd, as thoſe who will then poſſeſs it."

"INDEED, *Betſy*, your Criticiſm is good.
"Methinks, ſays he, I feel Sir *Oliver* and
"the Company coming." "Feel them
"coming, my Dear! ſays ſhe, what your
"Mind forebodes that they will be here to
"Night, as you ſometimes expreſs your-
"ſelf. Will you always indulge that
"Whim? You'll be as ſuperſtitious as an
"old Maid, ſays ſhe, ſoon. I ſhan't dare
"to ſit croſs-legg'd for you without Of-
"fence." "Well, you may laugh, but
"there never happened any Thing to me
"of Joy or Sorrow, that I did not per-
"ceive ſome Pre-ſenſation of the Pleaſure
"or the Pain. Laugh as you will, I muſt
"indulge that Sentiment, ſays he: And
"Yeſterday, *Betſy*, I was quite inſpired,
"and turned Poet: You remember, my

"Dear, ſays he, that there was a certain "young Lady, who was much my Favou-"rite at Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s, ſhe was the "Subject." "Pray let me ſee this Poe-"try, ſays ſhe," "You'll criticiſe it with "too much Severity; promiſe me the con-"trary, and let me withdraw whilſt you "read the Lines, and you ſhall ſee it," anſwer'd Sir *William*. "I conſent, ſays ſhe." Then giving her theſe Lines, ſhe withdrew.

To the BEST *of* WOMEN.

CAUGHT by thy Perſon at Sixteen,
When Paſſion lawleſs reigns;
E'er riper Reaſons intervene,
To check th' impetuous Love ſtruck Swain:
I wore thy genile Chains.

Thy magic Mien, thy ſpeaking Eye,
The warm pathetic Kiſs,
Each tender Look, each ſtolen Sigh,
The Charms which Lovers only ſpy,
Tranſfus'd exſtatic Bliſs.

Our Hands then Hymen *ſmiling bound,*
With Hearts entwining faſt,
The Honey-moon flew ſwiftly round;
Full ſeven-ſcore Moons ſince which I've found,
Each ſweeter than the paſt.

By

By this, Fruition yet uncloy'd,
With equal Warmth I love;
And what my Paſſion firſt enjoy'd,
As Friend, as Wife, as Mother try'd;
My Reaſon bids approve.

Yet in thy Breaſt conceal, my Dear,
This fond old-faſhion'd Love,
Or with the Gay can I appear?
The World polite will ſhun and ſneer,
The Thing they can't approve.

Nor this let venal Lovers eye;
They'll ſay and give me o'er,
Thoſe Wives are beſt which ſooneſt die,
All Numbers vain that don't ſupply
The Heart-tormenting Store.

"WAS ever ſuch a Man? ſays Lady "*Worthy*, indeed my Dear you are a Poet, "and the firſt that ever was inſpired with "his firſt Flight to *Parnaſſus*, by a Woman "who had been twelve Years his Wife" Saying this, ſhe ran into the Grove where he was walking, catching him in her Arms, and looking with a Look of infinite Sweetneſs; ſhe told him that ſhe had long imagined that her Heart could receive no additional Joy, "but indeed "and indeed, it has never taſted ſo exqui-

"lite

"ſite a Delight as ſince I have read theſe "Lines. Will you try all poſſible Ways "to ſpoil me? ſays ſhe, kiſſing him. I "will yet diſappoint you if I can."

At this Moment a Servant brought word, that Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, and Miſs *Hearty*, were arrived. "Now, ſays Sir *William*, what "think you of my Pre-ſenſations at pre-"ſent?" Oh! ſays Lady *Worthy* ſmiling, "I can believe any thing of ſo good a Poet."

They then ran to meet them, where Friendſhip urged every Soul to a Union with each other, ſtrengthened every Arm in their embracing, and preſs'd every Lip in Rapture to that which it met, Sincerity ſhining from their Eyes, ſuch Queſtions glowing with Pleaſure in aſking after their Healths, that perhaps at that Inſtant there was no Spectacle under Heaven ſo truly worthy the Attention of a human Creature, as thoſe meeting Friends.

After Supper Sir *William* obſerved, that the Marriage-Act had interfered much in its Endeavours to fruſtrate their being happily joined together, "but, ſays he, I be-"lieve, tho' we owe no Obligations to it, "that there are not many Perſons made ſo "happy by it, as we are who proceeded "upon the old Principle of Love and "Nature. Methinks, ſays he, it is ex-

"tremely

" tremely contradictory to that juſt Rule
" which actuates all Nature, to make a Law
" to put old People in the Power of deci-
" ding of what young People ſhould enjoy ;
" this is to make thoſe Judges of a Paſſion
" which Years have eradicated from their
" Hearts. Is it not as ſenſible, continued he,
" to enact a Law that Spendthrifts ſhould
" look after our Money, as that old Men and
" Women actuated with Avarice and Pride
" ſhould diſpoſe arbitrarily of their Sons and
" Daughters? for this it is at the Bottom.
" To make a Girl marry an old Fellow ſhe
" hates, Parents will plague their Children
" till Life becomes a Burthen to them.
" And thus they have a Power over their
" Children, which will terminate in the
" Ruin of the Virtue, Innocence, and Li-
" berty of many."

" Sir *William*, ſays Mr. *Thoroughgood*,
" there are more fatal Conſequences have
" attended this Law againſt Marriage, than
" perhaps have yet come to your Know-
" ledge ; it has given deſigning People the
" Power of ruining the open-hearted and
" honeſt, and baſtardizing whole Families
" to their utter Deſtruction : Brothers are
" let looſe againſt Brothers, and Relations
" againſt Relations ; it has ſet a-float the
" Deſire of Riches irreclaimable into the
" open Sea of Intrigue and Injury ; per-

" haps no other Law could have been de-
" viſed ſo fatal to the Remains of that little
" Probity which yet finds footing in this
" Land.

" THERE is an Affair which has been
" lately diſcovered, which ſhews how fatal
" this Act has proved to an innocent and
" virtuous Family; which ſingle Inſtance
" is Reaſon enough for its Repeal. It is
" ſo very ſingular and poetic, that I have
" inquired into the Circumſtances of the
" whole, and have put them together on
" purpoſe to preſent the Public with the
" Story; to which I have added two
" others, on purpoſe to ſhew how probable
" it is that this Act of Parliament may
" prove pernicious to this Kingdom."

" PRAY, ſays Lady *Worthy*, have you
" brought it with you?"

" YES, my Lady, ſays *Thoroughgood*,
" but it is too long to be read to Night;
" to Morrow-morning I intend reading it,
" and take your Opinion."

" To-night, to-night, ſays her Lady-
" ſhip."

" UNREASONABLE Woman! ſays Sir
" *William*, after a long Journey to put the
" poor Man to the Fatigue of reading an
" Hour or two perhaps. For once, my
" Dear, I will be the Maſter; it ſhall be
" put off till to Morrow-morning; after

" Breakfaſt, in my Temple, ſacred to con-
" jugal Felicity, it ſhall be read."

" SHALL I let him be abſolute?" ſays Lady *Worthy* to the Company. " This is " the firſt time he has ever attempted it; " it may grow into a Habit: I ſhall ſpoil " you, ſays ſhe, ſmiling in Sir *William*'s " Face, if I indulge you. Well, Mr. " *Thoroughgood*, in compaſſion to you, af- " ter ſo long a Journey, I conſent that the " reading be deferr'd till To-morrow. Now " don't you think any of you that this is " done in complaiſance to Sir *Willliam*'s " Commands; indeed I inſiſt upon that. " You ſhall not command me, kiſſing " him with a Smile, you Tyrant you. " Indeed he is a Tyrant; he has ſuch an " abſolute Power over me, that I dare not " do any one thing which I imagine may " the leaſt diſpleaſe him; and yet, I know " not how, I cannot ſay I am influenced " by Fear, or perceive myſelf much a " Slave. Ladies, I hope you are not held " in ſuch Subjection by your Huſbands." " Indeed we are, ſays Lady *Hearty* and " Mrs. *Thoroughgood*." " What three poor " unhappy Women we are, here huddled " together in one Houſe!" ſays Lady *Worthy*.

THE Evening was paſt with that Pleaſure which attends the Meeting of thoſe who ſincerely

ſincerely love one another; every Eye ſhone with Joy, every Ear heard with Attention, every little Diſh at the Table was improved in its Flavour by the true Reliſh of Friendſhip, and every Glaſs of Wine became fit for the Repaſt of *Homer*'s Deities, by that Flow of mutual Pleaſure which mix'd in the Cup with all they drank; Decency and Mirth dancing hand-in-hand round the Table, during the whole Evening.

Such a Sight! three Women without Envy, or Enquiry into one another's Dreſſes and Affairs; now and then prating of the little Brats which each had left at home; one wiſhing to hear how little *Jemmy* did, the other to ſee *Billy* for a Minute, and ſteal a Kiſs. What ſtrange Effects are the Conſequences of a Country Education! Such namby pamby Mothers! How different are the polite Manners of Lady ——'s Rout! every Woman there is genteelly examining the Dreſs of her Companions, envying the Jewels of one if they are finer than her own, or hinting they are falſe Stones; whiſpering to another in aſking, Whether Lady *Betty*——does not paint? "Certainly that Complexion can-"not be natural." "To be ſure, Madam," anſwers a wither'd Harridan, who is burſting with Envy at the Sight, "it is not the "Colour of Nature; we borrow more than

"Caps

" Caps from the *French*." " How aukward " is that Cit, juſt become a Lady!" ſays her Ladyſhip: " ſhe's as formal as the " Wax-work Figures in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, " and no more animated than a Mummy; " what can incline thoſe Fools to mix with " Nobility, and be deſpiſed? And Lady— " Lady—what d'ye call her, methinks the " good Woman, though ſhe has ſnapp'd a " Baronet, would have done well to have " ſtaid in the Kitchen, and not brought " her Face ready-roaſted, piping-hot from " the Spit, like a Sirloin of Beef, for the " Entertainment of the Company. And " that Woman there, ſays ſhe, who was ſo " long, and ſo publickly kept by a dozen " of Men at leaſt; the Wife of Sir—Sir— " you know his Name; how modeſt ſhe " looks! one would ſwear ſhe had gone to " Church a Virgin, and roſe a Maid after " the nuptial Night from the Arms of her " Dearee. How is it theſe Women get " that Power of Face? they are hardly " diſtinguiſhable from us, I proteſt; in " the *Park* I am very often put to it to " diſtinguiſh my Acquaintance from the " Women of the Town. There is Lady " —, Miſs—, Mrs.—, who look ſo much " like thoſe Women, that it ought to be " a knowing Eye that can diſtinguiſh " them, I aſſure you, at a little Diſtance.

" Me-

"Methinks this ſhould draw them into "Inſult and Attacks from the Fellows. I "thank Heaven I have never been at-"tacked by any of them." "Nor I," ſays the old Maid, "theſe twenty Years: for-"merly, indeed, before they knew my "Character, I was once or twice accoſted "in a rude Manner; but for theſe laſt "fifteen Years I have paſs'd as unnoticed "by thoſe Fellows, as if I had walked in-"viſible." "You are happy, Miſs *Jenny*, "ſays my Lady; one conſtantly runs the "Riſque of loſing one's Character, when "one is followed by one's Male Acquaint-"ance too much, tho' one is convinced "of the Innocence which attends one."

At this Moment, looking full in Miſs *Jenny*'s Face, her Ladyſhip diſcerned, that the Lineaments of this Maiden's Phyſiognomy were ſuch as might be of ſervice to her own. She immediately intreated Miſs *Jenny* to dine with her the next Day; and thus commenced a Friendſhip, which is the moſt likely of all in the World to laſt, between ſuperior and inferior People; that is, when the Advantage is all of the former ſide: for though her Ladyſhip was indefinitely ugly, yet Miſs *Jenny* being infinitely ſo, gave her more Pleaſure in Converſation, than the Intimacy of a handſome Princeſs; for nothing delighteth the Heart

of

of a well-bred Woman ſo much, as thinking herſelf the moſt beautiful of the Company.

THUS having impartially given a Pattern of the Rural and City Evenings, for the ſake of inſtructing our Readers, as all Hiſtorians ſhould do, we only take the Liberty to ſay, that Sir *William Worthy*, Sir *Oliver Hearty*, and Mr. *Thoroughgood*, retired each to ſeparate Apartments with their own Spouſes, not breaking the ſeventh Commandment, even in Idea; ſuch Ignorance reigns in the Weſt of *England* even to this Day.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIV.

The History of the Twin Brothers, in which is particularly shewn the good Effects of the Marriage-Act in disinheriting Orphans, and letting loose Pride, Avarice, and Ambition, the Prevalency of Cunning over Understanding, and the vicious over the virtuous Passions. Strange Phænomena; a Husband dies through Love of his Wife, and a Father for a Son; an Uncle's Cruelty, and an old Servant's Affection for destitute Children.

THE Morning being come, and the Breakfast pass'd, Lady *Worthy* and Lady *Hearty*, as well as the two Baronets, were impatient to hear Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s Story: Mrs. *Thoroughgood* had heard it often before; for this Country Clergyman was so silly a Fellow, that he brought every Page, as he wrote it, to his Spouse to read it to her, and valued her Applause as much as the first Duchess's in *Europe*, and thought her Judgment as good. What strange Fellows your mere Country Parsons are!

WITH this Intent they all walked together to the Temple of connubial Love; where, being seated, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, began

gan to read his Account of what he had promiſed the Night before, inſiſting upon the Ladies and Gentlemen giving their Opinions with Freedom on his Performance: "For, ſays he, it is an ill-judged "Friendſhip that does not correct its "Friend's Miſtakes before they are given "to the World, and are irrevocable." This they all promiſed him.

"IN the upper Part of *Somerſetſhire* there "is a Family whoſe Name is *Sterlin*; "it has reſided in the ſame Place a great "Number of Years, at their Seat called "*Sterlin-hall*, in great Reputation and "Eſteem amongſt all the genteel Fami-"lies of that County.

"THE laſt Gentleman particularly, of "that Name, was beloved by all who "ever knew him, and this with the greateſt "Juſtice: He was a Friend to all where "his Friendſhip could be extended; he "cheriſhed the induſtrious Labourer, and "relieved the Wants of thoſe whoſe Days "of Work were at an end; every Face "ſmiled on him wherever he appeared, "and Tongues of Babes and Old Age, "implored the Bleſſing of Heaven on him "wherever they beheld him.

"HE exerted no Tyranny over his Te-"nants by ill-timed Exaction of his Rents,

"nor

" nor prohibited thoſe whoſe Eſtates did
" not amount to a Qualification, from
" killing a Hare, Pheaſant, or Partridge,
" wherever they pleaſed: He was chearful
" in the Company of Farmers, his Inferi-
" ors, and yet preſerved the Superiority of
" his Birth and Fortune: With Men of
" Family and Eſtate he was equal to the
" higheſt, in Behaviour and Politeneſs;
" he prevented all Law-ſuits amongſt his
" Neighbours, deteſted the Race of Coun-
" try Attornies, and lived in ſtrict Friend-
" ſhip with the Clergyman of his Pariſh,
" paying great Regard to the Duties of
" his Religion; no Pariſh was ſo happy as
" his, of ſuch Uſe it is, that the Great
" ſhould give Example to the lower Or-
" der of People, and ſuch happy Influence
" is the Conſequence of it.

" For theſe Reaſons it was no Wonder
" he was beloved by all his Tenants and
" Neighbours; his Manors were filled
" with Game, whilſt thoſe Gentlemen of
" more Rigour had ſcarce a Hare or a
" Partridge in theirs; the Farmers, who
" had Liberty to kill the Game, preſerved
" it from Poachers: Confidence and Good-
" nature will always ſucceed in gaining
" the Hearts of *Engliſhmen* who are yet
" uncorrupted.

" This

" This Gentleman coming to his Eſtate, " found that his Father, who had been very " liberal in giving great Sums of Money " to his Relations, and hoſpitable to all " Mankind, had drawn a conſiderable Debt " upon it. He therefore determined to mar- " ry ſome Lady of Fortune, which might " re-inſtate him in the Situation of his An- " ceſtors, enable him to ſupport the Ho- " nour of his Family, and do as much " good as thoſe who preceded him in his " Seat. With this Intent he addreſs'd and " married a Maiden Lady of great Fortune, " but a little inclining to the Zig-Zag in " Soul and Body.

" By this Lady he had two Sons at a " Birth; the eldeſt, whoſe Name was *John*, " was a healthy Child during his Growing- " up; the other, who was called *Andrew*, " was always ſickly, requiring the conſtant " Care of his Mother.

" No young Gentleman in *England*, had " more manly Beauty than the eldeſt of " theſe Sons; the moſt liberal Counte- " nance, the moſt natural Eaſineſs, the " fineſt Shape, the openeſt Diſpoſition, and " a very good Underſtanding; he reſembled " his Father in Mind and Body, and was " dearly beloved by him.

" The ſecond Son, who we have ſaid " was called *Andrew*, was very little, and

" much

" much distorted; he had the Face of a
" *Portugal Jew*, and one Leg shorter than
" the other. His Temper was as ill shapen
" as his Body: not without Understanding,
" but so allay'd with Cunning and Ambi-
" tion, that perhaps few had greater Sub-
" tilty or Malice than this Youth.

" ADDED to this, he was his Mother's
" Darling, and here we cannot avoid mak-
" ing one Remark; which is, that nothing
" is more common than for the weakest
" Child of a Family, which has been the
" constant Care of the Mother, and given
" her more Pain than all the others, to be
" the best beloved; perhaps, his Ill-health
" continually calling on the parental Affec-
" tion for his Preservation, for whose Life
" she has so often trembled, and whose
" Eye has so frequently dissolved into Tears
" on his Account, fearing for his Safety
" and influenced by the Yearnings of pa-
" rental Passion, inseparable from the Ten-
" derness of a Mother, is the Cause of this
" Partiality and Fondness. Whereas the
" Healthy, who pass thro' Youth without
" exerting those Emotions in the Parent's
" Bosom, who have never awakened the full
" Powers of parental Affection in any un-
" common Instances, are less beloved than
" those who have been their constant Cause
" of Anxiety, and eternal Care. Whatever

" be

" be the Cauſe; or whether this explains
" it or not, certain it is that nothing is
" more common than for Mothers to pre-
" fer the ſickly Child to the Healthy; and
" the Rake, for the ſame Reaſon, to the
" Diſcreet and Obedient, the Mind of the
" Mother ſuffers Diſquietude in the latter
" Inſtance, as much as in the former, and
" prefers the conſtant Cauſe of her Pain
" without knowing the Source.

" No Body ever contained a more am-
" bitious Soul than that of *Andrew*'s; when
" he was grown betwixt ſixteen and ſeven-
" teen, he expreſſed the greateſt Pain in
" being born after his Brother. Looking
" upon himſelf with a diſcontented Eye,
" he has been heard to ſay, Miſhapen Body,
" thou art doom'd to ill Luck, or one half
" Hour might have repaid thee for this
" Deformity, by making thee the eldeſt;
" whilſt the Heir of my Father's Fortune,
" that happier elder Brother, is perfect in
" Perſon, and bleſt in being firſt born. Is
" this ſtrict Juſtice, Nature? Are thy Fa-
" vours impartially beſtowed?

" The *Eleuſinian* Myſteries, or the Grave,
" were not more ſecret than the Temper
" and Deſigns of *Andrew*; the Bounty of
" Heaven ſcarce more open than the Heart
" and Benevolence of *John*. This laſt, in
" all their growing up together, hid no

" Sentiment of his Soul or Action of his " Life from his younger Brother; and *An-* " *drew* imparted none to him, but pervert- " ed every inoffenſive Frolick of ſportive " Youth to ſome ſiniſter Intent, and com- " municated them all to his Mother, who " told them again to the Father. Theſe " Tales had no Effect on this Man of " Senſe; he perceived the Partiality of his " Wife, and penetrated the Source from " whence they flowed, and tho' he loved " his eldeſt Son beſt, yet he ſo artfully con- " cealed that Preference by his Behaviour, " that the Mother could not juſtly charge " him with unequal Love to his Sons.

" Being of the ſame Age, they were " both bred at the ſame School together, " at *Wells* in *Somerſetſhire*; *John* was the " Favourite of every Fellow-ſcholar, and " *Andrew* the Averſion. In conſequence " of this, he was ever diſagreeing with " ſome one or other of the School, which " Boy was ſure to beat him; this his elder " Brother was as ſure to reſent and repay; " and there is Reaſon to believe, that the " Younger has frequently differed with the " biggeſt Boys, on purpoſe to get his Bro- " ther to vindicate his Quarrel and procure " him a Beating.

" He was continually laying Wagers, " that *John* ſhould leap from ſuch a Wall,

" or

" or over such a Tomb-stone, with some " other of the School, that he should swim " with such a one, and wrestle with ano- " ther, all this with Boys elder than his " Brother; which Wagers the Honour of " *John* could not suffer him to refuse. He " never mistrusted the latent Mischief of " his Brother's Heart; but being full of " Vivacity, and active, he entered into all " the Designs which this malicious Being " had plann'd for him, and ran many " Risques of his Life, without once con- " ceiving any Apprehension of Danger. " Such is the incautious Disposition of good " Nature, good Health, and great Spirit " in Boys.

" WHENEVER there was any Money sent " them from Parents or Relations, *John* in " six Hours had lent his to half the School, " whereas *Andrew* never parted with Six- " pence, hoarding up all: and when *John* " wanted to borrow, he constantly refused " him, asserting he had none left.

" WHENEVER they went from School, " at the Time of Holydays, *John* had not " a single Shilling, and *Andrew* almost the " whole which had been sent him. This " Disposition of keeping, the Mother con- " sidered as the most excellent of all Qua- " lities in *Andrew*, and the contrary as the " greatest of all Crimes in *John*. And be-

" ing very parcimonious, ſhe repreſented
" *John* as a Spendthrift to her Huſband,
" and *Andrew* as the moſt meritorious of all
" Children. To which Mr. *Sterlin* with
" a Smile, replied, that he thought Ava-
" rice the moſt unpardonable Vice of
" Youth, ſo contradictory to its Nature,
" and ever criminal in old Age. For that
" Reaſon, my Dear, ſays he, I have no
" Pleaſure in *Andrew*'s Parcimony, and as
" *John* never runs in Debt, and aſſures me
" that he lends to his School-fellows, more
" than half the Money which he receives;
" I am better pleaſed with it than with
" hoarding. Aye, ſays Mrs. *Sterlin*, he
" will lend this Eſtate to ſome one or other
" when we are dead; I wiſh he had been
" born one half Hour later. My Dear,
" ſays Mr. *Sterlin*, Providence has diſpoſed
" of Things better than you are able to do
" it, and I am contented.

" From School they went to the Uni-
" verſity together, and as their Age in-
" creaſed, their native Diſpoſitions grew
" ſtronger in each of them. As *Andrew*
" was often indiſpoſed, the Tenderneſs of
" his Brother was ſcarce to be parallelled;
" he neglected no Occaſion to give him
" Pleaſure; on the contrary, *Andrew* mani-
" feſted no Joy in this fraternal Sweetneſs
" of Heart, but beheld him with Pain.

" Seeing him the handſome ſtand moſt e-
" ſteemed of all the Univerſity, he pined
" in ſecret at his Fate, and curſed a thou-
" ſand Times the Moments that paſſed
" between the Birth of him and his Bro-
" ther.

" WHO knows at laſt he cried, but I was
" firſt conceived, then am I the Elder.
" Curſe on the happier Fortune which at-
" tended him, being ſtronger in the Womb
" he ſtopt my Paſſage, burſt into Life, and
" robbed me of my Right, my Heritage.
" How then to find the Means to circum-
" vent this firſt-born Brother, and vindi-
" cate my Right of firſt Conception? Can
" that be criminal to take the Place which
" Nature ſhould have given me? To ſave
" thyſelf and yet deſtroy thy Brother, tho'
" the Taſk be difficult it is not yet impoſſible.

" FILLED with the Reſolution of getting
" himſelf ſome way or other Heir to the
" *Sterlin* Eſtate, he ruminated on ten thou-
" ſand different Methods to bring it into
" Action, yet none pleaſed his Imagination;
" at laſt, what he in vain expected, the
" common Revolution of Things brought,
" of its own accord.

" THERE was at that time a Widow-
" lady in *Oxford*, who had come to that
" City with her Son, to reſide and be near
" him during his Studies. This Lady had

" beſides this Child two Daughters, one of " which might have been declared hand- " ſome, tho' ſhe ſtood by the Side of the " Counteſs of ——— ; with this young " Gentleman whoſe Name was *Savory*, the " eldeſt Son of the *Sterlins* contracted an " intimate Acquaintance ; they were both " Gentlemen-Commoners of the ſame Col- " lege, and much alike in their Diſpoſitions. " This young Gentleman had often taken " Mr. *Sterlin* to his Mother's to drink Tea, " where Miſs *Patty* the eldeſt entertained " him with a Song, accompanied with the " Harpſicord.

" It ſeems the Fortunes of theſe young " Ladies were not known, their Education " polite, their Perſons extremely pleaſing, " and their Converſation ſuperior to thoſe " of ſuperior Qualifications in the Female " Sex.

" With this young Lady Mr. *Sterlin* " having contracted an Intimacy, he ſoon " perceived that he was not eaſy but in her " Company ; he thought of her continual- " ly without deſigning it, and had written " *Patty Savory*, *dear Patty Savory*, in twenty " Places in every Book which he had read " ſince he was acquainted with her. Be- " ſides this, he had made two or three little " Poems in her Favour, which were ex- " tremely pretty, and the accidental ſtriking

" a

" a Bee into her Boſom, which ſhe was a-
" fraid of, produced the following Lines
" *extempore.*

On the accidentally ſtriking a Bee into the Boſom of Miſs *Savory*.

Do thou a Cupid to my Wiſhes prove,
Thy Sting his Shaft, and be thy Venom Love.
Raiſe fond Deſires, with tender Kindneſs mixt,
Unfading Faith, Truth as the Center fixt;
Then hum around her Head in ſweeteſt Strains,
And ſoftly whiſper how my Soul complains.

" THESE he gave Miſs *Savory*, who re-
" ceived them with no little Joy, their Souls
" were in Uniſon with one another, and re-
" echo'd to each other's Touch the ſweeteſt
" Sounds of Sympathy and Love.

" NOTWITHSTANDING this Paſſion was
" mutual, and Mr. *Sterlin* had ſaid nothing
" in Proſe which could be conſtrued into
" Love, unleſs the Language of the Eyes
" may be ſaid to be ſpeaking that Paſſion;
" his Thoughts were continually employed
" on Miſs *Savory*. At length he diſcover-
" ed he was in Love; yet he dared not
" confeſs this to her. He ſaw the Path to
" poſſeſſing this amiable Creature entirely
" ſhut up: he feared his Father would not
" comply with his Inclination, and tho' his
" Paſſion became exceſſive, his Duty would
" not ſuffer him to do an Action which

" might give Pain to the Heart of that
" Parent whom he loved and reverenced
" ſo ſincerely."

" THIS Reſolution of not ſpeaking his
" Paſſion to Miſs *Savory*, was by no means
" correſponding to the frequent Viſits he
" made that young Lady; the Conceal-
" ment of Love, and being frequently with
" the Object, are incompatible to the ſame
" Heart: the Paſſion ſhook his Frame like
" the hidden Flames of *Veſuvius*, which
" deſtroy the Country round, before they
" burſt forth to the open Air and find a
" Power of diſcharging themſelves.

" HE grew pale and reſtleſs, he ſpent
" whole Hours alone, and talk'd much to
" himſelf. This did not paſs unobſerved by
" *Andrew*; he ſaw his Brother diſquieted,
" and was determined to know the Cauſe;
" which *John*, with all that fraternal Frank-
" neſs that Hearts like his communicate
" their Secrets, diſcovered to him.

" I AM, my Brother, ſays *John*, the
" moſt unhappy of all Men breathing; I
" love Miſs *Savory* to Diſtraction, nay,
" probably, ſhe loves me; but you know
" I dare not expreſs my Paſſion to this
" Lady; my Father expects that I ſhould
" wed ſome Woman of Fortune, that you
" may be better provided for than other-
" wiſe you will be. And, indeed, ſays he,

" em-

" embracing *Andrew*, he is right in this " Expectation; your Caſe is ſingular; as " we participated the Womb together, " methinks I would ſee you equal to me " in Wealth, in Happineſs, in every thing. " There is ſomething more than common " Brotherhood in the Caſe of Twins, who " have embraced in the ſame Womb, and " began to exiſt together. This Moment " *Andrew* conceived was not to be loſt; " he ſaw if he could perſuade his Brother " to marry this Lady before he was of " Age, that there might be a Way laid " open to diſpoſſeſs him of his Heritage.

" He therefore replied, with an inſinuating " Air, Brother, I am extremely ſenſible of " this Affection which you have ſhewn for " me in this Converſation; but why muſt " my Happineſs interrupt yours: I am " by Nature weak and ſickly, and proba- " bly ſhall not be long an Inhabitant of " this World; Riches would be uſeleſs to " me, my Conſtitution will not ſuffer me " to enjoy them; therefore, if your Heart " be ſo truly ſubdued by the Love of this " Lady, purſue your own Happineſs, tell " her your Paſſion; there may be Ways " found out to get the Conſent of my Fa- " ther, who is by no means a Man of an " irreconcileable, unrelenting Heart. On

"me you may depend in all I can assist
"you.

"This *John* received with Tears of Gra-
"titude for the Goodness and Affection of
"his Brother; when, embracing him, he
"cried, my dearest Friend, my more than
"Brother, how generous is this Behaviour
"to that Affliction and Distress which my
"Heart has been long labouring under.
"May I pursue this Passion? Do you be-
"lieve my Father may be won to consent?
"Is there Hopes that such Happiness is
"destined for me?

"There is, there is, says *Andrew*. Why
"this Passion has made a mere Whiner of
"you; what is become of all that Cou-
"rage which you were Master of at School?
"You are a Lover indeed.

"Encouraged by these Words, the El-
"der Brother confessed his Passion to Miss
"*Savory*, who received it with an Air that
"spoke much Satisfaction and mutual Love.
"After some Time *Andrew* enquired of his
"Brother how his Declaration was received?
"With mutual Ardour, he replied; we
"love each other to Distraction. Oh! my
"Brother, says he, if my Father should
"not consent to my wedding this Lady, I
"am, of all human Creatures, the most
"miserable; even she, I believe, will scarce
"survive it. Did you see with what Fond-

"ness

" neſs ſhe gazes upon me, and liſtens to " all I ſay. Yet, alas! how ſhall this " Overture be made to him? Why, ſays " *Andrew*, was I in your Situation, I " would marry her without his Knowledge, " then you cannot be rendered unhappy; " my Father will receive you to his Affec- " tion; I will do all in my Power to per- " ſuade him by means of my Mother; you " may ſafely depend on its being made up; " he cannot refuſe you; the continuing his " Family depends upon you; I am too " ſickly to think of marrying.

" But, alas! ſays young *Sterlin*, I am " not yet of Age, and conſequently can- " not diſpoſe of myſelf, nor is Miſs *Savory* " any more than I am; I know tho' her " Mother would gladly ſee her Daughter " wedded to me, that ſhe would not con- " nive at a ſecret Match, contrary to, or " unknowing my Father's Inclinations; " you cannot conceive, ſays he, how ho- " nourable the Principles of that Woman " appear in all ſhe ſays and does.

" To this *Andrew* replied, That a Conſent " might be feigned as coming from his " Father: I myſelf, ſays he, will write it, " and avow that it is my Father's Hand; " Brothers ought to run any Riſque to " ſerve Brothers, and make them happy. " At which Words the Elder embraced

" him,

" him, crying, My dear Brother, how ſhall I " repay this Affection for me? Tho' I ſhould " dare to riſque my Father's Diſpleaſure " by marrying this young Lady, yet I can " never ſuffer you to endanger your Wel- " fare; that very Conſideration would " keep me from doing it; or I ſhould be " miſerable in every Way.

" NOTWITHSTANDING this, *Andrew* con- " tinued perſuading his Brother to marry " Miſs *Savory*. My Father, ſays he, cannot " be long angry, we ſhall be both culpable " alike, make yourſelf happy. Perhaps, " ſays he, you may be ſacrificed to my " Mother's Inclinations: you know there " is in the Neighbourhood a young Lady " of great Fortune, and very diſagreeable " in Soul and Body; as my Mother is in- " clining to Avarice, you may be ſold to " this young Woman: only think what " Pain muſt be the Conſequence of being " divided from this angelic Creature; to " be tied to that Being which ſcarce de- " ſerves the Appellation of human in Soul " and Body.

" OH! my Brother, ſays the Elder, ſay " no more of that, my Blood thrills at the " Thought: Yet how can I dare to act in " this Affair without Conſent of the beſt " of Parents? one Year makes me of Age, " and then I can chuſe for myſelf." And

" half

" half that Time will oblige you to marry
" Miſs *Croſſgrain* (which was the Name of
" the Lady juſt mentioned) ſays *Andrew*:
" My Mother has told me that ſhe is en-
" deavouring to make the Match for my
" Sake; her Fortune is to be given to me,
" it ſeems. Now Brother, continued he,
" I ſhould have little Pleaſure in the En-
" joyment of that which muſt make you
" miſerable. Marry this Lady, and put
" yourſelf from the Power of being ren-
" dered eternally wretched.

" During the Time that young *Sterlin*
" was debating with himſelf, whether he
" ſhould follow the Dictates of Love, and
" the Perſuaſion of his Brother, Mrs. *Savory*
" the Mother was taken ill of a Diſeaſe,
" which ſoon finiſhed her Life.

" The Grief which he knew his dear *Pat-*
" *ty* muſt ſuffer on this Account, brought
" him immediately to the Houſe, where he
" uſed every Art to give her Conſolation;
" he was conſtantly with her; but an Af-
" fliction dwelling upon her Heart, beyond
" what was common in the Loſs of Parents,
" he chid her with great Tenderneſs for the
" Indulgence of a Grief exceeding what
" Duty demands. Miſs *Patty*, ſays he, you
" have indeed loſt the beſt of Mothers, but
" you have loſt no more than many others
" have done before. Oh! Mr. *Sterlin*,

" ſays ſhe, the Tear ſtealing down her wan " Cheek, I have loſt my All; the laſt " Word attended with a Sigh; though my " Brother is the beſt of Men, yet depending " on a Brother's Love, is a Situation " which naturally brings much Anxiety, " too much to permit my Heart to be at " Eaſe.

" Is that the Cauſe of my *Patty*'s Sor- " row, ſays young *Sterlin*; is my lovely " Maid left to a Brother's Care? I am " glad of it; nothing can give me greater " Joy.

" And can Mr. *Sterlin* rejoice in my " Miſery? ſays ſhe, weeping. No, my " deareſt *Patty*, ſays he, taking her in his " Arms, I rejoice in the Power which I " ſhall have in relieving you from your " Pain, and bind a grateful Heart to my " Happineſs for Years to come. Indeed, " indeed, ſays ſhe, there is no Occaſion for " that to make my Soul entirely yours; " my greateſt Anxiety aroſe from the Ap- " prehenſions which my Mind ſuffered, leſt—leſt—She could not ſpeak it out; " when, ſeizing her Hand, he cried, Can " you conceive me ſo degenerate a Crea- " ture to love you leſs, becauſe you de- " ſerve it more? Can my deareſt *Patty* " believe I will withdraw the Inclination " of making her happy, becauſe it is now

" more

" more effectually in my Power to ren-
" der her ſo? How can you think ſo un-
" generouſly of me? Still preſſing her
" Hand, and looking in her Face, with
" Tears of Joy, I will diſſipate this Anguiſh,
" ſays he, and make myſelf happy beyond
" the Power of Fate to change it; you will
" not refuſe to make me bleſt at this
" Moment, when you ſo ſenſibly feel the
" Pain of being in a dependant State, you
" will have the Tenderneſs to relieve my
" Heart from Suſpence, from that Senſa-
" tion which affects your own ſo nearly.

" THIS Circumſtance of Miſs *Savory*'s
" being left without a Fortune, operated
" ſo ſtrongly on the generous Heart of
" young *Starlin*, that he was now determi-
" ned to run all Riſque of his Father's
" Diſpleaſure, rather than not put this love-
" ly Creature out of Pain.

" HE therefore again conſulted his Bro-
" ther, and told him every Circumſtance
" of his *Patty*'s Diſtreſs and Situation;
" when *Andrew* with much Art praiſed the
" generous Diſpoſition of his Brother, and
" added, that unleſs the Marriage was ſoon
" compleated, it was probable that, from
" what he had heard from his Mother, he
" would be obliged to diſpleaſe their
" Parents doubly, in refuſing Miſs *Croſs-*
" *grain*, who will be propoſed to you, and

" in

" in marrying Miſs *Savory*: Whereas, ad-
" ded he, if you marry her before this
" Propoſition, you would avoid one half of
" the Fault which may be imputed to you,
" that of Diſobedience. *Andrew* therefore
" told him, We may eaſily obtain a Li-
" cence, by aſſerting that you are more
" than of Age, eſpecially as I will feign a
" Conſent under my Father's Hand, and
" declare that it came from him; and we
" ſhall eaſily get a Parſon to marry you;
" young *Savory* will be charmed to give
" his Conſent, and give his Siſter away.

" To this young *Sterlin* had but two
" Objections, which were, forging the Con-
" ſent of his Father, and telling a Lie, in
" ſaying that he was of Age; he could
" have ſuffered Martyrdom with more Re-
" ſolution. Says he, Brother, I ſhall be-
" tray myſelf, my Face will give my Words
" the Lie; I cannot uſe my Parent's
" Name, my Father's ſo unjuſtly, to forge
" it to a Falſhood.

" *Andrew* laughed at all this, and told
" him he forgot himſelf: It is I am to
" tranſact this Part; what have you to an-
" ſwer for what I do?

" This did not ſatisfy the Scruples of
" young *Sterlin*; yet *Andrew* ſtill ply'd him
" with the Image of Miſs *Croſsgrain*, and
" rallied him on his own Figure; What,

" ſaid

" ſaid he, you intend that the *Sterlins* ſhall " all be of my Make, a poor diſtorted " Race of miſerable Beings, made up of " Cough, Diſeaſe, and Crookedneſs; your " Children will probably be of that Stamp, " if you marry that Woman; when my " Father will deteſt the Sight of ſuch a " puny Race; and being convinced of his " Folly in having joined you to ſuch a " Woman, paſs the latter Part of his Life " in the Pain of repenting for this Weak- " neſs.

" WHEREAS thoſe Children which you " will have by Miſs *Savory*, being all " ſtrong, beautiful, and healthy, will win " every Moment on his Affections, and " impart that Promiſe, ſo delicious to a " Father's Eye and Imagination, of hav- " ing a long Train of Poſterity carried on " through a beautiful Race of Beings, as " the *Sterlin*'s have hitherto been, my " *Æſop* Figure excepted.

" BUT, ſays young *Sterlin*, ſuch a Mar- " riage would not be effectual; my Father " may treat the Clergyman in a manner I " ſhould not chuſe to have him treated. " Tho' I would myſelf ſuffer any Pain to " be poſſeſſed of my deareſt *Patty*, yet it is " extreamly hard, that the Innocent ſhould " ſuffer for the Guilty, and he be puniſhed " for a Crime of which I am only cul-

" pable.

" pable. Heaven forbid that my Happi-
" neſs ſhould bring Miſery to another!

" *Andrew*, however, got the better of
" this Sentiment by Time and Perſuaſion,
" aſſiſted by the Power of Love, which
" ſaps the Foundation of every Reſolution,
" and ſubdues the Soul of all whom he
" truly attacks.

" He filled his Brother's Imagination
" with the hideous Image of Miſs *Croſs-*
" *grain*, and perſuaded him, with all the
" Inſinuation of Hypocriſy, to ſecure him-
" ſelf from being eternally made miſe-
" rable: You may marry now, my Fa-
" ther need not know any thing of it till
" you are more than of Age; and if you
" ſhould be deſired to wed that diſagree-
" able Creature before that Time, you may
" diſcover your prior Engagement: you
" muſt remember what my Father has
" often ſaid, that in his Opinion the Mar-
" riage Ceremony once performed, no Law
" had a Right to annul it; at leaſt, he ſaid,
" I ſhould think myſelf culpable of the
" greateſt Crime, if I ſeparated my Child
" from the Perſon whom he had cohabited
" with after the Ceremony, and under the
" Belief of Matrimony.

" Persuasion to the Poſſeſſion of our De-
" ſires, and Fears of being tied to the Ob-
" ject of our Averſion, what Heart can re-
" ſiſt?

" ſiſt? Young *Sterlin* was prevailed on to
" tranſact the whole Affair in the Manner
" his Brother had deviſed; the laſt con-
" ducting the whole, counterfeiting the
" Father's Conſent, and aſſerting his Bro-
" ther was more than of Age. The Letter
" which he had written as coming from
" his Father, which was ſhewn to the
" Clergyman, I have obtained a Copy of,
" and have inſerted in this Place:

My dear Son,

" THO' it would give me great Plea-
" ſure to hear that you had taken
" a Reſolution not to marry the young
" Lady whom you tell me you are ſo paſ-
" ſionately fond of, particularly as you are
" yet too young, your Studies unfiniſhed
" at the Univerſity, and the Lady's For-
" tune ſo very ſmall; yet, as you aſſure
" me that your whole Happineſs depends
" upon it, and as your Brother joins in
" the Requeſt, my Heart is perhaps too
" indulgent in this Reſpect to refuſe you
" your Requeſt.

" You will remember, my dear Child,
" that you will be obliged, by this means,
" to live on much leſs than if this young
" Lady brought you a Fortune; and con-
" ſider whether, after the Moments of

" Dalliance

" Dalliance are at an End, you can be con-
" tent with that Competency which Œco-
" nomy can only make ſuch, which is all
" I can afford you till I am no more,
" Will Love palliate the Inconveniencies
" which attend a ſmall Income, and make
" ſuch a Life agreeable? May not this
" create ſome ſecret Wiſhes for my Death,
" which may yet not be ſo diſguiſed as to
" eſcape my Perception, and thus ren-
" der us both unhappy? Reflect on theſe
" Things, and then if your Duty to me,
" and Love to this Lad, can be preſerved
" under the above Circumſtances, make
" yourſelf unhappy, and of Conſequence
" me, who am,

" *Your moſt affectionate Father,*

Sterlin-Hall. " John Sterlin."

" THUS young *Sterlin* was married to
" Miſs *Savory*, her Brother giving her
" away. Nothing of this tranſpired dur-
" ing the Time before young *Sterlin* came
" of Age; ten thouſand times he embra-
" ced his Brother *Andrew*, and told him,
" that to him he was indebted for all his
" Happineſs. You know not, ſays he,
" how amiable that lovely Creature is with
" whom I am married; her Perſon is the

" leaſt

" leaſt of her Excellencies ; ſuch an Un-
" derſtanding with ſo ſweet a Diſpoſition,
" Heaven has never before united in one
" human Creature.

" And now, *John* being of Age, it was
" that *Andrew* thought it neceſſary that his
" Father ſhould be acquainted with the
" Marriage of his elder Brother ; he there-
" fore pretended to be more indiſpoſed than
" uſual, and went into the Country to re-
" cover his Health, leaving his Brother at
" *Oxford*.

" To his Mother he firſt declared the
" Secret of his Brother's Marriage, who
" received it like a Token of Death, for
" ſhe had really intended that he ſhould
" marry Miſs *Croſsgrain*, and ſacrifice Beau-
" ty, Senſe, and Good-nature to Defor-
" mity, on purpoſe that her Fortune might
" provide for her Favourite *Andrew*.

" This firſt Senſation paſſing off, ſhe
" immediately diſcloſed the Affair to Mr.
" *Sterlin*, not ſcrupling to add all the In-
" vectives with which diſappointed Wo-
" man in the pure Spirit of Ill-nature,
" can illuſtrate her Averſion. The Fa-
" ther, whoſe Heart was pure Benevo-
" lence, ſaid he was extremely ſorry for
" it : But, my Dear, ſays he, we muſt not
" totally reject the poor Lad for this
" miſtaken Action : Beauty has Powers

" which

" which may eaſily ſubdue a Heart like
" his, and Forgiveneſs becomes human Na-
" ture, particularly Parents; who ſtand
" ſo much in need of Pardon, for Faults
" of a ſuperior Kind. You may talk
" of Beauty and its Powers, and forgive
" him, ſays the Mother, if you will, but I
" ſhall not. However at length ſhe was
" ſomewhat ſoftened by *Andrew*'s Perſwa-
" ſion; the eldeſt Son intreated the For-
" giveneſs of his Parents in a Letter which
" reconciled his Father's Heart entirely;
" and his Wife wrote one to Mrs. *Sterlin*,
" which I have inſerted from the peculiar
" Spirit of good Senſe, which ſeems to
" run thro' it.

To Mrs. *Sterlin*.

Madam,

" THE only Pain which I am capable of
" taſting, whilſt I am bleſs'd in Mr.
" *Sterlin*'s Love, is, that what makes me
" the happieſt of Women ſhould have
" created him your Diſpleaſure.

" I AM truly ſenſible how little I merited
" his Eſteem, and yet I had not Reſolu-
" tion ſufficient to make me renounce the
" Bliſs of being united to all I love. Be-
" lieve me, Madam, if true Paſſion can
" attone for Want of Fortune, and the

" Plea-

" Pleaſure of being adored and ſerved by
" me, make amends for the Loſs of Mag-
" ficence; his Happineſs will be as com-
" plete as thoſe who paſs their Days in the
" greateſt Splendour.

" NOTHING can add to my Bliſs, ſo
" much as a Power of manifeſting how
" much my Deſire is to prove that Duty
" I owe the Parents of him I love. If you
" ſhould deny me this Felicity; let me in-
" treat you to pardon my dear Huſband,
" take him back to thoſe parental Affec-
" tions, which no Son ever better deſerved;
" nor let him ſuffer for what I am chiefly
" the Cauſe.

" I WILL hope that he ſhall be reſtored
" to your Favour, I would even hope that
" the Day may come, when you, Madam,
" may not entirely diſapprove the Liberty
" I now take of ſubſcribing myſelf,

" *Your moſt Dutiful,*

" *and Obedient Daughter,*

Oxford. " PAT. STERLIN.

" THIS Letter, tho' it made no Impreſſion
" on the Mother's Heart, was very ſenſi-
" bly received by the Father; he ſaid, that

" Wo-

" Woman could not be deſtitute of good " Senſe, good Nature, and good Manners, " who could write in that Manner; and " as to her Perſon, all the World unite in " agreeing, that ſhe is extremely hand- " ſome, ſays he.

" This then determined the Father to " take a Journey to *Oxford* to ſee his Son, " and to be reconciled to him. He ſaw " the Errors which proceed from Love in " a favourable Light; and had a Heart " ſuſceptible of the moſt refined Touches " of that Paſſion: tho' his Wife was rather " the Object of the Deſire of mending his " Fortune than that of Tenderneſs; yet " good Nature had kept him from all ill " Behaviour, and Honour from other " Purſuits, where the Heart might have " found more Allurements and Delight. " Theſe Deficiences in Life, he had proved, " were but badly atoned for by Opulence; " he therefore beheld his Son's Behaviour " in a favourable Light; and could not " openly condemn in him, that which in " his own Soul he ſecretly approved.

" Mr. *Sterlin* ſat out on his Journey for " *Oxford*, without letting his youngeſt Son " know where he was going, or informing " his Eldeſt that he was coming to viſit him.

" Arriving at *Oxford*, he ſoon found " the Habitation of Mr. *Savory*, with whom

" his

" his Son and his Wife were at that Time, " when aſking of a Servant at the Door, " if Mr. *Sterlin* was at Home, and being " told yes, he deſired to ſee him; the Foot- " man entering with the Meſſage to his " Maſter, that a Gentleman deſired to ſee " Mr. *Sterlin*, he bid the Servant aſk the " Gentleman to walk in. At this Moment " there was in the Parlour, Mr. *Savory* and " his unmarried Siſter, Mr. *Sterlin* and his " Wife, the laſt was playing on the Harpſi- " cord and ſinging a new Song, her Huſ- " band ſtanding by her in Admiration; and " with a gentle Tap on the Cheek, he ſaid, " juſt as the Gentleman entered, *Patty*, thou " art certainly the prettieſt Ballad-Singer in " *Europe*; at which Words, ſtooping to " give her a Kiſs, the Door open'd; and " turning his Eyes that Way he ſaw his " Father; that very Moment ſtarting from " the Place he ſtood in, he ruſh'd into his " Father's Arms, crying out, my Father! " —My Son! ſays the Father, embracing " him, and then, not another Word found " Utterance from either of their Lips, their " Tears choak'd their Paſſage.

" All were much alarmed by this un- " expected Viſit, particularly Mrs. *Sterlin*, " who roſe from her Seat, and fell on her " Knees to the Father of her Huſband; at the " ſame time taking hold on the Skirt of his

" Coat, and looking up to his Face with " the Tenderneſs of a *Magdalene*, from " the Pencil of *Guido*. She cou'd not " ſeize his Hand, becauſe that was engaged " in embracing his Son to his Boſom, the " Tears running down in Silence from the " Eyes of the Parent and Child.

" At length ſhe broke Silence, Will " you, Sir, pardon my dear Mr. *Sterlin*? " Will you receive him again into your pa- " rental Affection? Shall he be permitted " to call you Father? Shall I be honoured " with the Name of your Daughter? ſhe " ſaid. At which Words, the Father " looking to the Place from whence the " Voice came, and to which he had not " before attended, withdrew his Arms from " embracing his Son; and turning to the " Lady on her Knees, he ſtoop'd to raiſe " her up; aſking if ſhe was the Wife of " his Son? I am Sir, ſays ſhe, that happy " Being. And a happy Being you ſhall be, " ſays the Father. Yes I will forgive him " and you, when taking her to his Arms, " he cried, here I acknowledge you my " Child from my Soul; being ſtrongly " ſtruck with her Beauty, the beſt Advo- " cate in Nature for the Foibles of Love. " When looking on her with Attention he " ſaid, ſmiling, if I had been a Bachelor, " I think I ſhould have loved you myſelf;

" (at

" (at the ſame Time kiſſing her with Af-
" fection) may every earthly Joy attend
" you both; what I can do to make you
" happy, you may depend on it, ſhall be
" my future Purſuit and Pleaſure. The
" Son and his Lady then fell on their Knees,
" and the Father gave them that Bleſſing
" in Words which he ever after endeavour-
" ed to accompliſh by his Behaviour.

" He then paid his Compliments to Mr.
" *Savory*, and very politely ſaid, he hoped
" that this Union in their Families, wou'd
" be a Happineſs to both; when turning
" to his Daughter, and taking her Hand
" with much polite Tenderneſs, he ſaid,
" with all the Air of the beſt Good-nature,
" if I had imagined you had been ſo very
" amiable, I ſhou'd not have poſtponed
" my Journey to this City ſo long. Which
" Compliment ſhe received with a truly
" heart-felt Joy, ſmiling, bluſhing, and
" returning it with the moſt reſpectful Cur-
" teſy; the Son crying, My Father!
" choak'd with Tears of Joy.

" The old Gentleman tarried a Week
" with his Children, and hourly loved the
" young Lady more and more; he was
" enchanted with her Singing and Playing,
" the Politeneſs of her Behaviour, the com-
" plaiſant Air ſhe gave to all that her Duty
" could poſſibly do for him. She caught

" his Inclination from his Eyes, and fore-
" ſtall'd his Deſires, by providing him with
" what he liked, which ſhe drew from him
" in Converſation without his knowing it:
" All theſe Things made the Father ena-
" mour'd of his Daughter, he return'd to
" his Seat in Raptures, and continual Praiſe
" of his Son's Choice.

" BEFORE he left the Univerſity, his Son
" and he had agreed on what ſhou'd be his
" Part of the Eſtate, and determined on
" repairing a Manor-houſe, which was two
" Miles diſtant from his own, not elegant
" but commodious and pleaſantly ſituated.

" THIS, my Son, ſays the Father, will
" be more pleaſing to my Daughter, than
" living with a Mother-in-Law; ſhe will
" be Miſtreſs of her own Houſe, though
" ſmaller than mine: and then you may
" play the Fool, be fond, and love one
" another, as well you will; which elderly
" Women, who have never been handſome,
" look upon with a malicious Eye, and
" which wou'd be diſpleaſing to your
" Mother. I am only afraid I ſhall love
" this Girl too well, ſays he, taking her
" Hand and ſmiling. I ſhall plague you
" with my Company, Huſſy. You will not
" turn me out of Doors I hope, Will you?
" Yes I will, ſays ſhe. For what Reaſon
" pray, ſays the Father? For the Sake of

" em-

" embracing you, and giving you a wel-
" come Kiſs every Time you come: I
" ſhall want a Pretext for that Behaviour,
" but on theſe Occaſions. Very well, I
" perceive you know your Man already,
" I ſhall be cajol'd out of every Thing, I
" foreſee that, ſays the Father.

" THE Manor-houſe being repaired, this
" Couple, their Brother and Siſter *Savory*
" accompanying them, went into the Coun-
" try, where the Father received them with
" great Joy; the Mother cou'd not avoid
" being decent on this Occaſion, and *An-*
" *drew* feigned a Satisfaction, which ap-
" pear'd ſurprizing to his Father who knew
" his Diſpoſition: He fanſied him meta-
" morphoſed in Soul, and rejoiced at his
" being pleaſed with his new Siſter.

" No Couple was ever happier than this,
" no Father had ever more Delight in a
" Daughter than this good Man. Their
" Progeny was as beautiful as ever came
" from the Hands of Nature, on which
" the Grandfather doated, and even the
" Grandmother allowed they were fine
" Children.

" THUS paſt the Time in the moſt com-
" plete Happineſs, the Grandfather viſited
" the Son every Day, or was viſited by him
" and his Family; he was often heard to
" ſay, that he was the happieſt Man alive,

" and to his Daughter, you have made me
" the happieſt Grandfather upon Earth:
" Half his Converſation was repeating what
" his Grandchildren had ſaid, to thoſe that
" viſited him. *Andrew* himſelf pretended
" to be extremely fond of his Brother's
" Family. During this Time the Father
" had never been acquainted that his Son
" was not of Age when he was married, and
" the Son himſelf had never conceived that
" his Brother wou'd make an ill Uſe of
" that Tranſaction. At length the Small-
" pox attack'd the eldeſt Child, who re-
" covered from the Diſeaſe which infected
" the others. During this Time, this
" lovely Woman never deſerted the Bed of
" her Children, tho' ſhe had never paſſed
" that fatal Diſorder; no Perſwaſions of
" her Huſband cou'd keep her from their
" Attendance, ſo affectionately ſhe loved
" them.

" At length ſhe fell ill of the ſame Diſ-
" ſeaſe and expired. Who alas! can ex-
" preſs the Anguiſh which this unhappy
" Huſband felt on this Account? All that
" Bloom which covered his Cheeks faded to
" a deadly pale, all the Joy that revel'd at
" his Heart, forſook that Abode. He could
" not bear to hear the Name of his little
" Girl pronounced, becauſe ſhe was called
" *Patty*, after her Mamma; and when he

" ſat

" ſat at Table with his Children, he would
" turn his Eyes from one to the other, and
" then to the Place where that lovely Woman
" uſed to ſit, and ſighing from his Soul,
" the Tears would ſteal down his Face ſe-
" cretly and ſilently; nor did he ever dare
" to enter the Room where ſhe expir'd.

" His Father wou'd often ſay, my Son,
" remember you are a Man, and how ne-
" ceſſary it is that you live for theſe poor
" Children; when the ſame Weakneſs tak-
" ing hold of him alſo, he felt his Powers
" of Perſwaſion were very badly able to
" reſiſt the Grief which attacked his Child
" on this Account. Says he, my Son
" my Life is wrapt in yours; thoſe Chil-
" dren want you; I want you; defend them
" from Injury; keep me from Sorrow;
" keep my poor grey Hairs from Sorrow,
" at theſe laſt declining Hours of Life.
" Let my laſt Sun ſet in Peace, tho' not in
" Pleaſure, ſince my ——, he would not
" ſay *Patty*, thro' fear of diſquieting his Son.
" Alas! Sir, ſays the Son, thoſe for whom
" I ſhould live, for ever remind me of what
" I have loſt. Thoſe ſhining Eyes, thoſe
" blooming Countenances, thoſe elegant
" Shapes, are all derived from her I loved;
" ſhe ſpeaks in every Soul, and her Image
" is for ever before me. My Eyes, cloſed in
" Sleep, cannot exclude her from my Ima-

" gination; and all my waking Hours are
" paſt, where ſhe is united with every Ob-
" ject round. Philoſophy in vain has at-
" tempted to drive her from my Boſom;
" I find my Heart preſerves her Idea, in
" ſpite of Reſolution, and is every Moment
" breaking with Deſpair.

" INDEED he ſurvived but a few Months
" after the Death of his dear *Patty*, pining
" away in Grief, inſenſibly: Judge of his
" former Happineſs by the Pain he felt at
" her Loſs.

" THIS Affliction ſo ſenſibly touched the
" Soul of his Father, that he ſcarce enjoy'd
" a Moment's Repoſe; he was always with
" the Children, and loved them amazingly,
" frequently weeping for their Loſs. At
" laſt Death put an End to his Life, his
" Wife was dead before, and he left them
" to the Care of his Son *Andrew*. My Son,
" ſays he, before he died, to you I leave
" the Care of theſe helpleſs Orphans; they
" are your's by Nature, let that ſpeak in
" their Behalf, you perhaps know not what
" Joy it will give you to provide for theſe
" beautiful Children. It will not be diffi-
" cult to conceive they are your own;
" Time and their Affection may eaſily in-
" duce you to this Belief. Increaſe the
" Eſtate by your Frugality, and ſave from
" its Revenues that which will be ſufficient

" to

" to pay the two younger that Fortune
" which I have left them, you are amply
" provided for by mine and your Mother's
" Care; may the God of all bleſs you as
" you provide for them.

" To this *Andrew* anſwer'd with that
" hypocritic Smile which accompanies the
" Heart of thoſe who have deceived the
" World, and are juſt going to reap the
" Advantage of it; and the Father expired
" in that Tranquillity which attends the
" laſt Minutes of virtuous Men.

" No ſooner was his Father dead, than
" *Andrew* claim'd his Right to the Eſtate;
" he ſaid the Children were all Baſtards, that
" his Brother was married before he was at
" Age, and without the Conſent of his Fa-
" ther; and for that Reaſon he was Heir to
" the *Sterlin* Eſtate. Says he, theſe Children
" muſt be ſent away, they have no Right
" here, I ſhall maintain no Brother's Baſtards.

" This was ſoon ſpread over the whole
" County, when an old Servant who had
" long lived in their Grandfather's Family,
" and lov'd their Father as his own Child,
" whom he had borne a thouſand times in
" his Arms, and had frequently viſited to
" ſee theſe Children, whom he loved alſo,
" came to expoſtulate with the Uncle.

" This Man had purchaſed a Leaſe of
" three Lives, on an Eſtate of fourſcore

" Pounds a Year, from Mr. *Sterlin*; on " which he lived, and had ſaved a good " deal of Ready Money on it. He was of " great Integrity, and had a Senſe of Ho- " nour and Humanity not to be found in " every Lord in *England*, and as good an " Underſtanding as need conduct a Man " thro' the World; perhaps equal to that " of ſome of thoſe Miniſters which have " aſſiſted in bringing this Kingdom to its " preſent flouriſhing Condition in Power, " Morals, Literature and Religion!

" At his coming to *Sterlin-Hall*, he " aſked after the young Family, and Mr. " *Andrew*. Says he, I am come to zee " my young Lord zince the Death of his " Grandfather, (pretending to know no- " thing of what was done by the Uncle,) " Methinks I ſhould be glad to zee him.

" You are miſtaken, ſays the Servant, " my Maſter is your Lord now. Your " Maſter my Lord! ſays Farmer *Mean-* " *well*. Why is not young 'Squire *John* " the eldeſt Brother's Zon? Whins, what " be the Laws changed? I thought the eld- " deſt Brother's Zon had always been the " Heir of the Eſtate; this zeemeth cruel " ſtrange to me.

" This ſhort Converſation being finiſh'd, " Farmer *Meanwell* was introduced by the " Servant to his Maſter.

" Mas-

" MASTER, your Zervant, ſays the Far-
" mer. I am a come to zee my young
" Lord, but your Zarvant telleth me you
" be the Heir of the Eſtate. How is't
" good now? Why, I always thought the
" eldeſt Brother's Children inherited the
" Eſtate, and not the younger Brother.

" BASTARDS don't inherit any Eſtates,
" be whoſe they will, ſays Mr. *Sterlin* with
" no very pleaſing Pronunciation.

" BASTARDS! replied the Farmer, God
" bleſs my Zoul! Why I have heard my
" old Maſter call her Daughter, and you,
" Sir, Zizter, a thouſand Times. Why
" the Oman never paſt for being worſe
" than ſhe ſhould be, during her Life.
" Why all the World thought her the beſt
" Oman in it; to my Mind, ſhe zeem'd
" a clever Zort of a Lady as ever I zee'd.
" Why ſhe was married to Mr. *John Sterlin*,
" was not ſhe? Why, I have heard you
" were at the Wedding, Zir; you know
" be zure, if they were married or not.

" They were married, ſays Mr. *Sterlin*,
" but it was before her Huſband was of
" Age, and without my Father's Conſent.

" WHINS, ſays the Farmer, but my old
" Maſter agreed to it within ſix Months
" after, and loved her as a Child of his
" own. Have not I zeed 'en doat upon
" her? Why zure there's no need of mar-

" rying

" rying one Oman twice. But Mazter,
" when you knew all this, why did'nt you
" tell your Father of it? Methinks, it doth
" not look well, that you zhould conceal
" this Story zo long; the World will be
" buzy with your Character. He Cod Zir,
" poor as iz am, I wou'd not have your
" Eſtate upon zuch Terms. I would ra-
" ther be turned out a-door naked, with
" the bare Blezzing of God upon me, than
" have *Sterlin-Hall*, and all your Fortune,
" upon zuch Conditions. But be zure you
" only joke, you don't mean to keep the
" Fatherleſs and Motherleſs from their E-
" ſtates; I know you'll give it to them az
" zoon az the eldeſt is of Age.

" Not I indeed, ſays he; I hope to have
" Children of my own, what the Law has
" given me I ſhall preſerve. What makes
" any thing our own but the Laws? There-
" fore pray no more of this Converſation,
" or I ſhall remember it when you may add
" a third Life on your Eſtate.

" He Cod Zir, ſays the Farmer, I'll zee
" Juſtice done to theſe three poor Children,
" or I'll zpend my whole Farm. Why
" zertain the Laws can never be in your
" Favour; they won't null Marriages that
" have been acknowledged in this Manner.
" Maſter, I'll try't with you. Iz have a got
" all Iz have in the Zarvice of the Vamily,

" and

" and I'll zpend all Iz have in the Zarvice
" of the Vamily, the Fatherleſs and Mo-
" therleſs are the Care of Heaven, and I'll
" try this Matter with you; thereſore don't
" ye be angry, for I'll do't coſt all Iz
" have.

" To this the other anſwer'd, the Chil-
" dren ſhall be To-morrow turn'd out of
" Door, when you may take them if you
" will; I ſhall maintain no Brother's Ba-
" ſtards, let the Pariſh ſupport them. At
" which Words he turn'd upon his Heel,
" and walk'd off. Yez Mazter, zo the
" Pariſh ſhall, when I have no Bread to
" give them. Poor Babes, ſays the Far-
" mer, will no one ſtand your Friends but
" I? Muſt zuch lovely Creatures be hur-
" ried out of their own Dwelling, by an
" Uncle who hath no Right to it, and
" be received in my poor Houze? I have
" no Children of my own; my Wife
" nurz'd your Father, ſhe will do the zame
" by you, I know it; and I am zure, the
" Blezzing of Heaven will attend my De-
" zigns. Where be they, ſays the Far-
" mer? I doubt not of zeeing them all
" happy yet, at *Sterlin-hall*. At which
" Words, he was ſhewn where they were,
" by a Servant who paid them no Regard,
" in Complaiſance to his Maſter's Beha-
" viour; ſaying ſlightingly, there they

" are. You Villain, ſays the Farmer,
" do you treat them in this Manner too?
" Clinching his Fiſt at him, (and with dif-
" ficulty refraining from ſtriking him) muſt
" ſuch Rogues as you inſult their Diſtreſs?
" When he came into the Room, he burſt
" into Tears, and kiſſed them tenderly;
" there was only one Maid-ſervant, who
" had never quitted them ſince her Lady's
" Death. This poor Creature had been
" their Companion and Friend, lamenting
" conſtantly the unhappy Fate of theſe moſt
" lovely Orphans.

" THIS Woman the Farmer took with
" him alſo to his own Houſe, to wait on
" the Children, where they now remain;
" and are as well taken Care of as his Cir-
" cumſtances will permit. He honours
" them as his Maſter's Children, and the
" Eldeſt as his young Lord. His Wife
" doats upon them to Exceſs. Their Uncle
" *Savory* is alſo dead; and as he died with-
" out Children, theſe being eſteem'd as
" Baſtards cannot inherit that Part of his
" Eſtate, which ſhould have devolved to
" them by his Death. However, the Aunt
" has promiſed to ſupport the Chancery-
" ſuit which is begun on this Affair; the
" Farmer takes the Conduct of it upon
" himſelf, and can prove the whole Story

" as

" as I have here related it, what will be " the Event of it Time muſt diſcover.

" THUS, Ladies, ſays Mr. *Thoroughgood*, " you ſee by the ſpecial Favour of Heaven, " thoſe lovely Creatures are only defended " from being ſupported by the Pariſh.

" IF Brothers, ſays Sir *William*, inſnare " Brothers in this Manner, what is to be " expected from more diſtant Relations? " who will often from the Nature of Things " have it in their Power to ruin the Poſte- " rity of the Innocent, by Craft and Cir- " cumvention; at leaſt this Law has " thrown a Temptation in their Way un- " known before."

" UNHAPPY Infants, ſays Lady *Worthy*, " tho' I knew not their Parents, one of " them ſhall be my Care, if they are de- " prived of their Fortunes by the Law." " And another mine, ſays Lady *Oliver*." " And the third ſhall be mine, ſays Mrs. " *Thoroughgood*." " With all our Hearts." ſaid the three Huſbands, much applauding their Ladies generous and humane Souls.

" WELL, ſays Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I have " found Reward enough for writing this " Story, in the Effects it has produced on " your Hearts, Ladies." " Indeed, ſaid " the whole Company, it is an intereſting " Account." " But methinks, ſays my " Lady *Hearty*, you promiſed us another.

" All

" All Women are alike, you ſee, Sir *William*, " ſays Sir *Oliver*. Lady *Worthy* would have " perſuaded him to read laſt Night after his " Journey; and my good Dame is a very " unfair Sportſwoman. She is for running the " Hare which has given us ſo much Plea- " ſure quite down, and not preſerving him " for another Chace."

" I ASK your Pardon, my dear, ſays Lady " *Hearty*; indeed I own, I was too much " pleas'd with the Account, to think of " any one but myſelf. Mr. *Thoroughgood* " will pardon me; I will wait, tho' with " ſome Impatience, till he ſhall pleaſe to " give us what remains."

" AFTER Dinner, ſays Sir *William*; in " the mean while, you ſhall ſee my new " Alterations, my Plantations and Build- " ings."

THEY then took a Circuit in the Park and Gardens, after which retiring to Din- ner, they gave us an Opportunity of retir- ing from the Reader, and cloſing this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXV.

The Hiſtory of Miſs Sally Standiſh. *The excellent Effects of Tyranny in Parents, as particularly enforced by the Marriage Act. A Specimen of a Miſer's and an Attorney's Love. A Flight into* London, *and a Purſuit. A* London *Rider introduced into this Hiſtory: The particular Method of beginning a Journey obſerved by theſe kind of Gentlemen. A Blunder of old* Standiſh, *which drives a Gentleman out of the Window, and a Lady into a decent Fit of Anger; together with a Sketch of mine Hoſt at the* George *at* Hounſlow.

THE Dinner being ended, Mr. *Thoroughgood* was again preſs'd to favour the Ladies with the remaining Stories which he had written; which, however, was over-ruled by the two Baronets till after Tea, when Mr. *Thoroughgood* began the ſecond Story as follows:

"IN a Village not far from *Dorcheſter*, "lived an Attorney who had two Sons, "and an only Daughter; ſhe was hand- "ſome, and that brought her many Ad- "mirers; her Father was ſuppoſed to be "able to give her two thouſand Pounds "down,

" down, and as much more at his Death.
" Amongſt the Number who beheld her
" with favourable Eyes, there was an old
" Bachelor extremely rich for one of that
" Part of the World; he was as avaritious
" as wealthy, and denied himſelf almoſt
" every Thing which puts the Life of the
" Rich ſuperior to that of the Poor; he
" had no Idea of Pleaſure, but that of
" poſſeſſing what he could not enjoy, which
" is a Kind of Poverty but little different
" from real Want. The Hand that can-
" not touch it, and the Heart which will
" not, are hardly diſtinguiſhable in their
" Effects and Practice.

" THIS Man, whoſe Name was *Small-*
" *wood*, had a mind to have Heirs to his
" Eſtate, and had conceived as great an
" Affection for Miſs *Sally Standiſh*, for that
" was her Name, as he could for any thing
" but his Money, and had propoſed him-
" ſelf to her Father, as willing to take his
" Daughter with a ſmall Fortune in hand,
" if he would ſettle her handſomely after
" his Death. Old *Standiſh* loved Money
" as well as 'Squire *Smallwood*; he laughed
" at all Marriages of Love, and could not
" conceive what it meant; he had been a
" Tyrant of a Huſband to a good Wife,
" who was now no more, and continued
" the ſame Diſpoſition to his Daughter,

" whom

" whom he held in the greateſt Subjection,
" yet loved her as well as he could love any
" Thing that would not yield Money. He
" therefore acquainted his Daughter with
" the 'Squire's Offer, and bid her receive
" him with Complaiſance, as a Perſon
" whom ſhe was to marry.

" NOTHING is ſo deteſtable to young
" People whoſe Diſpoſitions are right in
" Nature, as Avarice; and when it is joined
" with a diſagreeable Perſon, and Age, it
" is next to impoſſible, that any Conſide-
" ration can make it agreeable to Youth.

" HOWEVER, 'Squire *Smallwood* having
" put on a clean Cheat over his Shirt, and
" a Pair of clean Sleeves, for it was the
" Middle of the Week, and Frugality
" continually adviſed him to change Shirts
" but once in ſeven Days; his Wig was
" powdered, and a new Curl put to the
" Bottom of it. Dreſs'd in his beſt Clothes
" he came to make his firſt Viſit to Miſs
" *Standiſh*. Whatever he was deficient in
" tender Expreſſions, he made ample a-
" mends for in talking of his Eſtates, not
" forgetting one Acre which belonged to
" either of them, in his Converſation.
" During this Time, he caſt ſeveral tender
" Looks on the young Lady, and let fly
" three or four waggiſh Jokes, which, tho'
" very arch, we ſhall omit in this Narra-
" tion.

" tion. At laſt, after having ſqueezed the " young Lady by the Hand, and laughing " like a Horſe that neighs, he took Leave " for the firſt time. If the Heart of this " young Lady had not been prepoſſeſſed " in favour of another, ſhe could not have " avoided deteſting this wretched Being, " whoſe famiſh'd Face was more hideous " than an Apparition to the Eyes of Youth " and Lovelineſs.

" It happened, however, at the ſame " Time, that there lived a young Gentle- " man in the Father's Houſe, who was his " Clerk, and whoſe Time was almoſt ex- " pired. This young Man the young Lady " had long loved, and he had made Pre- " tenſions of being equally enamour'd with " her; his Heart, notwithſtanding this, " was not the moſt tender, and his Ho- " nour was exactly of the Attorney Stand- " ard, which is ever ready to be weighed a- " gainſt Gold, and pretty ſure to be out- " balanced.

" This Amour was utterly unknown " to the Father. At Night, therefore, " when the uſual Opportunity of being to- " gether was come, the young Lady diſ- " cloſed to Mr. *Wright*, this was his Name, " the Affair of her new Lover, and the " Horror ſhe was in, leſt her Father ſhould " oblige her to marry old *Smallwood*.

" Good

" Good Heavens! ſays ſhe, to be incloſed
" in the Arms of that ſhocking Creature,
" appears to me to be more miſerable
" than Baniſhment or Death; how ſhall
" I avoid it? tell me, Mr. *Wright*, how
" ſhall I fly this deteſted Man. *Wright*
" told her he would marry her with all
" his Heart: But, ſays he, my dear *Sally*,
" the Marriage will be of no Conſequence,
" and, perhaps, it will be extremely diffi-
" cult to get a Parſon who will do that
" Office, as you want two Years of being
" of Age. You have no Security, ſays he,
" but flying from your Father with me,
" who, perhaps, as you are his favourite
" Child, may be glad to be reconciled,
" and thus conſent to the making me eter-
" nally happy.—This Reſolution they in-
" tended taking, if the Father could not
" be prevailed on to deſiſt from obliging
" her to marry 'Squire *Smallwood*.

" The next Day the Lover came again,
" every Moment made him more and more
" odious to her Eyes, his Kiſſes were like
" the icy Touch of Death, and his Breath
" as ſuffocating and poiſonous as the Ex-
" halation of the ancient *Avernus* in *Italy*.
" In reality, he became ſo deteſtable to
" her Thoughts, that ſhe could not ſuffer
" the Idea of being wedded to that Man
" for Life.

" She

" She therefore determined to reveal " this Resolution to her Father, tho' she " knew his fiery Temper and Impetuosity; " and if she could not prevail on him to " suffer her to refuse this horrid Man, to " fly from him with Mr. *Wright*, what- " ever might be her Fate.

" One Day she opened the Affair to her " Father, begging him to hear her with " Patience; she laid before him the Dif- " ference of Age between her and Mr. " *Smallwood*, his disagreeable Person, his " shocking Avarice, and all that could be " reasonably urged against him.

" To which the old Man answer'd, with " an Oath, that unless she married him, " she should never inherit a Groat of " his Fortune; and you cannot marry " another yet awhile by the Laws; and " therefore, says he, I insist upon it that you " give him your Consent; what is Age, " Uglineſs, and Avarice, when he will set- " tle you a Jointure of five hundred Pounds " *per Annum?*

" To this she made no Reply; she knew " his Passions were as impetuous as the " Hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and bore no Op- " position; the Cataracts of the *Nile* are " not less easily stopt than his Resolutions. " She therefore determined to fly with " Mr. *Wright*, who was ready to leave the

" House,

" Houſe, his Clerkſhip being expired.
" This young Man, tho' he would gladly
" have married her with a Fortune, yet he
" was determined not to do it without:
" He therefore thought this the ſhorteſt
" Way to come at both, and knew that
" he ſhould have Poſſeſſion of her Perſon
" at leaſt, though nothing more ſhould
" be the Conſequence of it.

" THE Time was therefore appointed
" when they ſhould fly together; but be-
" fore they left her Father's Houſe, ſhe
" obliged *Wright* to invoke every Power
" of Heaven to the Truth of his Reſolu-
" tion of marrying her the Day ſhe came
" of Age. This he affirmed by every kind
" of Aſſeveration. The Time being come
" when the Father was gone to collect the
" Rents of a Gentleman whoſe Steward he
" was, this Couple took the Opportunity
" of leaving his Houſe, and going Poſt in
" a Chaiſe together to *London*.

" IT is but of little Conſequence to men-
" tion the Rage her Father was in at the
" Diſcovery of his Daughter's Elopement;
" he ſwore ten thouſand Oaths that he
" would ſhoot both *Wright* and her; and
" as it was but that Morning they left his
" Houſe, he was determined to purſue
" them, and be the Death of both where-
" ever he found them. It ſeems his Daugh-

" ter had left a Letter for her Father, which " he found at his coming home."

Honoured Sir,

" THE Man whom you would oblige " me to marry, is ſo thoroughly " odious to my Apprehenſions, that I could " with more Pleaſure have gone to my Exe- " cution, than to the Altar with him.

" PRAY, Sir, conſider what Sum of Mo- " ney can be a Recompence equal to the " being obliged to paſs one's Days with " the Perſon we deteſt; indeed, this De- " teſtation is not founded in Whim, but in " real Reaſon; the Man with whom you " would have united me, is void of com- " mon Decency; he denies himſelf the " common Neceſſaries of Life, would he " have granted them to me? he is old, " treble my Age; with what Eaſe or Sa- " tisfaction could I have paſs'd my Time " with him, from the Hour of my Mar- " riage, to the Day of his or my Death? " Indeed, Sir, the Condition of being his " Wife, appeared ſo terrible to me, that I " have taken the Reſolution to ſave myſelf " from it, by flying your Houſe. Tho' " this may appear very culpable in your

" Eyes,

" Eyes, I am determined, in all other " Things, to be your

" *Very dutiful Daughter,*

" *till Death,*

" SARAH STANDISH."

" THIS Letter he read, and ſwore over " a hundred times: he then ſent word to " the 'Squire *Smallwood*, and deſired him " to favour him with his Company imme- " diately.

" THE 'Squire came at the Summons; " but being told the Reaſon of his being " ſent for, he ſaid, " that Travelling was " expenſive; that probably ſhe had already " been in Bed with *Wright*; that for his " part, if ſhe had tarried, he would have " married her, but he would not purſue " her at any Expence, another young Wo- " man would do as well for him as ſhe. " This manner of anſwering, though it " ſhou'd have given the Father a Demon- " ſtration of the Truth of what his Daugh- " ter had ſaid, and a Deteſtation of *Small-* " *wood*, had quite a different Effect on " him; he curſed her a thouſand times for " having miſs'd this Opportunity of mak- " ing her Fortune, as it is generally call'd,

" when a beautiful young Girl, with a " ſmall Portion, blooming as the Month of " *May*, delicious as the ripened Grape, " and fragrant as the Iſles that bear the Spi- " ces of the Eaſt, is condemned to the icy " Arms of a Man, hoary as Winter, blight- " ing as the Eaſt Wind, and avaritious as " the Grave.

" INDEED this Attorney had been ac- " cuſtomed to ſee, and conſider all Ob- " jects but as ſo much Money; every beau- " tiful Plantation of Trees he conceived " only as Timber that would yield ſo " much; he had nothing of the Painter in " his Soul, and had never diſtinguiſh'd " what characteriſes the Difference between " an Oak, an Aſh, or an Elm, only that " one was ſold at ſo much the Foot leſs " than the other, always eſteeming thoſe " Trees the moſt beautiful which yielded " the moſt Money. The Verdure of the " ſpreading Lawn, the waving Corn, the " bleating Animals, the falling River, the " extenſive Proſpect, had all no other " Charms in his Eye but the Value which " they could annually produce: And when " he had heard ſome Gentlemen talk of " riding ten Miles to ſee a Proſpect, he " was always aſtoniſhed to find what De- " light Men cou'd have in viewing a " Country that was not their own. They

" talk of the Beauty of Nature, ſays he, " but I ſee no Beauty in any thing that is " not my own; it rather gives me Pain, " when I ſee a rich Country, and cannot " ſay to myſelf that I have an Eſtate in it.

" NOTWITHSTANDING the 'Squire would " not aſſiſt him in his Purſuit, he was de- " termined to follow them himſelf; he " concluded they would not travel poſt all " Night, but that, riding Night and Day, " he ſhould overtake them before they " reach'd *London*; he therefore arm'd him- " ſelf with Piſtols and a Hanger, took his " own Horſes to *Blandford*, and thence " rode poſt after them. Before he left this " Town, he found at what Inn they took " poſt; and then enquiring at what Houſe " they would change Horſes at the next " Town, he purſued them, ſtill finding " that they continued their Journey Night " and Day.

" THIS Diſcovery diſconcerted him a " little; however his Rage was ſo highly " inflamed againſt his Daughter, that he " was determined to continue his Purſuit " to *London*; but as it grew late, he deter- " mined to tarry at *Hounſlow*, if he did, " or did not, find them there.

" Now this was on a *Sunday* Night, " when the Gentlemen Shopmen of *Lon-*

" *don* are generally regaling themſelves at
" their Maſter's Expence in the Country.

" It happened at that very Evening,
" that *Jack Goodfellow*, a Rider to Mr.
" *Buckram* a very eminent Haberdaſher of
" Small-wares in the City, was actually at
" the *George* at *Hounſlow*; he had come
" thither to begin his Journey for the
" Weſtern Parts of *England*, and ſell every
" Thing which all the Nations of this World
" produce. Theſe Gentlemen are all Men
" of Pleaſure; the neceſſary Requiſites for
" this important Employ are, primarily, to
" have a ſtrong Head to bear Liquor, a
" ſtrong Voice to ſing what is called a
" good Song, and a ſtrong Countenance,
" which can affirm, without changing Co-
" lour, that their Maſters are the greateſt
" Men in the Trade, and are either the
" Importers or Makers of all they ſell.
" Theſe Gentlemen are the Oracles of the
" Country Shopkeepers; they are acquaint-
" ed intimately with all the Miniſters of
" State, know when the King of *Pruſſia*
" will pay the *Sileſia* Loan to an Hour,
" when the King of the *Romans* will be
" ſettled, and all the Intrigues of the Court
" of *France*, to an Iota; which laſt they
" never fail of curſing to the Pit of Hell,
" concluding that whoever wears an Inch
" of their Manufactures, is an Enemy to

" his

" his Country; at the ſame time ſelling all
" that it produces, if required.

" NOTHING is ſo common as for theſe
" Gentlemen to metamorphoſe the Face
" of the whole World; they make *Berlin*
" a Sea-port for the *Pruſſian Eaſt-India*
" Company's Ships, and place *Venice* in
" the middle of the Continent. *Egypt* tra-
" vels into *America*; and the River *Oroo-*
" *noko* runs throngh the dry Deſerts of *Ara-*
" *bia* at their Word. And if any Gentle-
" man remarks their Miſtake, like the
" Mock-Doctor in the Farce who has
" tranſpoſed the Heart and the Liver, he
" cries, Sir, theſe Things might be ſo in
" Books formerly, but our Miniſters have
" thought fit to alter all that at preſent.
" I'm ſure my Lord Duke of ——, and
" Earl of ——, told me ſo at *White*'s laſt
" time I dined with them. In ſhort, he
" is conſidered by all thoſe who know no-
" thing in the Country, as a Perſon of the
" greateſt Moment, and deepeſt Know-
" ledge; and by all who have common
" Senſe, as the moſt impertinent and igno-
" rant of Coxcombs.

" Honeſt *Jack* then was a Man of Taſte
" and Pleaſure; it ſeems he and three Gents
" of this Order, in Imitation of the Great,
" kept a Wench quadrupartite between
" them, each being on a Journey nine

" Months at different Times of the Year; " by which it ſo happened, that one being " only in *London* at a Time, each had " his three Months Rotation and Poſſeſſion " of this Lady, who was transferred to " another at his coming back, even more " eaſily than *Eaſt-India* Stock, not ſo " much as the Name being changed in " the Books, only by ſimple Hand-deli- " very like a Breeding Mare or other " Quadruped.

" This Traveller then had brought the " Fiddle of his Heart in a Poſt-chaiſe " with him to *Hounſlow*, to paſs the Even- " ing, the laſt he cou'd enjoy for nine " Months; and as he was a Lover of that " kind of Muſic, he was determined to " have a Tune or two that Night, to take " Leave of his Inſtrument.

" In plain *Engliſh*, Mr. *Goodfellow* and " Miſs *Charlotte* being arrived at *Houn-* " *ſlow*, and having ſupped together, were " retired to one Chamber, mine Hoſt of " the *George* being too well-bred a Man " to demand the Certificate of Marriage " of thoſe who have the Goodneſs to ſleep " in the ſame Bed at his Houſe.

" Not more than an Hour after this, " arrived Mr. *Standiſh*, chagrined with his " Daughter's Flight, with the Fatigue of " his Journey, and his ill Succeſs of not

" over-

" overtaking the Fugitives, he was deter-
" mined therefore to kill them both where-
" ever he found them. At his alighting
" at the *George*, his firſt Queſtion was,
" Whether there was a young Gentleman
" and Lady who had come thither in a
" Poſt-Chaiſe that Evening? to which the
" Chamber-maid, it ſeems the Landlord
" was gone to Bed, anſwered there was.
" Did they tarry any Time here? ſays
" *Standiſh*. Yes, ſays the Girl, they are
" gone to-bed together about an Hour
" ſince.

" Mr. *Standiſh*, at the hearing theſe
" Words, being in the greateſt Rage inter-
" nally, immediately concluded that this
" Couple could be no other than *Wright*
" and his Daughter; he therefore determi-
" ned to take Vengeance upon both of
" them, and aſked in what Chamber they
" lay; for, ſays he, I muſt abſolutely
" ſpeak with the Gentleman directly, and
" am come hither on purpoſe. The
" Chamber-maid therefore mounting the
" Staircaſe, ſhew'd him the Door: There,
" Sir, the Gentleman and Lady, are in
" that Room, ſays ſhe.

" At this Time Mr. *Goodfellow* was ſoft-
" ly wrapp'd in the Embraces of Sleep,
" more particularly at this Moment than
" another, for the ſame Reaſon that Sir

" *Charles Eaſy*, in the *Careleſs Huſband*, is " taking a Nap. It happened alſo that he " was then viſited by a terrifying Dream, " which was no leſs than that his Maſter " had diſcovered that he had often robbed " his Money-drawer, and defrauded him " conſiderably in other Ways, for which " he was purſuing him with Officers.

" MR. *Standiſh* then coming at this In- " ſtant to the Door, turned the Lock, and " to his great Diſſatisfaction found it was " thoroughly faſtened, ſo that he cou'd not " enter without Violence; he therefore at- " tempted to force the Door; at which " Time Mr. *Goodfellow* awaking with the " Noiſe, juſt heard the Perſon without " anſwer to the Servant who was complain- " ing of his Ill-manners; The Dog, ſays " he, has robbed me of—at which Words " he leapt from Miſs *Charlotte*, and without " ſtaying to hear the reſt, or taking ſo " much as one parting Kiſs, he ran to the " Window, threw up the Saſh, and made " a bold Leap into the Yard, concluding " from the Words he had heard, and the " Dream he was awaked from, that it " cou'd be no other Perſon than his Ma- " ſter, who was come to apprehend him.

" No ſooner was this Gentleman gone " through the Window, than Mr. *Standiſh* " was entered at the Door, when, drawing

" a

" a Piſtol from his Pocket, he ran to the " Bed-ſide, where to his great Surpriſe, he " found all his blooming Expectations loſt, " and that the Bed did not contain his " Daughter, but a Lady altogether un- " known to him; he therefore aſked her " ten thouſand Pardons for his Miſtake, " aſſured her that he meant no ill Deſign, " and told her the Affair of his Daughter.

" And, pray Sir, ſays Miſs *Charlotte*, " becauſe your Daughter is turned Bunter, " and has run away with a Fellow, do you " conceive there are no modeſt Women in " the World? Muſt your Inſolence, in " pretence to look after your Wench, au- " thoriſe you to break into the Chamber " where a Gentleman and his Lady are in- " bed together? Cannot the Modeſt ſleep " in Peace, becauſe your Daughter is a " Whore? Sir, your unparrallelled Barba- " rity has made my Huſband leap through " the Window; he thought it was Fire, " being ſuddenly waked from his Sleep; " and God knows what may be the Conſe- " quence of it.

" To this the Attorney anſwered as " meek as *Moſes*, that he was extremely " ſorry for his raſh Proceedings; which " was indeed very true, being terribly " afraid of a Proſecution; and withdrew, " not a little diſconcerted. The Lady

" dreſs'd herſelf, and going into the Court, " ſhe called upon Mr. *Goodfellow*, and told " him it was a Country Madman in Purſuit " of his run-away Daughter, and not Fire. " It ſeems Mr. *Goodfellow* had received no " other Miſchief by this Leap, than being " horribly terrified, and up to the Knees " in rotten Dung, which however had " kindly received him as ſoftly as the Bear " did *Hudibras* in his Fall.

" When hearing the Voice of his *Char-* " *lotte*, which never before ſo truly ſound- " ed like the Voice of the Charmer to his " Ears, he left the Hayloft into which he " was crept, and came all ſtinking to the " Arms of his ſweet Lady; when, after " waſhing himſelf, aud ſwearing Venge- " ance on the Attorney, he again withdrew " to his Bed and his *Charlotte*, where we " ſhall leave them to ſleep if they can.

" Mr. *Standiſh*, thinking it prudent, " withdrew without further Search, hav- " ing ſucceeded ſo ill in this firſt, not a " little terrified with the Conſequences of " this Miſtake; and Mr. *Goodfellow* was " glad to find him gone the next Morn- " ing, becauſe he knew the Affair would " not well bear the publick Examination; " however he ſwore Vengeance and De- " ſtruction wherever he ſhould meet him, " and to purſue him to the World's End for

" Satis-

" Satisfaction, meaning perhaps the Land's
" End, to which he was proceeding to
" take Orders; for theſe Gentlemen, as
" has been already ſhewn, are great Adepts
" in Geography.

" The Landlord alſo join'd in this De-
" claration, ſwearing if he had known the
" leaſt Hint of the Matter, he wou'd have
" roſe and threſhed the Dog within an
" Inch of his Life. Damn him, ſays he, to
" diſturb an honeſt Gentleman and his La-
" dy in the Middle of the Night, in look-
" ing after his B—— of a Daughter; tho'
" mine Hoſt had ſeen Miſs *Charlotte* at his
" Houſe with every one of her Keepers
" more than once. If I knew his Name,
" I wou'd not take the Law of him, but
" ride ten Miles to do myſelf Juſtice on his
" Bones; theſe unmannerly Dogs think
" they may treat a Publican as they pleaſe;
" a Gentleman is always known by his
" Behaviour. Upon which Mr. *Goodfellow*
" calling for a Negus, mine Hoſt of the
" *George* and he, took it off together,
" ſwearing a Vengeance on the Attor-
" ney which neither of them intended to
" take.

" Now it ſeems, during this Affair in
" the Night, my Landlady had waked
" mine Hoſt, and deſired him to riſe and
" ſee what was the Matter: No, no, pſhah,

" let

" let them alone, ſays he; what the Devil
" does the Fellow bring his Whore here
" for; ſome Quarrel about her, I ſuppoſe:
" as they are probably both my Gueſts,
" let them decide it themſelves; what have
" I to interfere in other Gentlemens Quar-
" rels, and ſpoil the Buſineſs of my Houſe.
" On which he turned round, and ſlept as
" ſoundly as a Marmote in Winter, or as
" if there had not been a Mouſe ſtirring in
" the Inn.

" The Negus being finiſhed, Mr. *Good-*
" *fellow*, with much tender Expreſſion,
" committed his *Charlotte* to the Stage-
" Coach, recommending her to the Care
" of a Gentleman who was going to *Lon-*
" *don*, he then mounted on his Bags, which
" were already mounted on his Saddle;
" when, covering them with his Great-coat
" from the prying Eyes of Gentlemen out
" of Buſineſs, and cocking his Gold-lac'd
" Hat, he proceeded on his Gelding,
" whoſe Tail and Head were nicely cock'd
" up alſo; indeed the Beaſt was a Beaſt
" of great Delicacy, and had a Tenderneſs
" in his Fore-feet, not to be found in
" many human Hearts, which made
" him walk much like thoſe Ladies
" who affect to ſhew all the World they
" are accuſtomed to a Coach, by their gin-
" gerly ſtepping. On he goes, with a

" Folio

" Folio of Patterns, and another of False-
" hoods, to ſell all the Commodities that
" have hitherto been made in the Uni-
" verſe; and find Lies and Converſation
" for his Cuſtomers.

" THUS having freed the Inn of its
" Company, and made a clear Houſe, we
" beg our Reader's Patience till we reſt
" ourſelves a little in it. Alas! our Ge-
" nius, though as fleet as another, is not
" able to follow Mr. *Standiſh* Poſt, with-
" out taking ſome Refreſhment, which
" we accordingly take the Liberty to do
" in this Place, and thus cloſe the Chap-
" ter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVI.

Mr. Standiſh *takes himſelf away by Night, and proceeds to* London. *A very fruitleſs Search in Queſt of his Daughter. A Sample of two Letters, neither very polite or long. Another of a quite contrary Nature. A Reſolution of leaving the World by one Perſon, prevented by another's coming into it. Miſs* Standiſh *in Keeping; very different Behaviour at two different Times of that Lady to her Deſtroyer. Her Progreſs thro' the various Stages of a kept Miſtreſs till her Death.*

" MR. *Standiſh* proceeded to *London*, " where having ſearched in vain " a whole Week, he returned again to his " own Houſe; having neither ſeen or heard " of his Daughter, after ſhe arrived at that " great City: he therefore determined ne- " ver more to acknowledge her for a " Child; and gave her up to the wide World " and Deſtruction, with a Reſolution to " think no more of her.

" Two Months paſt, without Miſs " *Standiſh* having the leaſt Impreſſion made " on her Chaſtity. She had reſiſted all the " Attacks and Wiles of Mr. *Wright*, who

" thought

" thought that if he could once prevail on " her to grant him the laſt Favour, and ſhe " ſhould prove pregnant, her Father would " give him the two thouſand Pounds, and " his Conſent, to ſave her Character; both " which he would have gladly receiv- " ed, having but little of the latter of " his own; but he did not chuſe to divide " them.

" THE common Methods of Oaths, " Vows, *&c.* having fail'd, he agreed with " one of his Comrades to go to *Vauxhall*, " which was then open'd; and deſired he " would get another Lady to keep Miſs " *Standiſh* Company, no Matter if it be " one of the Town, provided ſhe can diſ- " guiſe herſelf for that Evening, ſays he.

" THIS then was ſettled, and a Box be- " ſpoke; the other Gentleman appearing " to entertain the Company, the Gentle- " men and the other Lady indulged them- " ſelves in Champagne, Miſs *Standiſh* re- " fuſing it; at which her Female Compa- " nion laugh'd at her, ſaying it was Lady's " Liquor, and no ſtronger than ſmall Beer; " you may drink a Hogſhead, Madam, " ſays ſhe, without the leaſt Influence or " Effect.

" PERSUADED to repeat her Draughts " by this unſuſpected Woman, ſhe drank " till ſhe became abſolutely intoxicated;

" when

" when leaving the Place with the Com-
" pany, not knowing where ſhe went, they
" all four retired to a Bagnio; and that
" Evening accompliſh'd, what all the Per-
" ſuaſions of the World would not have
" effectuated without that deluſive Liquor.

" ALAS! Such is the Condition of frail
" human Nature, this Favour once ob-
" tained by Force or Art, is ever after ea-
" ſily repeated by the Perſon beloved. She
" no longer refuſed his Embrace, and ſoon
" found the Conſequeuces of it. This gave
" her great Pain, ſhe beheld her loſt Con-
" dition with infinite Contrition, and a De-
" jection little ſhort of Deſpair ſeiz'd upon
" her Soul.

" *WRIGHT* perſuaded her to acquaint
" her Father in what Condition ſhe was, he
" will then conſent to our marrying, ſays
" he, which you know cannot be done with-
" out that.

" AH! Mr. *Wright*, ſays ſhe, How ſhall
" I diſcloſe to a Parent, the Situation I am
" in? Can you conceive it poſſible for a
" Daughter to tell a Father ſhe has brought
" Diſgrace upon herſelf and him. I can
" with more Eaſe finiſh this Life, which
" promiſes nothing but Miſery, ſaid ſhe
" ſighing. Perhaps if you write to him,
" and aſk his Conſent to marry me, he may
" grant that; tho' he may give me no

" For-

" Fortune; you will preſerve me from In-
" famy I am ſure, if he yields to your Re-
" queſt.

" In this the poor Girl was much de-
" ceived, he had already enjoy'd before
" Marriage all that he deſired or could
" poſſeſs after, except her Fortune; and was
" not one of thoſe whoſe Senſe of Honour
" would greatly urge him to Gratitude, or
" Reparation of Injury. However he pro-
" miſed to write to her Father, and know
" his Determination.

" At this Part of the Account, Lady
" *Hearty* ſighing, turn'd her Eyes to Sir
" *Oliver*, and ſecretly ſtole a Kiſs; bleſſing
" herſelf for having met with a Man of ſo
" different a Behaviour. All the Com-
" pany perceived the Kiſs, and penetrated
" the Reaſon; not one Lip or Motion, how-
" ever giving the leaſt Sign or Suſpicion
" that they ſuggeſted the Cauſe of it.

" The Letter was as follows:

Sir,

" THIS is to acquaint you that I am
" ready to marry your Daughter, pro-
" vided you will advance her two thouſand
" Pounds on the Day of Marriage, and

" two

" two more at your Death; if not, you " must even take her back, and give her " to the 'Squire. I presume there is an " Heir ready gotten to his Hands.

" *I am,*

" *Your humble Servant,*

" HENRY WRIGHT.

" THIS Letter he wrote, and imagined " with it to frighten the Father, but he " was mistaken; old *Standish* was now ten " times more irritated against him and " her than before, and answer'd in the fol- " lowing Manner.

You Rascal,

" YOU have already made my Daugh- " ter a Whore, and now you expect I " will give you Money to make her your " Wife; but by Heavens, I would rather " hear of her being on the Streets of *Lon-* " *don*, than married to so vile a Fellow as " I know you to be.

" *Yours,*

" SAMUEL STANDISH.

" THIS

" THIS Letter he ſhew'd to Miſs *Standiſh*, " who now beheld her miſerable Condition " with a Senſe, which none can know who " never taſted that Calamity, nor ever " conceive the leaſt Idea of, who have not " converſed with thoſe unhappy Beings in " *London*, who have paſt thro' a Trial ten " times more penal than the Ordeal.

" *WRIGHT* perceiving her in this " Condition, ſwore a thouſand times he " would marry her if it was poſſible. Says " he, my dear *Sally*, you know the Laws " prohibit me from that Happineſs. " However it is only delay'd, the Time " will come, and this ſhall make no " Alteration in my Love. In which he " ſpoke very true, for all that was origi- " nally of that Paſſion, was totally extinct " in him; and he ſafely vowed eternal " Truth and promiſe of Marriage, when " the Laws would not permit him to put " thoſe Vows in Execution.

" SAYS he, my Dear, I will go into the " Country to fetch ſome Money to ſerve " you during your Lying-in; and then " wait till you are of Age. When we will " be married.

" HE then left this unhappy Creature, " with very little Money, in a Lodging not " too well provided with what was neceſ- " ſary; the Woman who kept the Houſe,

" being

" being in a Sort of Neceſſity herſelf; by " this means ſhe was obliged to pay her at " the End of every Week.

" She wrote to Mr. *Wright*, but to no " Purpoſe, he never anſwer'd her Letters; " her Money being all exhauſted, and the " Hour of her Lying-in at hand, ſhe beheld " herſelf as the moſt miſerable of all Be- " ings. Life and the Shame which ſhe felt " within, were become ſo terrible to her " Apprehenſions, that ſhe determined to " finiſh her Days, and thus hide her Head " from Reproach for ever.

" If this Law had never been made " againſt Marriage, ſays ſhe, I ſhould have " been ſtill virtuous, tho' poor; and what " is Poverty compared to what I now feel " for my loſt Character and Reputation? " even at this Moment, when I know the " Stings of both at one Inſtant. I am un- " done! There is no Reſource for me " Wretch, ſhe cried. She therefore deter- " mined to write another Letter to Mr. " *Wright*, to tell him her Reſolution, and " to deſtroy herſelf if he did not imme- " diately come to her Aſſiſtance.

Mr.

Mr. *Wright*,

" TOO late I perceive that I am totally
" undone, and deſerted by him from
" whom alone I expected and deſerve Re-
" lief. Believe me, unleſs you return to
" ſuſtain me in the approaching Hour of
" Pain, I muſt, I cannot avoid putting an
" End to that Being, which you have ren-
" der'd at preſent the moſt miſerable. You
" who know my Soul, can you ſuppoſe
" that I dare to face the Day Light, after
" this fallen State, unleſs you are preſent,
" and avow to the World that I am yours.
" Make haſte to my Redreſs, which unleſs
" you do, I here take my everlaſting Fare-
" well of a faithleſs Man, and of the World.

" *I am, ſtill alas!*

" *Too much yours,*

" SARAH STANDISH.

" SHE intended waiting the Event of
" this Letter, which, if it was not anſwer'd
" in a certain limited Time, ſhe determined
" to finiſh that Being, before ſhe ſhould

" bring

" bring a Child at once to Life, Wretched-
" neſs, and Infamy.

" THIS, however ſhe was prevented in;
" the Time being not yet lapſed which
" ſhe had determined to tarry, when ſhe was
" ſeized with Labour, and delivered of a
" very fine Boy. During this Time of her
" Confinement, ſhe was obliged to pledge
" many of her Cloaths for her Suſtenance;
" the Woman with whom ſhe lodged, be-
" ing employed in the tranſacting the Af-
" fair, always defrauding her in ſome Part
" of what they produced.

" NOTHING can expreſs the Miſery ſhe
" felt at her Heart, deſerted by *Wright*, no
" Friend to fly to, no Parent to receive her,
" no Aſylum for ruin'd Innocence, no Mo-
" ney to ſuſtain her. Her Soul ſunk to De-
" ſpair, with conſcious Shame; and now
" no longer preſerving her Reſolution to
" deſtroy herſelf, the Child of which ſhe
" was delivered, having brought a new
" Senſe of Tenderneſs into the World along
" with it; ſhe was compell'd to live for
" that very Being, which ſhe wiſh'd to
" have extinguiſhed with herſelf before ſhe
" ſaw it; ſuch different Senſations come
" into our Souls with our Progeny. She
" could not bear the Thoughts of deſert-
" ing that helpleſs Infant to the Mercies of
" the World.

" DURING

" DURING the Time of her Lying-in, " the Girl who had been with her at *Vaux-* " *hall*, the fatal Night of her undoing, " came to ſee her; a Liberty which ſhe " had ſometimes taken indeed: Tho' ſhe " was a Girl of the Town, ſhe was not " one of the moſt abandoned; and tho' not " poſſeſſed of all that Delicacy of Soul " which Miſs *Standiſh* knew, yet of Senſi- " bility enough to hate the Life ſhe was en- " gaged in.

" THIS Girl as ſhe was now in keeping, " and in Abundance of all Things, find- " ing the Diſtreſs Miſs *Standiſh* was reduc'd " to, generouſly ſupported her in her Afflic- " tions, and perſuaded her to ſend the Child " to the *Foundling-hoſpital*; which alas! She " was with much Reluctance prevailed on " to do.

" SHE look'd down upon it at its going " away; ſaying, unhappy Babe! born in " Miſery, deſerted by thy Parents, whom " thou never muſt know. Alas! Thou " goeſt to live on Charity, unconnected, " unſupported by thoſe who ſhould watch " thy Infant-Steps, and lead thee into Life. " May thy Fate yet be better than that of " her who bore thee. She then kiſſed her " Child with great Tenderneſs, and weep- " ing over it, ſhe was with Difficulty pre- " vailed on to ſever it from her Boſom.

" How-

" However, it was carried to the *Hoſpital*,
" and the fortunate Ball was drawn in its
" Favour.

" AFTER this ſhe heard no more of
" *Wright*, ſhe then determined to wait on
" ſome Lady; but alas! Such is the Force
" of Truth in virtuous Minds; when ſhe
" was aſk'd with whom ſhe lived laſt? how
" long ſhe had been in *London?* and what
" Part of the Country ſhe came from?
" ſhe bluſh'd, and betray'd that Senſation
" which ſhe felt within, which being always
" conſtrued into a Loſs of Chaſtity by the
" kind-hearted of her own Sex, was ſuffi-
" cient Reaſon to expell her from all Service
" of that Sort. So unpitying are Women
" to that Frailty, which is the moſt natu-
" tural of all to human Kind.

" FINDING it impoſſible to ſucceed
" in this Way, ſhe was recommended by
" the ſame kept Miſtreſs to her Milliner.
" Who being engaged in the honourable
" Profeſſion of Procuring, for her intimate
" Friends, had gotten rich, whilſt others
" who had not joined this latter Trade to
" that of making Caps, had ſtarved in
" their Employment.

" THIS Lady living in one of the Streets
" of *Covent-Garden*, had her Shop much
" frequented by Gentlemen, and always
" fill'd with pretty Wenches; much ſuch

" an-

" another Place for the Choice of beauti-
" ful Girls, as the Repoſitory is for Hor-
" ſes; where each may be ſeen, bought, and
" warranted ſound, from the Hands of the
" Keeper.

" To this Milliner Miſs *Standiſh* was
" recommended, her Cloaths had been re-
" deem'd by the kept Miſtreſs, whoſe
" Heart was ten times more open to the
" Sufferings of her Fellow-creatures, than
" Thouſands of thoſe whoſe Fortunes have
" been made by Marriage, and whoſe Ill-
" humour only preſerved them from Ruin.
" Such is the Fate of Beauty and Good-
" nature; that happy Combination ſo ami-
" able in itſelf, alas! too frequently makes
" the Poſſeſſors miſerable by the Excellen-
" cies which they inherit, joined with the
" Inhumanity of Men, who have loſt, or
" never felt, a Senſe of Honour becoming
" their Species.

" Amongst thoſe who viſited the old
" Lady's Houſe, there was an old Letcher,
" a Bencher; who frequently came to look
" over the Girls, and had often taken a Dam-
" ſel from that Shop. He was one of thoſe
" whoſe Appetite demanded Variety, and
" whoſe whole Joy conſiſted in having
" ſomething totally new. He conſidered
" Miſs *Standiſh* in that Light, a freſh Vir-
" gin; and as ſhe was really very hand-

" ſome, was willing to give a good Price;
" which he hinted to the good Woman of
" the Shop.

" THIS Gentleman's Intentions being
" known, this pious Woman, who never
" miſſed a Sermon or Lecture at the Meet-
" ing-houſe which ſhe belong'd to, was de-
" termined to exert every Talent to pro-
" cure this Favour for her Friend, whom
" ſhe had ſo often ſerved. Indeed he had
" preſerved a long and cloſe Intimacy with
" her in her Youth, and aſſiſted her in her
" firſt going into Buſineſs. Ever ſince that
" Time ſhe imagined ſhe never cou'd ſerve
" him ſufficiently, ſo much her Senſe of
" Gratitude operated, to the Ruin of the
" Innocent, and gratifying the Criminal.

" To effect this, her Cuſtom was, when-
" ever any Girl was pitch'd on in her Shop
" by this or any other Gentleman who paid
" generouſly (for ſhe had a marvellous
" Good-will towards gratifying every one's
" Deſires who behaved like a Gentleman,
" as ſhe call'd it) to ſelect that young Crea-
" ture from the reſt, make her the Favou-
" rite, and invite her to drink Tea with
" the Enamorato, in her Dining-room.

" After this ſhe conſtantly harangu'd on
" the amiable Qualities of the Man who
" was juſt gone. What a Pity it was
" that he had ſworn ſo ſolemnly never

" to

" to marry; in this manner ſhe treated
" Miſs *Standiſh*. It is a thouſand Pities,
" ſays ſhe, Miſs *Sally*; he loves you to
" Diſtraction; yet, ſays ſhe, I don't ſee
" there is ſo much in Marriage either.
" Who lives more genteelly than Miſs
" *Fanny* —— Miſs *Lucy* ———, they ride
" in their Chariots, whilſt Wives go on
" Foot; and dreſs better than half the mar-
" ried Women of Quality in *England*. Who
" leads the Faſhion ſo much as Miſs *M*——,
" her Hats, her Hoops, her Sacks, her
" Colours, her every Thing is the ſtand-
" ing Mode. I would rather have her
" Cuſtom than that of a Ducheſs; for my
" part I know no Life ſo agreeable as that
" of a kept Miſtreſs. A Wife is the
" Slave of a Huſband, and a Man the
" Slave of a kept Miſtreſs; there is the
" Difference. And what Woman in her
" Senſes wou'd heſitate one Minute, to de-
" termine which ſhe wou'd prefer.

" INDEED, ſays ſhe, the Act of Parlia-
" ment againſt Marriage tends much to
" promote this Spirit of Intrigue and
" Keeping; and a good Act it is, Heavens
" bleſs thoſe that made it. I find ſince
" that, rich People marry their ugly Daugh-
" ters to the Nobility and Gentry, who
" keep Girls, and don't care Six pence for
" the Perſon of thoſe they eſpouſe. This

" is a national Good; the Money, which " the ugly Wife brings, goes to ſupport " the beautiful Miſtreſs; and thus two are " provided for inſtead of one. And Trade " flouriſhes I am ſure; thank God, I have " never had ſo good Cuſtom as ſince that " Act was made. And I am ſure I would " rather be the Miſtreſs than the Wife, if " fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, fine Coaches, " and Love, can make a Woman happy; " and to be ſure thoſe who made that " Act, knew what they were doing at that " Time. Indeed *Sally*, ſays ſhe, I wiſh " you well, and ſhould be glad to ſee you " well ſettled. The old Gentleman (he is " not ſo old neither) doats upon you. I " believe he would give you more than I " ſhall ſay; I would have you think of it; " go get to your Buſineſs, I cannot avoid " wiſhing you well, I have always had a " peculiar Love for you, ever ſince you " came to me.

" By this means and a certain Head-" Maid which ſhe kept in her Houſe, as " Maſters of Duck-poots do a Decoy-duck, " to quack and prattle all the others to their " Deſtruction: this old Procureſs had ne-" ver fail'd ſeducing the Girls of her Shop, " who had been liked by thoſe Men who " frequented it.

" She

" She had more Difficulty in prevailing " on this young Lady, than any other ſhe " had ever ruin'd. However the old " Man promiſing that he would ſettle fifty " Pounds a Year upon her, the Miſtreſs " joining in the Praiſes of a Settlement, the " Happineſs of an Independency, and the " ſweet Diſpoſition of the old Gentleman; " ſhe at laſt with not much leſs Reluctance " than going to an Execution, was ſacri- " ficed to the Luſt of that old Monſter, " whom every Hour made her deteſt more " and more, till at length he became ab- " ſolutely intolerable to her Sight.

" Being thus far advanced in Life, " Miſs *Standiſh* had ſoon loſt all that Sim- " plicity and Air of Innocence, which was " ſo delightful in her originally; and really " look'd almoſt as impudent as any firſt- " rate Woman of Quality walking the *Park*.

" It ſeems *Wright* had retir'd to the " Country, with Intent to follow his Pro- " feſſion; but had unhappily miſcarried " in his Buſineſs. The Country People be- " ing ſo totally ignorant in the Knowledge " of the polite World, as to imagine a " Man a worſe Creature for having ruin'd " an innocent Girl, and therefore had de- " clined employing him.

" This drove him to *London* to ſeek his " Bread; where having found that Miſs

" *Standiſh* was in good Keeping, he had " the Impudence to ſeek Relief from her " whom he had deſerted in the utmoſt " Diſtreſs.

" He had learnt the Name by which ſhe " was known at preſent, and where ſhe " lodged, and thus went directly to her " Lodgings, aſked to ſee her, and was in- " troduced to her Company. Imagine what " Amazement ſeized her when ſhe ſaw the " Face of *Wright!*

" After a Moment's Pauſe, ſhe ſaid, " are you, inhuman Wretch, ſtill living? " And dare you approach her whom you " have ruin'd! eternally undone? Hence " from my Sight, Monſter; and prove all " the Miſery I have known on thy Ac- " count.

" He attempted to expoſtulate, but in " vain; ſhe drove him from her Preſence, " and bid him never more approach her " Doors.

" A few Hours after this, her Keeper " came to cuddle away the Evening, and " exhibit the moſt contemptible Sight and " Character in this World. An old Fel- " low, hoary and wrinkled, dallying in " Luſt with Youth and Beauty.

" Chicken, ſays the old Man, I have " received a Letter from an old Friend, " deſiring me to look after one *Wright* of

" your

" your Country. It ſeems he knew what " County ſhe came from, tho' he knew " no more. Do you know any Thing of " him, ſays he?

" WHAT *Wright*, ſays ſhe, ſuſpecting " the old Man had diſcover'd her former " Amour? There are many in *Dorſetſhire*.

" I DON'T know what *Wright*, Chicken, " ſays the old Bencher, patting her Cheek " and leering libidinouſly, it is one who " has run away from the Country in Debt, " and an old Friend of mine deſires me to " get him arreſted, it ſeems he has de- " frauded him. Yes, ſays Miſs *Standiſh*, " Rage ſtill poſſeſſing all her Soul, I know " him, he is a Villain, get him confin'd " in Jail, he deſerves all Kinds of Puniſh- " ment.

" AND will Chicken be pleaſed, if I get " him thrown into Jail? ſays the old Fellow, " playing with her Boſom, and grinning " like a Satyr in her Face. Yes, ſays ſhe, " every one ſhould be pleaſed with ſeeing " Villains receive the Puniſhment they me- " rit; nothing will give me greater Joy.

" ENCOURAGED by this Speech, old *Slo-* " *comb* for that was his Name, imagined " he ſhould greatly add to the Happineſs " of his Miſtreſs, if he cou'd arreſt *Wright*, " which he ſoon effected, and poſted away

" on Wings of Joy, to tell his Chicken " what he had done.

" When entering the Room he cried, " there Chicken, 'tis done! He is in Jail, " the Rascal had not a Farthing to buy him " Bread, he will suffer now.

" And have you sent my *Wright* to Jail? " says she.

" Yes indeed, Chicken he is gone, I " knew it would please you.

" Impotent old Monster, says she, " Why had not you told me once more " your Design, before you put it in Exe- " cution. Fly this Moment, and release " him from that hideous Place, or never " more behold this Face. Fly and release " him from those Horrors which he feels.

" Why, Chicken, I thought it would " delight you to have him there.

" Your Thoughts will never penetrate " the Heart of Woman. Wou'd you con- " fine to all the Horrors of a Jail, a Man " who never has offended you, without " consulting twice? Fly and release him in- " stantly; you should have asked a thou- " sand times, and still remain'd irresolute.

" Old *Slocomb* cou'd not conceive the " Cause of this Change in her. She imme- " diately order'd a Coach, and without " one Moment's Delay hurried away to the " Fleet; when demanding to see one Mr.

" *Wright*,

" *Wright*, who had that Day been confined " a Priſoner, ſhe threw herſelf into his " Arms preſſing him to her Boſom, diſſolv- " ing into Tears and Tenderneſs. Alas! " ſhe had driven him from her Preſence, " and Reſentment induced her to believe " ſhe had exiled him from her Heart; " but ſhe deceived herſelf, this Suffering of " his awakened every latent Spark of Love, " and kindled all that Paſſion up a-new; " ſo much are Women in general more " faithful to their Vows and Love than " Men.

SHE immediately ſent for the Attorney, " diſcharged the Debt, ſet him at Liberty, " and bid him ſee her the next Day. She " then returned to the Company of *Slocomb* " without letting him know what ſhe had " done, and endeavour'd even to laugh " away that Behaviour which ſhe had ſhewn " in regard to *Wright*. The old Man was " doatingly fond of her, and rejoicing to " ſee her return in good Humour, fumb- " bled away the Night, and thought him- " ſelf happy to have eſcaped ſo well.

" *WRIGHT* having thus renewed his " Acquaintance with Miſs *Standiſh*, the Cor- " reſpondence reſted not there, Love had " his Share of their Converſation, and ſhe " received him to her Arms, with as much

" Delight, as ſhe did *Slocomb* with Deteſta-
" tion.

" At laſt her Keeper died, and left her
" fifty Pounds a Year Annuity. This was
" nothing to one who had lived ſo long in
" Expence, and maintained *Wright*.

" She was after this, at different Times,
" kept by a *Jew*, a young Merchant, a
" Captain of a Man of War, an Officer in
" the Guards, a Member of Parliament,
" a Lord, and an Eaſt-India Director; till
" being too much hacknied, ſhe liſted in
" the Troop of the Porter at *Shakeſpear*'s
" Head, and was obliged to receive all
" Comers. At laſt ſhe was infected with
" that Diſeaſe ſo fatal to Gallantry and
" Beauty, at which Time ſhe ſold her
" Annuity.

" From this ſhe recover'd, and was
" reduced to ply the Streets, and ſolicit
" drunken Huſbands, 'Prentice Boys, and
" ſtraggling Attornies Clerks to give her a
" Glaſs of Wine, till being once more in-
" fected with that horrible Diſorder, and
" not having wherewithal to be cured in
" her Lodgings, ſhe was ſent into *St.*
" *Thomas's-Hoſpital.*

" During the latter Part of her Tranſ-
" actions, *Wright* had never deſerted her,
" he was not one of thoſe into whoſe Com-
" poſition Gratitude did not enter at all;

" on whom no Obligation operated longer " than he who receives is feeling the Effect " of it. Tho' he had behaved with much " Inhumanity at firſt, he never forgot her " releaſing him from Jail; that laſt Obli- " gation remained. He therefore never " deſerted her in her Diſtreſs, and had " written as a Hackney Writer, on pur- " poſe to get her ſome little Suſtenance " for ſome Time.

" Ever ſince the Day of her leaving " her Father ſhe had gone by different " Names, never making uſe of her own; " and as the old Man had never heard any " thing of her, he concluded ſhe was " dead.

" It happened that at laſt, ſome Buſi- " neſs brought him to *London* with a " Neighbour, who had a Son a Surgeon " that attended *St. Thomas's Hoſpital*; thi- " ther they went together to ſee his " Son, who deſired them to walk over " the *Hoſpital* and ſee the different Wards, " amongſt which they entered into thoſe " which are kept for Salivations.

" When they came into one of theſe " Wards, they perceived one Bed was " ſurrounded by People who ſeemed in " ſome Hurry, which drew the Attention of " *Standiſh* to look into it more particularly. " When his Daughter looking up beheld

" her.

" her Father's Face, and being juſt in the " Moment of dying, ſhe had but the Pow- " er of ſaying, My Father, and with theſe " Words expired in the Arms of *Wright*, " who was then ſupporting her in the Bed. " Harden'd as the Heart of *Standiſh* had " hitherto been, he was greatly touched " by this unexpected Incident, and with- " drew with much Profuſion of Tears.

" THUS ended the Life of *Sally Standiſh*, " endowed with much Beauty, much Senſe, " and much native Modeſty, who might " have graced the Table of a Peer, and " wou'd have been happy with *Wright*, " had not this Law prevented their being " united together.

" UNHAPPY Girl! ſays Lady *Worthy* and " Lady *Oliver*, is it not hard that young " Creatures ſhou'd be condemned a Prey to " Man. What Pity it is, there are not ſeverer " Laws to prevent ſuch pernicious Purpoſes.

" WELL, ſays Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*, " we ſhall live, I hope, to ſee one Law ab- " rogated, or there is great Danger of an " End to Religion and Virtue. It is im- " poſſible that the common People will " reverence their Teachers when they " know them open to penal Laws, " and held in Diſeſteem, from which " they are exempted; and Virtue can " never ſupport itſelf, when the Attacks

" on it are increaſed, and the Defence " leſſened.

" MR. *Thoroughgood* I believe is ſufficiently tired with Reading, we will therefore in Commiſeration to him leave the " remaining Part till another Time, and " after having taken a Walk retire to ſup.

" YOU ſee Ladies, ſays Lady *Worthy*, " how dangerous it is to indulge a Huſband, he is become as arbitrary as the " beſt of them already, and gives his Orders as peremptory as a Sultan. Alas! " We have nothing to do but obey."

THE Reading being finiſhed, they all amuſed themſelves with a Walk, and ſpent this Evening as the former, which if our Readers have forgotten, they may turn back to Page 184 of this Volume and thereby ſave us the Trouble of writing it again.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVII.

To ſhew the Author's Knowledge in dividing his Chapters for no Reaſon, and his Vanity in imitating the famous Author of the De l'Eſprit de Loix.

THE next Day after Breakfaſt, it being extremely hot, Sir *William* propoſed to Mr. *Thoroughgood* the finiſhing his Account of thoſe Miſchiefs which ariſe from this Law made againſt clandeſtine Marriages, in his Grotto; to which all the Company agreed.

ACCORDINGLY they retired thither, and Mr. *Thoroughgood* began what ſhall be found in the next Chapter; for we are determined to imitate all good Writers, particularly the Author of *De l'Eſprit de Loix*, and ſhew the World that we know how to divide our Chapters for no Reaſon at all, as well as he, and other illuſtrious Writers.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVIII.

The Lulworth *Hiſtory. The Metamorphoſis of a Maid-ſervant into a Miſtreſs: Her Imitation of the Patriarchs, and procuring a Son to her Huſband: Fondneſs for her Son-in-law, in preventing him firſt from marrying with her he loves, and promoting his running away with her, after each has been previouſly married to another. An Eſcape of a Huſband from his own Wife, and a Wife from her own Huſband. A learned Debate, Whether it be better to purſue the getting in a Harveſt, or the getting back a Wife; a judicious Reſolution. Mr.* Lulworth *and Mrs.* Humphrys *find a Satisfaction in each other, which neither of them found before, either he in his Lady, or ſhe in her Lord.*

THE Company being ſeated, and the Ladies as attentive as an old Maid to a Death-watch which clicks, poor harmleſs Inſect! at her Bed's head, Mr. *Thoroughgood* aſked if the Company were acquainted with the *Lulworths* of *Wiltſhire?* Some ſaid yes, and ſome the contrary; well, ſays he, it is of no Conſequence.

" THE

" THE laſt Gentleman of this Name " had one Son: his Wife, by whom " he had this Child, died when he was ten " Years old. The Father had lived a gay " Life, and married when he was elderly; " however, not contented with ſeventy " Years, one Wife, and one Son, he was " coaxed into a ſecond Marriage by a fa- " vourite Maid-ſervant, who pretended to " love the Child to a moſt extravagant " Degree; and being well ſkilled in the " Art of Inſinuation, the Faculties of the " old Gentleman being a little weakened " by Age and former Gaieties, ſhe pre- " vailed on him to marry her. This Al- " teration of her Condition did not a bit " ſlacken the Affection which ſhe pretended " to have for her now Son-in-law; ſhe " even careſſed him more than before.

" SHE was however very unhappy in one " thing, which was in not breeding ſoon " after Marriage; yet of ſo good a Diſpo- " ſition was this Woman to find a ſecond " Heir to the Eſtate, and pleaſe her good " Man, that ſhe condeſcended to have " that ſupplied by another which was de- " ficient in her Huſband; and in Imita- " tion of the Patriarchs of old, went to- " bed to the Handman, becauſe her Con- " ſort was ſtricken in Years. This lucky " Expedient ſupplied a ſecond Son, to the

" old

" old Gentleman's no little Joy. Not-
" withſtanding this, ſhe continued her
" Fondneſs to the Father and eldeſt Son,
" and gained ſuch an Aſcendant over the
" old Man, that at his Death he made her
" Guardian to his Heir, who was then
" ſixteen, and left her four thouſand Pounds
" in Money, beſides what he gave to
" her Child, which was all he could give
" away, the Eſtate being ſettled in that
" Manner.

" THIS Sum by no means pleaſed her;
" it was unequal to the ſupporting her in
" the Way ſhe had lately lived; ſhe there-
" fore caſt about how to make ſomething
" out of the Perſon who was her Ward,
" and ſupply that by Art which was defi-
" cient in the old Gentleman's Will.

" IN the Neighbourhood were two Gen-
" tlemen of good Families, but very un-
" equal Riches. The Gentleman of the
" greateſt Fortune had a Daughter, who,
" tho' her Body was not as ugly as *Ca-*
" *liban* in the *Tempeſt*, yet it was haunted
" by a Soul of as little Tenderneſs and
" Delicacy, as was that of that Being's.
" The Daughter of the other Gentleman,
" whoſe Fortune was but ſmall, was as
" well ſhaped as the Statue of the *Medi-*
" *cean Venus*, of as fine Complexion as
" the *Leda* of *Corregio*, with a Sweetneſs

" of

" of Expreſſion that would have made " *Guido* paint no other Face, if he had been " alive; and a Mind and Education cor- " reſponding to it.

" CAN you bear all this Mrs. *Thorough-* " *good?* ſays Lady *Worthy*, is not this a " little too extravagant and pathetic for " ſimple Deſcription? Not at all, my La- " dy, ſays ſhe; I always diſtinguiſh be- " tween the Writer and the Huſband, and " never mind how much he praiſes Beauty " in his Writings; I have his Heart, and " have no Apprehenſions of loſing it.

" IT is well imagined in you, ſays Lady " *Oliver*, I believe more Wives have ren- " dered themſelves unhappy by want of " noble Sentiments, than by any other " Means; I am convinced that Generoſity " and liberal Behaviour in Women, is the " beſt Preſervative of Love and Fidelity " in their Huſbands.

" THERE you are certainly right, Ladies, " replied all the Huſbands; when Mr. " *Thoroughgood* proceeded, well pleaſed with " his Wife's Reply.

" IT would be no difficult Matter to di- " vine which would have been naturally " the Object of young *Lulworth*'s Affec- " tion; againſt this the Mother-in-law " was to guard, knowing that ſomething " might be obtained from the firſt, by

" making

" making a good Bargain; but the other " Gentleman had little to give, and there- " fore was by no means the Object which " the Widow looked on with a favourable " Eye.

" Besides, she had great Hopes, if she " could by any means prevail on the Heir " of the Estate to marry Miss *Hatchet*, " which was the Name of the richest of " the two Families, that he might never " have an Heir, as she was sickly, and " thus the whole *Lulworth* Estate devolve " to her Son.

" At the same time she was planning " this, she saw young *Lulworth* began to " feel some Passion for Miss *Bellamour*, " which was the other Lady whom we " have mentioned, and therefore knew " that no Time was to be lost; for tho' " he could not marry these two Years " without her Consent, she was convinced " the more he loved her, the greater would " be the Difficulty to dissuade him from " espousing that Lady, and to persuade " him to marry the other.

" She discovered that he made frequent " Visits to Mr. *Bellamour*'s, and when he " talked of the young Lady, she always " joined in her Praises, and even extolled " her Beauty more than the young Gen- " tleman himself. Mrs. *Lulworth*, to take

" off

" off all Suſpicion of having any Diſincli-
" nation to Mr. *Lulworth*'s addreſſing Miſs
" *Bellamour*, viſited that Family more than
" ever, and improved the Acquaintance
" with the Mother of this Lady into great
" Intimacy.

" At the ſame time there lived in the
" adjoining Pariſh a Gentleman, or rather
" Gentleman-Farmer, of five hundred a
" Year, of about forty-five Years old,
" who was much ſmitten with the Charms
" of Miſs *Bellamour*.

" This Gentleman would have been
" conſidered as a very good Match for this
" young Lady by her Parents, had not
" they entertained ſecret Hopes of her be-
" ing married to Mr. *Lulworth*; this had
" prevented their giving him a poſitive
" Anſwer, either in favour of his Deſires,
" or Denial of them.

" In this manner Matters ſtood at Mr.
" *Bellamour*'s. At the ſame Time 'Squire
" *Hatchet* was looking about how to make
" his Daughter Miſtreſs of *Lulworth-Place*;
" he had therefore made a kind of a Friend-
" ſhip with that favourite Servant to whom
" old Mr. *Lulworth* had been ſo vaſtly
" obliged in getting him a ſecond Son;
" and notwithſtanding which Kindneſs, he
" had the Ingratitude not to leave him a
" Shilling in his Will; in this Manner it

" often

" often happens, that the moſt conſpicuous " Favours are unrewarded. However, there " were particular Friends of Mr. *Lul-* " *worth*'s, who uſed to vindicate this his " Behaviour, in proteſting that the old " Gentleman was intirely ignorant of the " Kindneſs which was done him by this " Man, or Things would have been other- " wiſe ordered.

" WHATEVER was deficient in the Ma- " ſter's Will, the Miſtreſs made up by her " Goodneſs; and ever ſince that Time " had conſidered Mr. *Thomas* as her Boſom " Friend, conſulting him very cloſely on " all Matters of Conſequence relating to " her Perſon and Affairs, ſtill avoiding all " Thoughts of marrying him, as many " ſilly Widows have done, and thus con- " verted a very Pains-taking and induſtri- " ous Servant, into an idle and imperious " Huſband.

" To this Gentleman-Servant 'Squire " *Hatchet*, knowing his Importance, and " that young *Lulworth* could not marry " without his Mother's Conſent, had made " a kind of an Overture of his Deſign, " who imparted the Secret to Mrs. *Lul-* " *worth*, which was the very thing ſhe " wanted to be propoſed.

" IT ſeems he had told Mr. *Thomas* that " he would give ten thouſand Pounds with

" his

" his Daughter, and knowing, as has been
" already ſaid, Mr. *Thomas*'s Power with
" his Miſtreſs, he had offered to remune-
" rate him handſomely, if the Marriage
" between Mr. *Lulworth* and Miſs *Hatchet*
" could be brought to take Effect.

" THINGS being in this Situation, the
" Widow viſiting at Mr. *Bellamour*'s one
" Day, the Lady of the Family turned the
" Converſation to Mr. *Lulworth*'s marry-
" ing, that it was pity he did not think
" of a Wife.

" WHY, ſays the Widow, I ſhould be
" glad he was married, and would have
" urged it to him before now: But, alas!
" poor young Gentleman—Madam, I muſt
" ſay no more; it is too great a Secret to
" be truſted to any one.

" THIS naturally inflamed Mrs. ~~Lul~~ Bella-
" ~~worth's~~ Curioſity to know what it was,
" for ſhe differed from all her Sex, and
" loved a Secret to her Heart. After ten
" thouſand Promiſes of never ſuffering it
" to paſs her Lips, Mrs *Lulworth* ſtill
" demanding the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances of
" Secrecy, told her that it was impoſſible
" Mr. *Lulworth* could ever have any Chil-
" dren, for * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" * * * * * * * * * * * * * all which being
" whiſpered, we hope to have ſucceeded in
" penning a Whiſper as well as the celebra-
" ted Mr. *Bays*.

" THIS

" THIS Piece of Intelligence, Mrs. *Bell-*
" *amour* communicated to her Huſband;
" at the ſame time adding, that Mr. *Hum-*
" *phrys* (the other Lover,) was a very good
" Match for her Daughter, that Happi-
" neſs was not always the Companion of
" Riches; that five hundred a Year, and
" a good Huſband, was in her Opinion ſuf-
" ficient for any Woman or Family. Which
" Mr. *Bellamour* agreeing to, they dropt all
" Thoughts of Mr. *Lulworth*, and gave
" Mr. *Humphrys* a poſitive Anſwer in his
" Favour.

" Now it ſeems Miſs *Bellamour* had con-
" ceived ſome beginning Paſſion for young
" *Lulworth*, who was formed to pleaſe
" Woman, and would gladly have received
" his Addreſſes; however theſe having ne-
" ver been propoſed, and their Parents ſug-
" geſting they never would, ſhe liſtened
" to their Advice, and received Mr. *Hum-*
" *phrys* as a Lover.

" ONE Day the Widow *Lulworth*, who
" had ſtill preſerved an Aſcendant over the
" Son-in-law, talking of his marrying;
" he told her he could like Miſs *Bellamour*
" very well for a Wife. And why don't you
" addreſs her, Sir, ſays ſhe? Do you like I
" ſhould, Madam, ſays the Son? Yes indeed,
" ſays the Widow, ſhe is very pretty, and

" you

" you have Eſtate ſufficient to make you
" happy, without a Fortune on her Part.

" She therefore perſuaded him to aſk
" leave of her Father to addreſs her, not
" in the leaſt doubting, but that the Mo-
" ther, notwithſtanding her Vows of Se-
" crecy, had communicated the whole Af-
" fair to her Huſband; this, ſays ſhe, you
" may do by Letter, and thus ſave your-
" ſelf the Pain of being refuſed to your
" Face, if ſhe is already engaged to Mr.
" *Humphrys*; and if ſhe is not, you will
" have their Anſwer under her Father's
" Hand, in caſe of any future Accident.

" Mr. *Lulworth* in conſequence of this
" material Advice, wrote a Letter to Mr.
" *Bellamour*; and, in conſequence of the
" Secret before imparted, received a Refu-
" ſal; which the Widow had perfectly fore-
" ſeen from the Knowledge which ſhe had
" in Woman.

" She therefore pretended to be in great
" Rage, for this Treatment of her Son,
" whilſt his Mind was all in Tumult with
" the Slight of a Refuſal; at which Times
" People are led to almoſt any Thing, and
" eaſily transferred from one Paſſion to
" another.

" She therefore told him, that ſhe thought
" his Refuſal very extraordinary, and ex-
" tremely affronting. Was I Mr. *Lulworth*,
" ſays

" ſays ſhe, I would ſhew the *Belamours* " that I could be received where *Humphrys* " did not dare to ſhew his Face; for my " part I don't perceive there is ſo much Dif- " ference between Miſs *Hatchet* and Miſs " *Belamour* in Perſon. And ſurely their " Fortunes are by no means to be com- " pared together. I would adviſe you, Sir, " ſays ſhe, to addreſs that Lady immedi- " ately, and convince them, how much " you are ſuperior to *Humphrys* in the Con- " ſideration of thoſe, who are vaſtly above " the *Belamours*.

" FIRED by this Perſwaſion of his Mo- " ther-in-law, and Reſentment of his Re- " fuſal, he determined to make his Ad- " dreſſes to Miſs *Hatchet*; but not in ſo " much Hurry, as to prevent his Mother " from making a Bargain, by means of Mr. " *Thomas*, that four of the ten thouſand " Pounds ſhould be ſecretly given to her, " and the other ſix as a Fortune with the " Daughter.

" MATTERS being thus adjuſted, Mr. " *Lulworth*, thro' mere Pique in miſſing " Miſs *Belamour*, married Miſs *Hatchet*, " and even before Affairs were ſettled be- " tween Mr. *Humphrys* and Miſs *Belamour*.

" MR. *Lulworth* being thus diſpoſed of " according to his Mother-in-law's De- " ſign, he brought his Lady to *Lulworth*-

" *place*, and the Widow retired to a Houſe " not far diſtant ; ſtill taking Mr. *Thomas* " along with her, proteſting that he was " become ſo uſeful, that ſhe knew not what " to do without him.

" AND now the new married Lady be- " gan to ſhew the Perfections of her inter- " nal ſelf, ſhe interfered in all her Huſ- " band's Pleaſures, kept eternal Quarrels " with the Servants, affronted all thoſe " Gentlemen who viſited at the Houſe, " and almoſt ſtarved every one but her- " ſelf.

" IF we delighted in abuſive Altercation, " we could here exhibit as entertaining " Scenes as are to be found in any Comedy " upon the Stage, including Farce to the " Bargain ; decorating our Dialogue with " Words not to be found in the Lady's " Calling ; and yet ſuch, as ſhe had ſtept " out of her Profeſſion on purpoſe to make " uſe of, and ſhew her Skill in the Lan- " guages.

" THIS Behaviour did not fail of pro- " ducing a thorough Deteſtation of his " Wife in the Mind of Mr. *Lulworth* ; her " Preſence grew intolerable to his Eyes, " and his Paſſion for Mrs. *Humphrys* be- " came ten times greater than before ; it " ſeems this laſt Lady had by no means " met with the Man who was agreeable to

" her

" her Temper; he was moroſe and abſolute,
" and too much of the Farmer to pleaſe
" her, who was by Nature the complete
" Gentlewoman; he exacted her Attend-
" ance in Things not ſuited to her deli-
" cate Diſpoſition, and had a Roughneſs
" in all his Manners, which was quite in-
" compatible with her Temper.

" NOTHING being to be had agreeable
" at Home, Mr. *Lulworth* was very fre-
" quently at his Mother's-in-Law, always
" imprecating Curſes on the Day he mar-
" ried, and vowing how much he loved
" Mrs. *Humphrys*.

" THIS put a Thought into that good
" Widow's Head, that if ſhe begot an In-
" timacy with Mrs. *Humphrys*, poſſibly
" ſomething might turn out from it, in her
" or her Son's Favour.

" ACCORDINGLY ſhe ſoon made an Ac-
" quaintance with that Lady, who return-
" ing the Viſit, met Mr. *Lulworth* at his
" Mother's: Theſe Viſits being repeated
" pretty often, the Wife of this Gentle-
" man added the Bliſs of Jealouſy to that of
" her other Delights; and Mr. *Humphrys*
" was not quite eaſy, having been incited
" to Diſcontent by an anonymous Letter,
" which Mr. *Lulworth*'s Lady had ſent
" him.

" This exaſperated the Diſagreement in " both Houſes, and increaſed the Paſſion " which thoſe two had conceived for one " another.

" It came at laſt to that Degree, that " Mr. *Lulworth* propoſed to Mrs. *Humphrys* to fly with him to ſome diſtant " Part of the World: Let us, ſays he, " quit this execrable Place, and let the " Devil, or my Wife which is worſe, take " your jealous-pated Huſband.

" This ſhe refuſed at firſt, but as ſhe " was determined never to forſake Mrs. " *Lulworth*'s Acquaintance; which in fact " was rather that of the Son, than his Mother; the Manner of living with her " Huſband became ſo horribly diſagreeable, that ſhe at length conſented to leave " that Part of the World, and ſeek Happineſs with Mr. *Lulworth* wherever he " pleaſed. Things being thus ſettled, this " Pair of amorous Fugitives finding a favourable Opportunity to leave their " Abodes, he quitted his Spouſe, and ſhe " her Huſband, without ſo much as ſtaying to take Leave, or one Good-day, " Deary.

" They took the Rout for *Dover*, the " beſt accuſtomed Port of *England* for the " Exportation of run-away Wives, Cutthroats, Thieves, Sharpers, Gamblers,

" late

" late Members of Parliament after a new " Election, bankrupt Merchants, plunder- " ing Jews, return'd *French* Lackies, Cooks, " Friſſeurs, and Tooth-Drawers, who have " found no Market at *London*; travelling " Lords and Squires, for the Honour of " *England*; and *Engliſh* Horſes for the " *French* King's-Service.

" BEING arrived at this Place, Mr. *Lul-* " *worth* did not tarry to enter his Commo- " dity regularly at the Cuſtom Houſe, but " by a Fee, given *à propos*, got his Baggage " lightly examined; and immediately hired " a Veſſel to carry him to *Dunkirk*, think- " ink the Road to *Paris* too common, and " imagining that *Humphrys*, if he followed " him, would take that Way.

" HOWEVER, he needed not to have " given himſelf any Trouble on that Ac- " count, it was in Harveſt-time, when this " Eſcape happened; and Mr. *Humphrys* " kept great Part of his Eſtate in Hand. " He therefore leaning on a Pitch fork de- " bated with himſelf a few Minutes, whe- " ther he ſhould quit his Harveſt and fol- " low his Wife, or deſert his Wife and fol- " low his Harveſt. He prudently conſi- " dered that there was nothing to be had in " recovering her, but what he had poſſeſſed " already; and that the Preſent which a " good Woman can beſtow on her Huſ-

" band, may be communicated at a Di-
" ſtance, and will thrive as well without
" her Preſence as with it; that on the con-
" trary, unleſs a Harveſt be well got in,
" the Loſs would be very conſiderable; that
" to get rid of a Wife, was to be freed from
" no ſmall Expence; and to get in good
" Corn, putting Money in his Pocket. Thus
" like *Jupiter* weighing the Worth of Things
" in the Scales of his Intellects, and bal-
" lancing between a Wife run-abroad, and
" a Harveſt not got home; he gave up his
" Lady, and ſtuck to the wheaten Mow.

" THUS far the Schemes of the Widow
" *Lulworth* took Place; ſhe was however,
" much afraid, leſt the World ſhould
" imagine her to have had a Concern in
" this Eſcape, and viſited Mr. *Lulworth*'s
" Lady, proteſting her Innocence as ſhe
" did to Mr. *Humphrys*, and the great
" Pain ſhe was under, that ſhe ſhould ever
" have ſuffered them to meet at her Houſe
" together: You cannot think how it has
" troubled me, ſays ſhe. Mrs. *Lulworth*
" told her Mother, ſhe cared not if her
" Huſband went to the Devil; that ſhe had
" never been the better for his Company
" theſe twelve Months paſt; ſhe was as
" eaſy without him as with him, and would
" not give Six-pence to have him back
" again; that ſhe could now live her

" own

" own Way, and be interrupted by no " Husband alive; and hoped he would ne- " ver set his Foot in *England* more.

" Mr. *Humphrys* was not without his " Consolation too, in the lessening his Ex- " pences; he perceived there was much " Money saved in losing his Wife; that " Mercers, Milliners, and Mantua-makers " Bills were now unknown at his House, " and the Expence of a One-horse Chair en- " tirely saved: Therefore he began to think " Mr. *Lulworth* the Loser, who had gotten " his Wife, and he the Gainer that had " lost her. And having one Son, he cared " not Six-pence for the Disgrace which " many People imagine attends the wear- " ing Horns, which make a Man no other- " ways a Beast, than those in the Revela- " tions, in Vision only.

" Mrs. *Lulworth* had no Progeny; it " seems she was of the Cat-kind, and given " to scratching in her Amours, and Mr. " *Lulworth* of the Dove in his Disposition, " all billing; by which it happened that " those who would no more breed together " than the Rabit and Duck of Monsieur " *De Reaumur*, or a Tyger and a Lamb.

" From *Dunkirk*, Mr. *Lulworth* and his " Companion retired to *Brussels*; where be- " ing extremely well received (Mrs. *Hum- " phrys* speaking *French* very well) and to-

" tally unknown, they lived as Man and " Wife, and had ſeveral Children in the " Breach of the ſeventh Commandment.

" THUS the Widow ſucceeded in her " Schemes, and her Son's Children are like " to inherit the *Lulworth* Eſtate: The whole " Family of thoſe which are born of Mrs. " *Humphrys*, will find ſome Proviſion in " this Inſtance; the Father granting them " Leaſes of three Lives, on as much as " he poſſibly can of his Eſtate, and living " with Oeconomy, has ſaved ſome Money, " which he has placed in the *French* Funds, " with a Deſign to provide for his favourite " Female Friend and her Children; and " ſtill intending to marry her, if *Humphrys* " and his own Wife ſhall die before them."

THERE ended Mr. *Thoroughgood*, when the Ladies obſerved the Folly of leaving Children more in the Hands of Guardians by a new Law than heretofore; and prompting all the evil Diſpoſitions of the human Heart into Action which lay ſleeping before.

" FOR, ſays Lady *Worthy*, tho' theſe per- " nicious Actions have been done, before " this Act took Place, in ſome Degree; " yet, as at preſent, the Ward is ſo much " more in the Guardian's Hand, and young " Perſons ſo eaſily deluded, I ſhould not " wonder if half the Truſtees in *Eng-*

" *land*

" *land* ſell thoſe who are commited to " their Care.

" How happy would this Pair who " fled together, have lived, if they had been " wedded, for the only true Reaſon for " which People ſhould be united together, " becauſe they love each other? They " would then have done Honour to that " Country, of which they are now the Diſ- " grace; and without this Power the Mo- " ther-in-law would ſcarce have undertook " to have trafficked in the Commerce of a " Son committed to her Care."

" Well, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I much ap- " prove of your Manner of Writing your " Hiſtories, ſaid Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*; " and whilſt you were reading them, a " Thought came into my Head, whimſical " enough, ſays Sir *William*." " What was it " pray?" ſays Lady *Hearty*.

" It was, ſays he, that the preceding Parts " of our Lives, added to theſe Accounts, " might furniſh out a Novel not undivert- " ing, and certainly uſeful; as by that " Means a great many Evils, naturally at- " tending, might be brought to View, " which now lie unobſerved by moſt " People.

" A History, which I by no means " deſire to behold, ſays Lady *Hearty*. I " am not quite ſo fond of my Life, to wiſh

" to see it in Print, and shiver again at the " Recital of what gave me so much Pain in " the Transaction."

" INDEED, says Lady *Worthy*, I should " laugh at many Incidents at present, which " yielded me much Pain in their Time of " passing; particularly, Sir *William*, says " she, that Scene, which passed at Mr. " *Thoroughgood*'s, when you first came thi- " ther; I believe we both look'd silly e- " nough after our Swooning."

" WELL, says Sir *William*, I imagine " you may rest in Peace, few People will " think your Lives worth reading; and " much fewer worth writing."

" THAT may possibly be true, says Lady " *Worthy*, yet in the Name of all these La- " dies, I insist on these Histories being " printed, and that I have the Direction " to whom they shall be dedicated."

" WITH all my Heart, says Mr. *Thorough-* " *good*; to whom pray would your Lady- " ship have them addressed?

" TO the honourable *C——s T——d*, " says she, made more noble by his elo- " quent Defence of Virtue, Innocence, and " Beauty, than all the Royal Blood of *Eu-* " *rope* could give him, or a Pedigree traced " from the Creation. That young Men " should be the Protectors of Female Ho- " nour in this Manner, and Fathers sleep

" over

" over and neglect their Daughters Ruin,
" is something very surprising. The fairest
" Female and first in Family and Fortune
" of this Kingdom, should generously pre-
" sent him with her Person and Estate; to
" shew that *English* Women are sensible of
" the Regard he has shewn their Liberties
" and Happiness."

" We join your Ladyship with all our
" Hearts, said the other Ladies;" and the Gentlemen approved their Resolution. Mr. *Thoroughgood* is accordingly to address these little Histories to that Gentleman, in hopes that he will receive with Good-will, that which tends to exemplify what he foresaw, and said, would be the fatal Consequences of this Law against clandestine Marriages. And here we end this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIX.

A Recapitulation of the ſeveral Parts of this true Hiſtory, with a ſmall Inſinuation.

BESIDES theſe Inſtances which we have here brought of the pernicious Effects which may be conſequential of this Law, there are innumerable others which may happen, ſomething like theſe, diverſified a thouſand ways.

THE Liberty of Youth ſeems by this fairly brought to an End; for though the Face of the Act only ſays, that Children and Wards ſhall be in the Hands of their Parents and Guardians till Twenty-one; yet ſuch is the Nature of the Law, and ſuch is human Nature itſelf, that ſome way or other the Parent and Guardian can accompliſh all their Deſigns on their Children and Wards.

PRIDE and Avarice will determine all People who are rich, to marry their Daughters to Men of Quality and Fortune; and nothing is more eaſy, than by Flattery, by Terror, or by Perſuaſion, to bring every one of them to eſpouſe whom their Parents pleaſe, eſpecially when they are prohibited from marrying whom they like.

BEFORE this Act, Parents had no more Power over the Affections of their Children, than what was right in Nature; they could only reaſon with them, and not lay the Chains of Slavery on their Minds; that Paſſion which Nature has planted in Youth to effectuate an Union of the Sexes, is as unintelligible to People advanced in Life, as Muſic to the Statue at *Charing-croſs*.

THE Objects and Purſuits are changed, the ſoft and ſoothing Paſſions which accompany the Hours of Youth and Love, are derided by thoſe who have long poſſeſſed them, and one total Oblivion eraſed the happieſt Moments of their Life. Who that has felt the Senſations which true Paſſion affords, would exchange it for an Univerſe of Riches? and a Law that encourages the Union of Wealth bids faireſt to bring Miſery to Mortals in all Conditions; the Poor will be yet poorer; and the Rich, chained to thoſe they deteſt, will never taſte the Joys which Wealth would otherwiſe afford them. What are the ſplendid Coach, the Pomp of Equipage, the Parade of Dreſs, the Table of Dainties, the Tumult of Routs, the Suſpence and Anxiety of Intrigue, compared to the Joy of loving and being beloved; the gracious Smile, the Heart-felt Tenderneſs, the Look of Affection, the Repoſe in thoſe we love,

impart

impart more ſolid Conſolation than all other Acquirements on Earth can give without them.

Whoever then would divert Mankind from following the Dictates of moſt refined and uncontaminated Nature, is an Enemy to the Race of Man; and he that thinks it can be effectuated without univerſal Miſchief, is a Stranger to the Ways of Providence; the moſt unvariable Rule of which is, that nothing contradictory to its original Laws ſhall ever be accompliſhed, either of a phyſical or moral Nature, without bringing Ruin on that People which has inſtituted it.

If a Mechanic ſhould invert all the Principles which compoſe the Knowledge of that Science; if he ſhould aſſign the Wheels to be the Principle of Motion, the Spring to run round and be moved, the Weight to vibrate and regulate, and the Pendulum to urge, would not all Mankind deride ſuch a Machine and Mechanic, becauſe it is impoſſible it can perform its Office.

If an Architect, who had a weak Employer, ſhould undertake to build him a Houſe, where all the common Rules of Building were inverted, the Proportions as they riſe ſtill growing bigger, till the Parts beneath ſink under the Weight above.

Who

Who would not ſay, that in the firſt of theſe Inſtances Ignorance was the Cauſe of it, and no good Machine could be the Product of the Hands of ſo ill an inſtructed Mechanic?

In the ſecond we muſt allow, that the Architect, if he underſtood his Art, was actuated with no honeſt Principles; that he meant to ruin his Maſter by his intended Blunders, buy the Land, and then build on it himſelf.

A Man who knows ſo little of the Springs of human Actions, and human Happineſs, as to ſubject all the Movements of the Heart in the Old and Young, to the pernicious Powers which ariſe from Money, is extremely ignorant of what makes the Happineſs and Welfare of a Nation; he is the Mechanic we have firſt mentioned.

In the mean time, he who has thus augmented the Influence of Gold, tied Children as Slaves to the Will of their Parents, in this Article, and did all in his Power to bring together two Mountains of *Peru*, and all this with Deſign, is the Architect which we have laſt mentioned.

From which of theſe two Cauſes the Marriage-Act has been produced, we leave others to judge; does not either of them ſeem Reaſon enough for our painting the

Conſequences, and expreſſing our Hopes that the Law may be abrogated?

WHAT we have done in this Novel, was no more than to give, as it were, a Chart, to ſhew the Rocks, Shoals, Eddies, and Currents of this Law; and though, with many other Adventurers, we may be ſaid to have ſailed in ſearch of undiſcovered Countries; yet we take the Liberty to ſay, that from the Knowledge we have in human Nature, we dare to pronounce that the Conſequences will be ſuch as we have ſhewn; and that tho' we may not have aſſigned the very Tracks which lead to all theſe Miſchiefs, yet we have ſufficiently ſhewn the Truth of their exiſting.

IN this we imitate *Columbus*, who, tho' from actual Knowledge and Examination of the Globe, he was able to prove that there was another Part of this Earth ſtill undiſcovered, yet could not give an exact Map of the Land, nor know the Winds which would blow to conduct him to it; and yet he knew that ſuch Parts muſt exiſt, and Variety of Winds would waft him to the Diſcovery.

WE therefore think a more acceptable Piece of Service cannot be done our Country, than thus laying down what will be the probable Conſequences of this Law, to defend the Royal Prerogative, and preſerve

the Freedom of all, to ſave the Bloom of Beauty from the Chains of Avarice and Pride, the Clergy of the Land from Contempt and Contumely, and our Religion in conſequence from Diſhonour; for the Slight of the Divine naturally draws Neglect on his Miniſtration; and thus the ſtrongeſt Security and Bond for Probity and Confidence in Man, is abſolutely annihilated.

Will it not be worth the while for every Man of this Nation to examine, firſt, Whether this Law ought to exiſt in any Shape in a Country conſtituted like ours? Whether more Miſchief than Good is not to be expected from it in any way of planning? And laſtly, Whether, as it is now paſt, it may not be very prejudicial and pernicious to the Happineſs of all Kinds of People?

This we have endeavoured to do; and in each Inſtance we think the Story is told without Acrimony; we ſhall therefore take the Liberty to ſay, that we could have conducted the whole with much more Bitterneſs, and given a more ſtinging Finiſhing to every ſeparate Story; but we chuſe to decline that Method, and only take this Occaſion to ſay that we have trodden the Paths of Good-nature, and deviated ſometimes from the moſt natural, on purpoſe to give way to that Impulſe which inclines

us

us to ſoften the whole, rather than inflame it.

Critics, of a certain Kind, may be apt to imagine that Miſs *Barter* does not appear to be influenced by this Act at all in the Choice of her Huſband: A little farther Reflection will ſet that in another Light; thoſe who cannot diſpoſe of themſelves, are by no means in a Situation of judging of what they ſhould have; the Deſire of being free from Parents, and ranging openly in the World, will make young People, who are held in Thraldom, marry whatever may be propoſed to them. And in this Situation ſhe was when Lord *Sapplin* propoſed his marrying her; and we intended to ſhew the Conſequence of falſe Ambition in the Heads of mercantile Men of low Extraction.

Had ſhe married the Man who loved her, ſhe might have been as happy as ſuch a Diſpoſition could have been; but as the whole Affair was tranſacted through pure Intereſt on one Side, and a falſe Love of Honour on the other, nothing could be expected otherwiſe than it has happened; Riches produce no real Pleaſure or Happineſs; when one Party does not know the different Situations and Senſations which attend the want of it: And tho' Love and Poverty are but bad Inmates in the ſame Houſe,

Houſe, yet two People without that Paſſion, tho' with the Wealth of the *Indies*, will hourly grow more odious to one another; the being tied to what we do not love, ſoon degenerates into being tied to what we hate.

Was it poſſible that a Law could be framed, which could compell thoſe to love who are wedded together; or was there any Law which could make People happy without loving one another, who are married; there could be no Objection to this.

Parents may prevail over the Actions of their Children, and oblige them to give their Hands where they refuſe their Hearts; the very Pain which the Solicitation imparts, of thoſe who have a natural Authority over their Children, though not an abſolute one, will often drive them to marry what they diſlike, to avoid that eternal Din of urging them to it; the Plague of a preſent Pain often hurries Mankind, for the ſake of avoiding it, into ſomething which is really worſe, and is only choſen becauſe it is diſtant.

Is there any Law which ought to exiſt, which tends to deſtroy the Bliſs which ſhould be conſequential of the nuptial Rite? or can any Poſſeſſion attone for the Deprivation of that Felicity?

How

How ridiculous is the Union of two great Fortunes in the Views of real Happineſs! will twice Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds make a Couple happier than a tenth Part of the Money? will he that drinks from the great River of the *Amazons*, ſlake his Thirſt ſooner than he who drinks from the Brook which bubbles at his Feet? If theſe Things can add Happineſs to human Minds, and Increaſe of Wealth communicate Increaſe of Felicity, even then ſhould not the Legiſlative Power have been uſed to prevent ſuch a Union? Becauſe theſe Ideas of Felicity are founded on a Baſis deſtructive to the Community which each Individual makes a Part of. If the Perſon of great Riches be a parſimonious Man, his Deſire of them is generally to exerciſe the deſpotic Inclinations of his Heart over thoſe who have an equal Right to Freedom with himſelf in this Kingdom. It is a Pride diſcordant to the Nature of this Government, and the Happineſs of all, and ſhould therefore be reſtrained. If it happen that Pleaſure and Gaming be his Purſuit, it is ſtill more ridiculous to give a Man of Quality a Power of ſpending the Property of others, who has already, or will hereafter, ſpend too much of his own. The good Works of Charity, which ariſe from the Union of Riches,

Riches, we imagine will ſcarce be urged as an Argument againſt what we have ſaid. In neither of theſe can mutual Happineſs be found; Wealth added to Wealth makes no connubial Joy; it either augments Ambition and arbitrary Views, or increaſes Diſſipation and Extravagance; in each Inſtance the Felicity which ſhould attend an Union of Perſons, is more effectually prevented, as the ruling Paſſion, being increaſed from the Power of purſuing it, renders each Man more eager in following one or the other, and of conſequence leſs attentive to that which brought him the Means of acting in that manner; the Wife is neglected, and Gratitude is never known to exiſt in thoſe Boſoms.

A MAN therefore who knew human Nature, loved his Country, and endeavoured to preſerve the due Equipoiſe of this Government, would have made a Law diametrically oppoſite to this, and prohibited People of very great Fortunes from uniting together, for the ſake of univerſal Happineſs and public Good?

LET us examine this very Inſtance of Lady *Sapplin*. The worſt Thing which could have happened, excepting that which did, was, that ſhe might have married *Samuel Waitwell*, when he was a Servant in her Father's Houſe; and even in this caſe

ſhe

ſhe would have probably been happier than ſhe was in the other; even in ſuppoſing that the Parents had been reconciled, and *Waitwell* had ſpent the Money, the Commiſſion of Adultery would have been omitted in the Affair, a Crime of no trivial Conſequence in a State, whatever Cuckolds may imagine, who thrive beneath their Makers; or the Perſons who dignify them with Horns, Honours and Riches, may conceive.

NOTHING can increaſe the Practice of Adultery ſo much, as being wedded to what we hate; and nothing brings that Cuſtom ſo univerſally into Faſhion, as ſubmitting Children abſolutely to the Will of their Parents in that reſpect, for any time: Generally ſpeaking, vicious Paſſions will prompt the Rich to continue to diſpoſe of their Daughters before that Age is lapſed when they can determine for themſelves; and tho' they cannot force them to marry during any Age, they may render Life ſo vaſtly diſagreeable, that they would rather wed any thing and any Perſon to eſcape from the preſent Perſecution, which there is no other way of avoiding. The reigning Vices of old Age, Pride and Avarice, are vaſtly increaſed by the Power which this Law gives to Parents. Old *Barter* and his Wife are an Inſtance how much it governs

governs them; and yet what national Advantage could ariſe to this People, in ſuppoſing Lord *Sapplin* had behaved diſcreetly; or what Diſgrace to it, in ſuppoſing ſhe had married *Samuel Waitwell?* or even to *Barter* himſelf? The Child of thoſe who were once Servants, would have been married to one of their Father's and Mother's Condition, and his Riches have deſcended to one who was as good as himſelf; the Money would have remained amongſt them, or been diſſipated in the Nation, and no greater Good can ariſe from one than the other. It is ridiculous to ennoble a Family for Wealth alone, or to imagine, becauſe a Female has a large Fortune, ſhe becomes the Rank of Nobility; or that Riches can communicate thoſe Honours and Eſteem which ariſe truly from generous and noble Actions; it is ridiculous we mean in the Eyes of a Legiſlative Mind, who ought to influence by other Motives, and dignify for other Reaſons, tho' private Intereſt and peculiar Views may lead to that Conduct. Would *Eliza* have been happy, if ſhe had married Sir *Roger Ramble?* or could ſhe have ſupported Life in Company with ſuch a Perſon? is there a Heart which would not have ſorrowed at ſuch an unequal Union? And give us leave to ſay, that all Parents imagining

imagining that Years impart Wiſdom, which have only altered Taſtes, are extremely apt to be arbitrary in their Determinations, and dreſs in the Furrs, which become the Ice of old Age, the glowing Blood of Youth.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we allow running away to avoid Marriage is by no means a laudable Purſuit, tho' we have choſen in this Inſtance to turn it to the Happineſs of the Lady, with Deſign to inſtruct thoſe who muſt be in the ſame Circumſtances hereafter, that there is a Path which leads to Security without flying with them they love, and that though every Thing is not preferable to a pretended Union of diſcordant Hearts; yet there is one Way more eligible than that of being tormented into Marriage with what they hate.

IN fact, it is plainly ſeen, from Principles eſtabliſhed in Nature, that ſuch a Diſpoſition as Lady *Sapplin*'s could have been rendered greatly happy by no Law, tho' ſhe was made miſerable by this And the delicate and refined Soul of *Eliza* ſtood in need of none, and muſt have been made wretched by it. The viſionary Happineſs of the firſt was extinct as ſoon as lighted, and tho' ſhe could be prevented from running away with a Servant, before Marriage,

ſhe could not after. Muſt not thoſe be ſtrange Heads indeed, who imagine a Law which ſuppreſſes unequal Marriages, and may occaſion unequal Adulteries, can be right in Nature, or beneficial to public Society? And muſt not thoſe Heads be yet much more miraculouſly perverted, who do not conceive that this Law may probably have ſad Conſequences?

It has been the univerſal Maxim of all Nations, that Virtue is the Support of Government, and the Source of Happineſs; not only in the Tranſactions which paſs between Kingdom and Kingdom, between Man and Man, but between the Sexes alſo.

Has not this Law then, in the Inſtance of Miſs *Lloyd*, added another prevailing Art of Seducing, to thoſe who would ruin the Young, Virtuous and Innocent? And tho' it may be urged, that all who are thus ſeduced know the Conſequence of a Marriage in this manner, yet it muſt be allowed that a Marriage, tranſacted in this Way, is a much more ſeducing Method than was before known; where no ſuch Rite could have been paſt without being binding. In Conſequence of which is not that Inſtitution which ſoftens the Paths to Ruin, and makes criminal and virtuous Actions ſo nearly reſemble one another,

extremely ill-judged; and founded in the Ignorance of human Nature, or perhaps in an Inclination to confound indiſcriminately Vice and Virtue?

The young Lady in Love with an artful Man, is eaſily perſuaded that no human Power has a Right to change what has been hitherto conſidered as ſacred. The Deſire within prompts her continually to this Belief; and thoſe who have the greateſt Knowledge of our Actions, and the Springs from which they are put in Motion, will readily accede to the Inſufficiency of Reaſon, with reſpect to the oppoſing the Impulſes of Love and Paſſion. Nature or Cuſtom has bequeathed to the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon the Paſſion of Shame, to ſupport it in its combating the Influence of unlawful Love. But has not this new Act a Tendency to extirpate that Coadjutor, by placing a falſe Power of ineffectual Marriage, to cheat and ſeduce the Mind into its own Deſtruction?

Happy is that Nation, where the Laws attempt to eradicate the Notions of public and private Virtue! Happy the Virgins in that Realm where their Protectors give them into the Hands of their Deſtroyers! It is a Law for the breeding Wolves and ſlaughtering Lambs; and a long Liſt of ruin'd Virgins by means of this Act will

undoubtedly be as acceptable to its Abettors as a Number of ſcalp'd Chriſtians to an Indian Chief, or Wolves Heads ſent by *Llewellin* Prince of *Wales* to the ancient Kings of *Britain*.

If by this Method the Marriage-rite become a Deluſion to ruin Innocence, an ineffectual Bond which is rejected under theſe Circumſtances at Pleaſure, will it not throw a Contempt upon it at all times? Will not the Ideas of its being a ſacred Inſtitution be annihilated, and common Minds be leſs induced to ſuſtain and cheriſh thoſe they are united to, and that Progeny which is the Effect of it? The Manner in which Objects are conſidered makes their whole Import to the Behaviour of Mankind; the Woman who thinks Matrimony a ſacred Rite, will be leſs likely to be tempted to Adultery, than ſhe who conceives it as a common Bargain and Contract. This will receive a Huſband as a Horſe, which ſhe has purchaſed to carry her thro' the World, and which ſhe may quit for another, if ſhe can meet one more ſure-footed, with better Paces, or more Beauty; and Men part with their Wives, as eaſily as with a Cow that does not afford a good Pail of Milk. Was there ever a Nation, which imagined that the Obligations to Virtue

ſhould be leſſened in the Minds of its Inhabitants, that had either Underſtanding, Probity, or Love of its Country remaining?

We have brought a 'Squire from *Wales*, to ſhew how Friends and Relations ſhould behave in ſuch Circumſtances; and yet there may be more Women ſeduced, than will find Men of Courage to ſupport their Cauſe, and make their Seducers their Huſbands; and the Streets of *London* ſwarm yet more with ruined Girls, whilſt thoſe who deceived them, laugh at the Crimes and Deſtruction which they have produced.

Is not this Law the moſt ſingular of its kind, that ever was enacted amongſt any People? Did any Nation, where Government has hitherto been eſtabliſhed, ever render their Prieſts obnoxious to Pains and Penalties, from which the Laity has been excuſed? The very Betrayer of the Clergyman and the Virgin, this ſacred to Religion and that to Virtue, ſtands diſculpated from the very Crime for which the Prieſt is doom'd to what *Socrates* thought worſe than Death, and *Cato* ſlew himſelf to avoid, Baniſhment from his native Land; and what *Lucretia* ſtabbed herſelf to ſhun, perpetual Infamy. Can Religion be more ſeverely wounded, and Men induced

duced more readily to deſpiſe that Inſtitution which ſhould direct and govern all their Lives? The Hearers of Sermons will receive much Influence on their Minds from the Admonition of thoſe who are open to a Puniſhment from which they are excuſed; a preaching Slave will have great Power over Mens Actions; a tranſported Parſon will be a ſtanding Joke and Sarcaſm of an inſolent Peaſant, who ſhall refuſe his Tythes or quarrel with his Rector; the Preſbyterian laughs at this Diſgrace ſpread on the Miniſters of our Religion, and the ſly Quaker ſmiles inwardly, at the Conſequences of this Law.

It may be ſaid that Divines, knowing the Conſequences of this Act, are inexcuſable if they offend; but is it not equally criminal to tempt theſe Men to their Undoing? If it be criminal to marry till Twenty one, let that Reſtraint be placed alike on all the Parties concerned, and not the leaſt culpable be the only Perſon puniſhed. Can there be wanting Clergymen, who may be tempted by Diſtreſs to Acts of this kind, when ſo many are in neceſſitous Circumſtances in this Iſle?

Because Men are by Nature prone to Sin, is therefore the Devil a good Being, who eternally ſolicits and prompts them to it? The Art of governing well is not

by Terror or penal Influence alone, but by making Laws into which the leaſt poſſible Temptations to unjuſtifiable Actions ſhould enter, and Juſtice be equally and univerſally diſtributed amongſt all Ranks of Men; both which are they not violated in the Nature of this Act?

METHINKS alſo the very Reaſon for which this Law was more particularly ſaid to be paſſed, and the ſalutary Effects which it would cauſe, is at the Bottom a Miſtake.

MAY it not with Reaſon admit ſome doubt, whether Wards being put ſo much in the Hands of their Guardians by this new Law, is not a more ready Way of marrying the Youth of both Sexes to thoſe who are beneath them in Rank and Fortune, than their own ill Judgments, or raſh Paſſions? Is private Intereſt, a leſs prevailing Motive with a Guardian, to divide the Fortune of the Perſon intruſted to his Care, and to wed her to an infamous Man, than her own Inclinations? Will Men in general prefer the Happineſs of others at the Neglect of their own Intereſt?

IT is almoſt certain the contrary is the Truth: Whoever would ſeek to ſecure to himſelf any Part of the Fortune of her who is committed to his Charge, would

moſt

moſt aſſuredly apply to one whoſe Principles of Probity were ſuſpicious; a virtuous Man would ſcarce yield to ſuch a Propoſal, and a cunning Head ſcarce apply to him. Thus the Danger is as great, that ſhe will be married to a Man of inferior Birth and Fortune as before the Act; and much greater that ſhe will be married to a Perſon of bad Character. No young Girl is deſignedly active in getting a bad Huſband, tho' ſhe may to get a Huſband; and not one in ten active in getting any at all. Perhaps, the Perſon who may think of marrying a Fortune, is by no means of bad Character, and may have every Requiſite but Money, to make her happy. But in the preſent State of Things, conſidering how much Riches are the Purſuit of all Men, and how effectually the poſſeſſing them effaces the Reproach by which they are obtained; it is ten to one that the Guardian will be active in procuring a Huſband for his Ward; that the Perſon ſo procured will be of infamous Character; and the young Lady loſe great Part of her Fortune, by means of a Combination between her Suitor and her Guardian.

WEIGH the Diſpoſition of Guardians againſt the Folly of Youth, the Circumſtances of one Caſe againſt thoſe of the other, and then ſee if it is not probable that more *Sucky Brightleys* will be ruined

hereafter by Guardians, than have hitherto been undone by Love and unequal Marriage.

THUS this Law offers but little Expectation of Redreſs, in this very Inſtance which it was profeſſedly deſigned to be ſerviceable. Has it not opened a more effectual Road to the very Fault which it was intended to obviate, and placed Youth out of their own Power, ſubjecting them to the Inclinations of thoſe where Virtue is leſs likely to be found than in younger Hearts? and tho' the Force of one Paſſion may be reſtrained in the Young, yet that of the other is increaſed in the Old; and the Ward more likely to be ruined under the Conduct of the Latter than the firſt; as Avarice or the Love of Money is more certain of prevailing in the Guardian, than the Love of a worthleſs Object in the Ward.

THE Difference of Government and Difference in Education of the Youth of a Nation, may make one Law uſeful in one Country which is altogether uſeleſs in another.

IN *France* it may be right, for the ſake of ſuſtaining Families, that Children ſhould be reſtrained from Wedlock, till they are of a certain Age; I do not enter into a Diſquiſition of that kind. But this I muſt remark,

remark, that the Major, whether Man or Woman, who marries a Minor, is punished with Death, and the Priest only sent to the Gallies. If the Law be right in itself, is it not rendered unjust by a partial Consideration, and the greatest Offender dismissed without the least Suffering?

The Education of young Females in that Country, is totally distinct from this of *England*; the first secluded from the World within the Walls of a Convent, beyond the Reach of Seduction; the latter brought into Life very early, loose to the wide World. A young Lady of Condition in *France* is scarce in Company with a Man till she leaves the Convent to be married; the latter, almost as often as she pleases, open to the Temptation of Youth, Beauty, and Flattery.

Does it not seem that the very Nature of our Education should have been sufficient Reason to have prevented this Law, unless it be urged in its Favour, that on the account of this Manner of educating young Ladies, and the easy Access of young Men to them, it was thought fit to be enacted. If this be a Reason, it is just the same Kind with that which prefers lost Honour, ruined Innocence, and Infamy, to inferior Marriage, Virtue, and Reputation; a bad Exchange for those who feel it, and no

great

great Compliment to the Underſtanding or Heart of the Favourers of the Law.

What can more naturally happen, than ſuch an Interview as that between young Mr. *Hearty* and Miſs *Thoroughgood?* and what leſs likely to be the Conſequence of it, conſidering the Depravity of Youth, than his Conſtancy and Truth of Paſſion? Tho' this be the Road of right Nature, yet few young Men at preſent have Virtue or Reſolution enough to wed thoſe they have ſeduced; and the World has unjuſtly and cruelly thrown a Sarcaſm on thoſe who do.

Yet we hope, notwithſtanding the Law againſt Duelling, that ſome Brother, Friend, or Relation, will take ample Vengeance on every Seducer, and by that Cuſtom intimidate the Baſe-ſpirited and Coward, who may think he ſtands ſecured by the Law, from the Violation or Seduction of the moſt deſerving of their Species.

Is not this the firſt Inſtance upon Earth, in which Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, and Truth, have been ſeemingly condemned to a more probable Ruin than Uglineſs, Ill-nature, Guilt, and Falſhood; the firſt are the Purſuit of all the Artful, as the very Excellencies they are favoured with from Heaven are the Cauſe of their being purſued; the latter defend themſelves by their native Fortifications, which are above mentioned.

Is

Is not the Obligation great which the diſſolute young Men owe to the Promoter of this Law, who has added this capital Machine of prohibited Marriage to their Artillery of Luſt? He deſerves as much Reward from them, as thoſe humane Heads who are eternally contriving new and more expeditious Methods to deſtroy Mankind.

Yet let us be permitted to ſay, for one *Hearty* there will be twenty *Wrights*; and for one where Happineſs will ſucceed ſuch an Interview, there will be an hundred like *Sally Standiſh*, deſtined by it to Infamy, Diſeaſe, and Death.

How many Snares will be laid for the Open-hearted and Honeſt, to circumvent them, by artful Relations, to induce them to illegal Marriages, and thus poſſeſs their Eſtates? Tho' perhaps Brothers may ſeldom happen to attempt ſuch nefarious Actions, in the Manner we have drawn it in the Inſtance of the *Sterlins*, to make it more ſtriking; yet will it often happen from the Machinations of others, and the moſt deſerving Woman, the moſt promiſing and beauteous Children, be deprived of Bread by thoſe who ſhould have been their Protectors.

How admirable is the Art or Excellence in preventing unequal Marriages, at the Hazard

Hazard of the Loſs and Ruin of a whole Family by other Means? Is that Man or Woman ſo certainly undone, who preſerve their Eſtates to themſelves, though they add nothing to it, as he who marrying, or fanſying that he marries, what he loves, leaves the moſt deſerving Family in utter Ruin and Diſgrace?

What Elopements are to be expected, when Marriages may be made for the Advantages of Mothers-in law in ſecret; when thoſe who love each other, and would have been happy together, are purpoſely kept aſunder for the private Intereſt of thoſe who have effected it; and afterwards encouraged to be intimate for the ſake of compleating the Scheme which they have ſo effectually begun?

It remains then to decide, Whether any Law which does not obviate the very Evil for which it was intended, that may increaſe the Number of ruined Virgins, propagate Adulteries, bring Religion into Diſgrace, be productive of unhappy Marriages, and transfer Eſtates to thoſe who have no natural Right to them, ſhould be continued or not?

If it ſhould ſtill remain a ſtanding Law of any Kingdom, will it not appear that Deſign, rather than Inattention, has been the Cauſe of it; and that the ſame Views

which

which have been ſo ſucceſsfully carried on enter ſtill into this, and make a Part of that great Circle which has been the Round too long ſucceſsfully trod.

To bring a national Clergy into Diſgrace, is the moſt effectual Auxilliary which can be added to the preſent general Corruption, and the moſt prevalent Method of ſpreading its Influence univerſally; the Authority of thoſe who denounce Pains and Penalties againſt Crimes which muſt be communicated to all the lower Claſſes, before they can be ſubdued totally to Slavery, muſt be extirpated for that Intent. The Mind thoroughly tinctured in Vice, is ready for the Bribe which ruins its Country; and not till that Time can that Deſign be truly accompliſhed. Riches muſt be thrown into the Hands of a few, whoſe Power ever increaſes as Corruption ſpreads; Venality and that being inſeparable; which Effect can never be ſo ſpeedily, nor ſo ſecurely generated, as by this Law.

The Men of Pleaſure muſt be indulged in the Ruin of Beauty, Innocence, and Virtue, totally abſorbed in Debauch, and not check'd by Law from every vicious Indulgence; or perhaps Oppoſition may come from that Quarter: For which Reaſon, it may be ſuggeſted, the Seducer incurs no Penalty by this Law. A People uni-

univerſally debauch'd, is certainly un done. Theſe Things, added to other Deſigns which have been lately attempted, would incline thoſe who knew not the Promoter to believe, that Ignorance of human Nature is not the Cauſe of this Law.

The *General Naturalization Bill*, which would have brought ſo many People dependent on thoſe who granted them that Privilege, who can have no natural Attachment to this Country, would have increaſed a Force to ſubdue the Natives; for *Engliſh* will not make Slaves of *Engliſh* openly, and by Arms; the Armies of *Britain* love their Country too well to perpetrate ſuch Intentions; though they may poſſibly be ſeduced to it by Artifices which they cannot diſcover.

The *Jew-Bill*, ſetting aſide all religious Views, to introduce a Set of People who deteſt you as Chriſtians, whoſe Articles of Faith ſpeak of no future State, whoſe Minds are uninfluenced by Hopes and Fears of another World, and conſequently not with-held from criminal Actions with that Reſtraint which binds a Chriſtian Nation; a Race, whoſe Lives and Characters are, and have been, the moſt infamous and deteſtable of all the Nations upon Earth, in all Places where they have reſided. Would not theſe ſpread Diſhoneſty and Fraud yet farther amongſt

amongſt us, and hold Riches in their Hands for thoſe who have, and ever will be ready to ſupply the Great with Money for their private Intereſt, and the public Ruin.

THESE, with the Encouragements given to ſeparate Companies in particular Trades to enrich themſelves, and impoveriſh the People; together with the Coinage of Paper into Money to ſcreen the Diminution of our national Caſh from the inattentive Eye, and ſupply miniſterial Emergencies, make the Parts of one whole Syſtem.

WHO then that ſurveys theſe Things, would not be inclined to imagine, that they made the Parts of one Whole, that has no true Tendency to promote the *Britiſh* Honour and public Welfare? Who, I mean, that is not convinced of that Uprightneſs with which all Things are managed by thoſe at the Helm of public Affairs?

FINIS.

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